All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

From the painting by Wm. Holman Hunt, R.W.S., in the Birmingham Art Gallery.

Julia, Silvia, Valentine, and

Val. "Con

o Gentlemen of Verona").

from either."

Act v., Sc. iv.

THE MODERN READERS SHAKESPEARE

With Notes and Comments by HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A., ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A., C. H. HERFORD, Litt. D., *and over One Hundred other Eminent Shakespearean Authorities*

VOLUME II

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

COMEDY OF ERRORS

KING RICHARD II

KING RICHARD III

SOCIETY OF SHAKESPEAREAN EDITORS

NEW YORK

STACK

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Two Gentlemen of Verona first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *The Tempest*, and occupies pp. 20–38; no evidence exists for an earlier edition. A list of the Dramatis Personæ, "The Names of all the Actors," is given at the end of the play. The text is on the whole free from corruptions; the most remarkable errors occur in II. v. 1; III. i. 81; V. iv. 129; where "Padua" and "Verona" are given instead of "Milan." These inaccuracies are probably due to Shakespeare's MS.; the poet had evidently not revised this play as carefully as his other early efforts.

Several critics are inclined to attribute the final scene to another hand; it bears evident signs of hasty composition, and Valentine's renunciation comes as a shock to one's sensibilities. It must, however, be borne in mind that the theme of Friendship *versus* Love was not uncommon in Elizabethan literature; perhaps the best example is to be found in the plot of Lyly's *Campaspe*, where Alexander magnanimously resigns the lady to Apelles. Shakespeare in his *Sonnets* XL, XLI, XLII, makes himself enact the part of Valentine to his Protean friend:—

> "Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
> What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
> No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call.
> All mine was thine before thou hadst this more."

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The only allusion to the play previous to its insertion in the First Folio is in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where Meres

places it first among the six comedies mentioned. Its date cannot be definitely fixed. The following general considerations place it among the earliest of Shakespeare's productions, *i.e. circa* 1590–1592:—the symmetrical arrangement of the characters; the unnaturalness of some of its incidents, especially the abrupt *dénouement;* the finely finished regularity of the blank verse, suggestive of lyrical rather than of dramatic poetry, and recalling the thoughts and phraseology of the sonnets (I. i. 45–50 and *Sonnets* LXX, XCV; IV. iv. 161 and *Sonnet* CXXVII); the alternate rhymes; the burlesque doggerel; the quibbles; and the fondness for alliteration.

SOURCES OF THE PLAY

The greater part of the play seems ultimately derived from the *Story of the Shepherdess Filismena* in the *Diana* of Montemayor (a Portuguese poet and novelist, 1520–1562). Bartholomew Yonge's translation of the work, though published in 1598, was finished some sixteen years before (*cp. Shakespeare's Library*, ed. Hazlitt, vol. I. part i.). There were other translations of the whole or part of the romance by Thomas Wilson (1595–6) and by "Edward Paston, Esquire" (mentioned by Yonge).

Probably Shakespeare was not directly indebted to Montemayor; as early as 1584–5 a play was acted at Greenwich "on the Sondaie next after newe yeares daie at night," entitled *The History of Felix and Philiomena;* where Felix is certainly the "Don Felix" of the *Diana*, and "Philiomena" is a scribal error for "Filismena." Shakespeare's play may very well have been based on this earlier production.

Bandello's Novel of *Appolonius and Sylla*, which was translated by Richie (1581), may have suggested certain incidents (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Vol. I. part i.); Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book I. ch. vi.) may possibly be the original of Valentine's consenting to lead the robber-band, and the speech at the beginning of the scene (V. iv.) in

praise of Solitude may also have been suggested by a passage in the same book.

THE FORM OF THE PLAY

In order to understand the form of *The Two Gentlemen* —probably the first of Shakespeare's plays dealing with love-intrigue—the reader must remember that it links itself to the pre-Shakespearean romantic dramas based on Italian love-stories; but these earlier dramas are rare. The best example of the kind extant is without doubt a very scarce production, registered in the books of the Stationers' Company 1584 (and printed soon after), entitled "*Fidele and Fortune: the Receipts in Love discoursed in a Comedie of ij Italian Gentlemen, translated into English*" (by A. M., *i.e.* probably Anthony Munday). This crude effort may certainly be regarded as one of the most valuable of the prototypes of the Shakespearean romantic plays; it has hitherto been strangely neglected; (*cp.* Extracts, printed by Halliwell in his *Illustrations to the Literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries* [1]). One is inclined to think that Shakespeare is indebted for something more than the title of his first love-play to *The Two Italian Gentlemen.* In this connection it is perhaps noteworthy that Meres, as early as 1598, and Kirkman, as late as 1661, mention Shakespeare's play as *The Gentlemen of Verona.* This was perhaps customary in order to distinguish it from Munday's translated drama.

FORWARD-LINKS

The play contains many hints of incidents and characters more admirably developed in later plays; *e.g.* the scenes between Julia and her maid Lucetta at Verona anticipate the similar talk between Portia and Nerissa at Belmont; Julia's disguise makes her the first of Shakespeare's

[1] Halliwell printed certain scenes in order to illustrate the witchcraft in *Macbeth;* it is remarkable that he did not notice the real value of the play.

best-beloved heroines, Portia, Jessica, Rosalind, Viola, Imogen; Valentine's lament (Act III. sc. i. ll. 170–187), with its burden of "banished," is heard again as Romeo's death-knell; the meeting of Eglamour and Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell suggests the meeting-place of the two star-crossed lovers at Friar Laurence's.

Launcelot Gobbo owes much to his namesake Launce, and something also to Speed, whose description of the various signs whereby one may know a lover finds development in the character of Benedick.

DURATION OF TIME

The Time covered is seven days on the stage, with intervals between scenes and acts:—Day 1: Act I. sc. i. and ii.; interval of a month or perhaps sixteen months (*cp.* iv. 1–21). Day 2: Act I. sc. iii. and Act. II. sc. i. Day 3: Act II. sc. ii. and iii.; interval, Proteus's journey to Milan. Day 4: Act II. sc. iv. and v.; interval of a few days. Day 5: Act II. sc. vi. and vii. Act III. and Act IV. sc. i.; interval, including Julia's journey to Milan. Day 6: Act IV. sc. ii. Day 7: Act IV. sc. iii. and iv. and Act V. (*cp.* Daniel, *New Shakespeare Society's Transactions*, 1877–79).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Vast labor and research have been spent in endeavors to ascertain the times when Shakespeare's several plays were written, and the sources whence his plots and materials were drawn. The subject is certainly very curious and interesting, not only in reference to the Poet's external history, but as illustrating the growth and progress of the greatest individual mind that hath reported itself in human speech. And, though the desired results have seldom been reached, enough has been done to pay the labor: even where the end has not been gained, such approximations have been often made as amply vindicate the undertaking; and in overhauling the musty records of antiquity, along with much that is valuable only or chiefly as bearing upon something else, much has also been brought to light, that is of rare value in itself. Thus Shakespeare, ever fresh and ever young himself, keeps alive many things which it is for our interest not to let die; he being, as it were, the master of ceremonies to bring us acquainted with the great spirits that cluster and revolve around him.

We are apt to think of Shakespeare too much as an abstraction of intellectual power, with whom the ordinary laws and processes of mental life and action had little or nothing to do. He must indeed have been a prodigious infant, yet an infant he unquestionably was; and had to proceed by the usual paths from infancy to manhood, how unusual soever may have been the ease and speed of his passage. Dowered perhaps with such a portion of genius as hath fallen to no other mortal, still his powers had to struggle through the common infirmities and encumbrances of our nature. For, assuredly, his mind was not born

full-grown and ready-furnished for the course and service of Truth, but had to creep, totter, and prattle; much study, observation, experience, in short, a long, severe *tentative* process being required to insinew, and discipline, and regulate his genius into power. Had he been naturally free from inward insufficiencies, still he was beset with clogs and draw-backs from without: to act upon the age as he did, he must needs have been more or less acted upon by it; and even had he been able to start from the point where he ended, it was impracticable for him to do so, since in that case he would have been too far ahead of those for whom he wrote to take them along with him. And such, no doubt, were the very trials and chastenings whereby he came to be

> "of a rectified spirit,
> By many revolutions of discourse refin'd
> From all the tartarous moods of common men!
> . . . . . most severe
> In fashion and collection of himself;
> And then as clear, and confident as Jove."

Dryden rather oddly represents the Poet's ghost as saying,

> "Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
> I found not, but created first, the stage:"

but this is far from true, the ghost being made to utter Dryden's thoughts, not Shakespeare's. For, though the least that he did may be worth more than all that was done before him, and his poorest performances surpass the best of models; it is nevertheless certain that his task was but to continue and perfect what others had begun. Not only were the three forms of comedy, history, and tragedy in use on the English stage, but the elements of these were to some extent blended in the freedom and variety of the Romantic Drama; though of course in nothing like the purity and harmony wherein he presented them. The usage, also, of dramatic blank-verse stood up inviting his adoption; there being scarce any variety of

measure, or pause, or cadence, of which Marlowe had not set the example: though no one before or since has come near Shakespeare in the mastery of its capabilities,—in the ever-varying, never-tiring fluctuation of his verse; his genius being an inexhaustible spring of both mental and verbal modulation. Nor can this be rightly regarded as any alleviation of his task, or any abatement of his fame. For to work thus with materials and upon models already prepared, without being drawn down to their level and subdued to their quality, asks a higher order and exercise of power, than to strike out in a way and with a stock entirely new. And herein it is that the absorbing, and purifying, and quickening virtue of Shakespeare's genius is best seen: he had not a drama to create in any of its forms or elements, but a drama to regenerate and rectify, —to inform its shapes with life and grace, to temper and mould its elements in the happy symmetry and proportion of living art. Thus his work naturally linked in with the whole past: in his hands the collective thought and wisdom of ages were smelted out of the earth and dross wherein they lay imbedded, and wrought into figures of undecaying beauty; and the extraction and efficacy of centuries were treasured up in his pages.

It can hardly be questioned that *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was among the earliest-written of our author's plays. This is apparent from the internal evidence: the frequency of rhymes, the comparative want of variety, and the general smoothness of the versification showing that he had not yet grown to a just reliance on his own strength, and to the free working of his powers; that he was rather looking at his models than overseeing them,—rather mastered by them than mastering them and rising upon them. Compared to the plays of what is termed his third or even his second period, the poetry, rich as it is, has more of a lyrical than dramatic cast; particular parts and passages, though often full of beauty, are less subordinated to the whole, and seem more as if used for their own sake; the general style and structure is loose, unvital, inorganic; and

we miss the close-knitting of thought and image, the subtle and sinewy discourse, and the "working words," that give such matchless energy and operation to his later and riper performances. Hence, no doubt, the persuasion of certain men, that Shakespeare had little share in the making of this play. Concerning whom Mr. Collier says, "The notion of some critics, that *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* contains few or no marks of Shakespeare's hand, is strong proof of their incompetence to form a judgment." Wherein we agree with him; for Shakespeare's marks are set all over the play: but they are the marks of his "prentice hand," though such as no prentice hand but his could have put into it; the play, especially in the more comic parts, poor as these are beside others from the same source, as much outstripping any thing done before him as it falls short of what he afterwards did.

The internal evidence is corroborated by whatsoever of external evidence hath come down to us. Of the plays mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, published in 1598, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* stands first in the list. He says: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins; so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labor's Lost*, his *Love's Labor Won*,[1] his *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice;* for tragedy, his *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry IV*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*." Supposing Meres to include both parts of *Henry IV*, and adding the three parts of *Henry VI*, which were written before this date, we have sixteen plays out of thirty-seven, when the author was in his thirty-fourth year. Which, unless we attribute to him such a facility and fluency of pen as neither the reason of the thing nor the facts of the case will warrant, will force us to set his first efforts at play-making back

[1] The original title of All's Well That Ends Well.

to an earlier period in his life than is generally supposed. Nor, considering his aptitudes for the work, is it at all unlikely that he made some attempts that way even before he left Stratford: at all events, that some of the plays which we now have were written before the end of his twenty-fourth year, seems hardly questionable. And if it seem extraordinary that so young a man should have produced *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, how much more extraordinary is it that a man of whatsoever age should have written *Lear!*

In 1589 Shakespeare, at the age of twenty-five, was a joint proprietor of the Blackfriars theater;—a place which he could hardly have won but by ability and usefulness in the offices pertaining to such an establishment. And where was he so likely to be able and useful as in the field where he has so far surpassed all other men?

In 1592 appeared *A Groatsworth of Wit*, by Robert Greene, which contains an unmistakable allusion to Shakespeare. It was written amidst the anguishes of a deathbed repentance, the author's purpose being to dissuade "those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance," from "spending their wits in making plays;" to which end he uses this argument: "For there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his 'tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide' supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." The words in the single quotes are a parody of a verse in Henry VI, "O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a *woman's* hide;" which goes still further to ascertain the writer's aim. And the fair inference is, that Shakespeare was known as a sort of Do-all, a Fac-totum, who could turn his hand to any thing, and beat Greene and his associates in the very walks where they severally excelled; and that he was successful not only as a writer, but as an adapter and improver of plays: in which latter quality he had perhaps overhauled some of their writings, and thrown the authors into the shade by adding more to

them than they were originally worth; thus getting beautified with their feathers because he had feathers still more beautiful of his own. As the three parts of *Henry VI*, and perhaps *Titus Andronicus*, were in fact adapted from preëxisting stock copies, into which Shakespeare distilled something of the life and spirit of his genius, it is quite probable that Greene and those whom he addresses had, jointly or severally, a hand in writing them.

Soon after *A Groatsworth of Wit* was written and before it was published Greene died; and a few months later Henry Chettle, his fellow-dramatist, and his publisher, put forth a book entitled *Kind-heart's Dream*, wherein he regrets the attack on Shakespeare, "because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, then he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." It is considerable that at this time Shakespeare had published nothing, his *Venus and Adonis* not being issued till the following year, 1593. Yet he was distinguished for "his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art;" from which it would seem that he was best known in the lighter and finer graces of poetry, his mastery of its deeper powers being as yet either unattained or unappreciated. How was he so likely to win such a reputation as by plays like *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *The Comedy of Errors*, where quips, and quirks, and clenches meet us in showers at every turn? the persons having apparently set out to "act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if their veins ran with quicksilver; and not utter a phrase but what shall come forth steept in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire;" yet the redundant facetiousness is every where touched with a grace at that time unexampled on the English stage.

All which amply warrants the conclusion, that Shakespeare was "our pleasant Willy," whom Spenser, in his *Tears of the Muses*, published in 1591, speaks of as

"the man whom Nature's selfe had made,
To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate."

And again, after complaining that

"Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learned's taske upon him take:

"But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldness of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was probably one of the "streames" that drew forth this no less appropriate than beautiful tribute from the great sweet poet of Faery Land. For even in the plays, which we suppose to have been written before this period, there are frequent touches of that inexpressible sweetness and delicacy of spirit which won him the name, "my gentle Shakespeare," and which comes out in all his works, like the unconscious issues of a mind

"As gentle as the stroking wind
Runs o'er the gentler flowers."

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it follows next *The Tempest*. No note has been discovered of the performance of this play during the author's life. Doubtless it was brought upon the stage, for the Poet had no thought of writing dramas merely for the closet: but if it had been acted as often as his other plays, we should most likely have some record of its performance, as we have in the case of so many of the others. Notwithstanding its superiority in character and poetry to any plays then in use from other hands, perhaps its comparative excess of the rhetorical over the dramatic elements made it less popular in that most action-loving age, than many far below it in all other respects. This lack of success on the boards may also account in part for its freedom from the inequalities we find in sev-

eral of his earlier plays; as, for example, in *Love's Labor's Lost* and *All's Well That Ends Well* there are parts and passages where both the tone of the thought and the structure of the verse evince a pitch of mastership that had not been reached when the plays were originally written. It was then quite common for a play, when brought out anew, to be revised and retouched either by the author or by some other hand; and some of Shakespeare's are known to have undergone this process much to their advantage. Which was probably the cause of the inequalities in question;—a cause that would not be likely to operate, unless there were call for the revival of a play.

No novel or romance has been found, to which Shakespeare could have been *much* indebted for the plot or matter of the play before us. In the part of Julia and her maid Lucetta there are indeed some points of resemblance to the *Diana* of Jorge de Montmayor, a Spanish romance at that time very popular in England, and of which an English version by Bartholomew Yonge was published in 1598. The *Diana* is one of the books spared from the bonfire of Don Quixote's library, because, in the words of the Priest who superintends the burning, "They do not deserve to be burnt like the rest, for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt." The part from which Shakespeare is thought to have borrowed is the story of Felismena, the heroine: "My father having early followed my mother to the tomb, I was left an orphan. Henceforth I resided with a distant relative; and, at the age of seventeen, fell in love with Don Felix, a young nobleman of the province where I lived. The object of my affections felt a reciprocal passion; but his father, having learned the attachment between us, sent his son to court with a view to prevent our union. Soon after his departure I followed him in the disguise of a page, and on the night of my arrival discovered, by a serenade I heard him give, that he had disposed of his affections. Not being recognized, I was taken into his service, and en-

gaged to conduct the correspondence with the mistress who had supplanted me in his heart." Though Yonge's version of the *Diana* was not published till 1598, several years after the probable date of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* yet the story was generally well known; parts of it were translated in Sidney's *Arcadia*, which came out in 1590; and there is good reason to think that the *History of Felix and Philiomena*, which was acted at court as far back as 1582, was a play founded on the story of Felix and Felismena. So that, granting Shakespeare to have followed the tale in question, he might well enough have been familiar with it long before Yonge's translation appeared. But the truth is, such and similar incidents were the common staple of romances in that age. And the same may be said touching the matter of Valentine's becoming captain of the outlaws; for which the Poet has been written down as obliged to the *Arcadia*. Excepting the *Diana*, there is no reason to think that Shakespeare was indebted to any thing but his own invention for the materials of the play under consideration.

Dr. Johnson remarks, that "in this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence." In proof of the ignorance he then adduces the Poet's violation of geography in making his persons pass from Verona to Milan by water, there being no such passage between those cities. This is one of the departures from fact which critics have been fond of quoting, in order, as would seem, to impeach or disrepute his science. But, inasmuch as Shakespeare's geography and chronology are always accurate enough when such accuracy will serve the purpose of this art, it seems rather questionable whether in this case his inaccuracy should be set down to ignorance. Perhaps, after all, he showed as much knowledge here as he meant to show; and he must have been ignorant indeed, not to know that his geography was incorrect. It should be borne in mind that his purpose was art, not science; that he spoke to the imagination rather than the understanding: which being the case, science itself would tell

him that literal or geographical truth was to be sacrificed, in so far as such sacrifice would serve the methods of imagination and the uses of art. Thus, by the laws of his work, the lower gives way to the higher: he facilitates the passage to Milan for the convenience of his hearers in that quality or capacity wherein he addresses them. And he knew well enough that they did not visit the theater to learn geography or chronology, but to see a vivid, truthful, lifelike representation of action, character and passion; and that nothing but a poor conceit of scientific accuracy would stick and boggle at such freedoms as art and imagination gladly allow.

The Two Gentemen of Verona betrays much the same unripeness in its characterization as we have remarked in its other qualities. Coleridge pronounces it "a sketch," and Hazlitt says it is "little more than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in;" which expressions, though perhaps somewhat too general and sweeping, do not seem to strike very wide of the truth. The main exception is in the two clownish servants, who, though so inelegant and unrefined that Pope wanted to eject them from their place, display, to our mind, more truth and energy of characterization, than all the other persons put together. It is true, they are continually pelting those about them with very small wit, wherein they seem rather too much like one mind in two persons; but their wit, if such it may be called, is quite as good as that of their betters: from beneath their affectations we catch some tones of native humor: their talk, rude and undignified enough, still relishes of nature, and smells of the places where men actually walk. Launce, master of quibbles and cranks, with his warm heart and wagging tongue sobbing in parables and conceits, is a genuine sprout of the Poet's brain. The scene between him and his dog Crab, where he recounts the sins of the latter which he has taken upon himself, to save the poor brute from being cudgelled and killed, is one of those odd, touching, nonsensical things, such as we find nowhere but in Shakespeare and nature.

Launce and Speed, Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, seem designedly arranged by pairs, and have such a mixture of contrast and resemblance between them as might fitly serve to herald the matchless combinations that were still to come from the same cunning hand. Julia, seeking out and attending her faithless lover in the disguise of a page, and even making herself servant to his infidelity, is one of those exhibitions of female purity, sweetness, and devotion, wherein Shakespeare so far excels all other writers. Her innocence and gentleness are but the more apparent for the chill, rough atmosphere that threatens them; the Poet, here as elsewhere, multiplying the difficulties of the situation, the better to approve the beauty of the character. Perhaps the best excuse for her undertaking is, that she never dreams but her lover's heart is as far from fraud as her own, till she finds him with proofs to the contrary on his tongue. Julia, however, is little else than a dim foreshadowing of Imogen: we might almost call them the same person, now seen before, now after marriage; though, in the latter case, by a much clearer light. Perhaps, withal, Imogen has both more rectitude of thought and more delicacy of feeling, than to set forth on such an adventure with so little cause: for Julia has no persecution at home to drive her away, and her love seems rather unwise in not bearing the absence of its object, this being so manifestly for his good.—Silvia, though rather thin and unsubstantial, is a goodly, graceful figure. As strong in love perhaps as Julia; of demeanor not quite so pretty, but more becoming; a little more artful, and withal much more prudent and practical; though her virtue be far above suspicion, yet she raises a shrewd doubt whether the offers of a second lover would be so greatly unwelcome to her, but that he undertakes to supplant the first, instead of accepting a place beside him in her thoughts. In her disguise and flight there is no such appearance of turning romantic for the sake of romance, as strikes us in the case of Julia.

Proteus, truant to love, and thereby rendered false to

friendship, moves little feeling of any sort, as his faults appear to spring from the rank and undisciplined impulses of youth. His passion is evidently of the kind that thinks more of itself than of its object; and his much talking about it breeds in us a secret distrust of its quality from the first, as knowing,

> "When the blood burns, how prodigally the soul
> Lends the tongue vows:"

for which cause we do not wonder that it betrays him into something of baseness. But, though passion seduces him from truth and reason, the failure of his undertaking and Julia's heroic constancy recover him to them: love, overmastered in the absence of its object, resumes its sway in her presence; and experience brings him to the discovery of his own weakness, which is the beginning of wisdom, and the first stepping towards virtue.—In Valentine we have the rudiments, and something more, of a truly noble and beautiful character. His slowness to take the meaning of Silvia's artful and enigmatical invitations finely exemplifies the innate modesty of a true affection, that is kept from discerning the signs of a return by a sense of its own unworthiness.

And yet, for some cause or other, these persons do not greatly interest or move us; there being an appearance of art either in the characters themselves or in the delineation of them, that still beats back our sympathies, and keeps us from really feeling as in the presence of nature while with them. Nevertheless, the play, taken as a whole, illustrates with considerable skill the truant fickleness of human passion, and the weakness of human reason when opposed by passion, and at the same time depicts the beauty of maiden truth and constancy. Mr. Hallam sets it down as "probably the first English comedy in which characters are drawn from social life, at once ideal and true."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

VALENTINE AND PROTEUS

Two friends, Valentine and Proteus, are separating in the first scene. The names have already a significance, which hints at their opposite characters. Valentine, a good honest nature, is a man of action; urged by honor to go out into the world and into military and courtly service, he is traveling to Milan; he belongs to the simple and plain kind of country gentlemen, with no finely-sifted speech; with him heart and lips are one; his generosity knows no doubt; himself good, he deems the bad good also; his nature is not soon affected by any emotion, his acts are not disturbed by reflections. A golden friend, ready for every great sacrifice, he has yet never known affection for the other sex; on the contrary, his derision is provoked by the absorbing passion of his more excitable friend. Proteus, on the other hand, is a man of reflection, full of attractive virtues and faults, and of great mental capability. It is said of him that "of many good he is the best;" this goodness is exhibited throughout the piece (and this is a decided error) not in deeds, but only in the superiority of his talents. Entirely given up to love, completely filled with its desires and aspirations, he accuses himself of spending his days in "shapeless idleness;" thirsting for love as he is, he is in danger through selfishness and self-pleasing of renouncing his manly character; he appears as a youth of that young and tender wit, which, like "the most forward bud, is eaten by the canker ere it blow." The one-sidedness of each character is now to find its complement, as it were, as a corrective. Proteus

in the midst of his successful suit, is, to his despair, sent by his father to Valentine in Milan, in order like him to be "tutored in the world;" on the other hand, Valentine's original bent for "active deeds" meets with penance, as he himself calls it in Act ii. sc. 4, from the fact that in Milan, Silvia, the duke's daughter, falls in love with him. In the case of Valentine this new condition brings an increase of experience and refinement, which he appropriates after his own fashion; in that of Proteus the change causes a restraint, against which his self-loving nature struggles. The way in which both behave in this change of situation is developed in the finest manner from the original disposition of their characters. The honest, unsuspecting Valentine, occupied with manly dealings, must be sought after by love, if love is to touch him; the daughter of the duke, above all others, is able to fascinate him as an object which at the same time excites his aspiring ambition. But, as we should expect from him, he acts like a novice in the work of love; he betrays his increasing inclination by open "gazing," noticeable by all, and by imperious, offensive treatment of his rival Thurio. When she meets his modesty half way and woos him in her letter, he understands her not, and his servant Speed is obliged to explain her intention. His wont when he laughed to crow like a cock, when he walked to walk like one of the lions, is now passed away; his friend Proteus might now find matter for ridicule in the metamorphosis which love has effected. Since difference of position places obstacles to a union, with his peculiar want of consideration and readiness for action he enters on a plan for eloping with Silvia; instead of guarding himself from the snares of the duke, unsuspicious and confident he proceeds to entangle himself still further. When his plan of elopement has been punished with banishment, he surrenders himself passively and unhesitatingly to a band of outlaws; desperation urges him, the active life suits him, and the man who invites his company touches his heart by the similar fate which he too has suffered. Such is the extremity to which the treachery of his friend

has driven him. For Proteus, as soon as he had arrived at Milan, had at once forgotten his Julia. His love is, first and foremost, self-love. Completely absorbed in this one affection, arrived at Milan, and separated from Julia, his weak, love-seeking nature cannot endure for a moment the unusual void and desolation. Just as Romeo, rejected by his beloved, falls all the more violently in love with a new object, so does Proteus, when separated from Julia; he casts his eye on the beloved of his friend, and giving way to this one error, he falls from sin to sin, and runs the gauntlet of crime. Once befooled by the intoxication of the senses, he uses the finest sophistry to justify and to excuse his misdeeds. False and wavering, he forgets his oath to Julia, he ensnares the duke, he betrays his friend, he goes so far in baseness that he proposes slander as a means for making Silvia forget Valentine, and he himself undertakes the office of slanderer. His behavior towards his rival Thurio shows what a judge he is of love, with what power he practises the arts of love, and how secure and victorious he knows himself compared to such an adversary. He teaches him the secrets of love, well knowing that he understands them not; he, a poet himself, enjoins him to woo Silvia by "wailful sonnets," when he knows that he can only fashion miserable rhymes. In the amorous style of the three lovers, the poet has given us an excellent insight into their capacity for love. In the verses of Thurio we see a few paltry insipid rhymes, which German translators have too confidently received as a specimen of the genuine Shakespearean lyric. The poet possesses true poetry enough not to fear putting silly verses in the lips of the silly wooer, and thus, whilst he intentionally inserts a poem of no merit, he acquires the further merit of characterization. The poem which Valentine addresses to Silvia (Act iii. sc. 1) is of the same characteristic kind; composed in the usual conceit-style of love, it evidences tolerable awkwardness of rhyming talent, and is rather the work of the brain than the outpouring of excited feeling. Of Proteus' poem, we have only fragments and scat-

tered words, which Julia imparts to us from his torn letter: "kind Julia—love-wounded Proteus—poor, forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus, to the sweet Julia"—words sufficient to tell us that among the three this is the man who understands the true rhetoric of love. With this letter he had taken by storm the free heart of the unguarded, unsuspecting Julia; but so well does he understand the strategy of love, that towards Silvia, whose heart was given to Valentine, he needed more studied tactics; and for this reason he seizes every opening, procures himself helpers and allies in the father and the rival, and endeavors to insinuate himself by the cunning of slander. He has reckoned every point but that of a woman's character, which has as much masculine power about it as his own has feminine weakness.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

JULIA AND SILVIA

Sir Proteus and Sir Valentine, gentlemen twain and friends, of Verona, are enamoured respectively of Julia and Silvia: parallel in their loves,—for both find favor, and the lady of either is prepared to quit sire and home for their sakes without leave or leavetaking; they are as nearly parallel in their attendance,—Speed is the boy-page of Sir Valentine, and Launce waits after a genius and fashion of his own, upon Sir Proteus.

By usual fatality the fickle lover has gained a truly constant heart—for such is Julia's; and Julia is the most charming character in the play, and more than rudimentary of more than one of Shakespeare's most charming heroines. From her lips fall the lines of sweetest poetry in the play, expressive of the behavior of true affection in all circumstances; in difficulty, excited and lively; in prosperity and ease, availing itself only of such happiness to pursue its course—untarrying, undivergent, a beauty and a blessing; and varied in this manner by contingent fortunes, but ever in itself the same, is the affection of Julia and the history of its course.

Silvia, "hard beset" with lovers in her father's court, though she gives proof not to be excepted against that she loves Valentine, betrays not the less a tinge of the temper of her wooer Proteus. It must be said without disguise, that it was not absolutely necessary for her to give her picture to Proteus while she was upbraiding him with falsehood to his friend and to a former love; and if the act was not falsehood on her part towards Valentine, it was dangerous coquetry towards Proteus, and goes far to account for the interpretation he evidently put upon her coyness, when he had added the service of rescue from the robbers to former fervent protestations. Her bitter upbraidings are phenomena that Homer and Paris Alexander knew, and Proteus may therefore not unnaturally have thought, to be far less sincere than they may sometimes have sounded; and Valentine himself who unseen was looking on and listening at the scene, may have had his own apprehensions too, and interfered, it may be, to rescue Silvia scarcely more from Proteus than from herself. Thus may be, but only thus can be accounted for, the remainder of the scene; thus the more than Christian eagerness of pardon with which Valentine overwhelms the abashed Proteus, and the alacrity of his renunciation of all previous rights in the blushing damsel who has no word of recognition or gratitude to greet him with, but is tongue-tied to the end.

"And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee."

—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

SPEED AND LAUNCE

Only now and then, in one or two detached scenes, do Speed and Launce bore us with euphuistic word-torturings; as a rule they are quite entertaining fellows, who seem to announce, as with a flourish of trumpets, that, unlike either Lyly or Marlowe, Shakespeare possesses the inborn gaiety, the keen sense of humor, the sparkling playfulness, which

are to enable him, without any strain on his invention, to kindle the laughter of his audiences, and send it flashing round the theater from the groundlings to the gods. He does not as yet display any particular talent for individualizing his clowns. Nevertheless we notice that, while Speed impresses us chiefly by his astonishing volubility, the true English humor makes its entrance upon the Shakespearean stage when Launce appears, dragging his dog by a string.

Note the torrent of eloquence in this speech of Speed's, enumerating the symptoms from which he concludes that his master is in love:—

"First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master."

All these similes of Speed's are apt and accurate; it is only the way in which he piles them up that makes us laugh. But when Launce opens his mouth, unbridled whimsicality at once takes the upper hand. He comes upon the scene with his dog:—

"Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. . . . I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, my maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew

would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father:—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so."

Here we have nothing but joyous nonsense, and yet nonsense of a highly dramatic nature. That is to say, here reigns that youthful exuberance of spirit which laughs with a childlike grace, even where it condescends to the petty and low; exuberance as of one who glories in the very fact of existence, and rejoices to feel life pulsing and seething in his veins; exuberance such as belongs of right, in some degree, to every well-constituted man in the light-hearted days of his youth—how much more, then, to one who possesses the double youth of years and genius among a people which is itself young, and more than young: liberated, emancipated, enfranchized, like a colt which has broken its tether and scampers at large through the luxuriant pastures.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

LAUNCE AND HIS DOG

Launce is not a character manufactured by a playwright —one of "Nature's journeymen," to serve a particular purpose, but is a product of Nature's own handiwork, and if not the most cunning, still none the less genuine.

The close companionship which exists between him and his dog Crab is evidently one based upon a moral and intellectual fitness in the characters of the two. The clown is such by natural organization, and no education or change of circumstances or condition could make him otherwise.

So the dog Crab, even with the "gentleman-like dogs" among whom he has thrust himself, under the Duke's table, is nevertheless the cur which Nature made him; and we can scarcely conceive that even the cultivation of "three generations," which some high authorities have contended for as necessary to make a gentleman, would suffice to make a courtier of the one, or a "gentleman-like dog" of the other.—KELLOGG, *Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity, Imbecility, and Suicide.*

BEAUTIES OF THE PLAY

This is little more than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in. It is the story of a novel dramatized with very little labor or pretension; yet there are passages of high poetical spirit, and of inimitable quaintness of humor, which are undoubtedly Shakespear's, and there is throughout the conduct of the fable a careless grace and felicity which marks it for his. . . .

The tender scenes in this play, though not so highly wrought as in some others, have often much sweetness of sentiment and expression. There is something pretty and playful in the conversation of Julia with her maid, when she shows such a disposition to coquetry about receiving the letter from Proteus; and her behavior afterwards and her disappointment, when she finds him faithless to his vows, remind us at a distance of Imogen's tender constancy. Her answer to Lucetta, who advises her against following her lover in disguise, is a beautiful piece of poetry.

> *"Lucetta.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
> But qualify the fire's extremest rage,
> Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
>
> *Julia.* The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;
> The current that with gentle murmur glides
> Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
> But when his fair course is not hindered,
> He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium."

If Shakespeare indeed had written only this and other passages in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* he would almost have deserved Milton's praise of him—

"And sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

But as it is, he deserves rather more praise than this.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Play.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY

This piece I consider one of Shakspeare's earliest works. It is true that, as regards details, the play is rich in peculiar beauties, but, taken as a whole, we still observe a certain youthful awkwardness, and a want of depth in poetical execution. It is distinguished by an easy, smooth and harmonious flow of language, by a freshness, gaiety and *naïveté* of wit and humor (as in Speed and Launce), and by a delineation of character which is indeed sketchy, but nevertheless well given. Even the sharp contrast into which—as we have seen—Shakspeare is fond of placing his characters, and which he employs as the principle of his groupings, is here specially prominent in the characters of Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, Speed and Launce. But the very sharpness of these contrasts, and the carefully worked out parallels between the contrasted couples, betrays the youthful poet. Moreover, as a whole, the play makes the impression of superficiality; not only is the conception of life in general, but even the individual

thoughts are wanting in depth and breadth; the several parts are not smoothly rounded off nor are they harmoniously connected. Much that ought to have been further developed is only hinted at, and the end, especially, is introduced so arbitrarily, and so hurriedly brought to a close that some English critics have conjectured that the piece was never actually finished. Excellent, indeed, is the manner in which the poet has contrived to make use of the materials indispensable to comic poetry—accident, caprice and error, inconsistency, weakness, folly and perversity; intrigue does predominate, it is true, but is borne along and supported by the fantastic elements of external and internal contingency. But the humor, which in Shakspeare's later comedies pervades the whole, and gives them their comic significance, is wanting; the poet is still too much absorbed in directing the course of the action, and in the delineation of the characters; we cannot help noticing the trouble which it has cost him to find the end and aim of his drama; in short, he is still too much engrossed with his actual work, and this checks the flight of his thought, and the free play of his imagination.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Turning now from the thought of the play to its form, we are struck with what Shakespeare himself has described as "the even road of a blank verse"; we have such verse at intervals in others of the early plays, for instance, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:* but in this play alone is it consistently maintained from start to finish; it is the blank verse which is "end stopt," in which the accents fall evenly, and the syllables are definite in number. Of course it is occasionally varied by couplets, and by quatrains and other forms of verse for which Shakespeare may have found a precedent in the play of *The Two Italian Gentlemen* mentioned in the former section.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia*
VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen*
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus*
THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine*
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape*
HOST, *where Julia lodges*
OUTLAWS, *with Valentine*
SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine*
LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus*
PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio*

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus*
SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine*
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia*

Servants, Musicians

SCENE, *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua*

"Dramatis Personæ." "The names of all the actors" are given at the end of the play in the Folios; the form "Protheus" is invariably used for "Proteus," "Athonio" for "Antonio," and "Panthion" for "Panthino."—I. G.

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Proteus and Valentine are two young gentlemen of Verona and they are also intimate friends. Proteus is in love with a Veronese lady named Julia and for that reason refuses to accompany his friend to the court of Milan. But Antonio, the father of Proteus, desiring his son to know something of the world, sends him to join Valentine at Milan.

ACT II

Valentine meets and loves Silvia, the daughter of the Duke of Milan. Silvia favors him but the Duke has chosen Thurio for his daughter's husband. The young people plan to elope. Just then Proteus arrives and Valentine introduces him to Silvia. Proteus promises to aid Valentine in his suit, but inwardly, having forgotten his vows to Julia, he determines to supplant Valentine in Silvia's regard and to win her for himself. Julia, receiving no word from Proteus, disguises herself and her maid in male attire and goes to Milan in search of him.

ACT III

The Duke is informed by Proteus of the lovers' intended flight and banishes Valentine from his dukedom. Thurio makes no headway in his suit with Silvia and he also asks aid of Proteus.

ACT IV

Valentine on his way home from Milan falls in with a band of outlaws as he passes through a forest on the fron-

tiers of Mantua. These outlaws are pleased with the personality of Valentine and make him their captain. Julia arrives in Milan and with the assistance of a friendly innkeeper obtains service with Proteus as a page. He, in ignorance of her identity, employs her to take messages to Silvia, even sending her with the ring she herself had given him when they plighted their troth.

ACT V

By the aid of an old gentleman named Eglamour, Silvia escapes from her father's palace in an endeavor to join Valentine. As she enters the forest she is seized by an outlaw who attempts to take her to his captain. She is rescued by Proteus, attended by Julia. Proteus takes advantage of the situation to plead his love to Silvia, but is interrupted by the entrance of Valentine. Proteus, full of remorse for his conduct, craves pardon of Valentine. This is granted. Then the identity of Julia is discovered and she forgives Proteus for his faithlessness. At this point the Duke of Milan, who in his search for Silvia has been captured by other outlaws of the same band, is brought before Valentine. Valentine releases the Duke, who pardons him and all his band and consents to Silvia's marriage with Valentine.

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Verona. An open place.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers.
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love I 'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;

18. A "*beadsman,*" as the word is here used, is one who offers up prayers for another's welfare. Thus we are told that Sir Henry Lee, upon retiring from the office of Champion to Queen Elizabeth, said, "his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for Her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her *beadsman,* now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service." *Bead* was the Anglo-Saxon word for *prayer,* and so gave name to the small wooden balls which were used in numbering prayers, and a string of which was called a *rosary.* Such appears to have been the origin of the name, if not of the thing, a string of beads.—H. N. H.

19. "*On a love-book pray for my success*"; an allusion to the Roman Catholic custom of placing the beads on the prayer-book, and of counting the beads with the prayers. "*The love-book*" is in this case to take the place of the prayer-book; some have supposed that Shakespeare is here referring to Marlowe's *Hero and Leander,* which, however, though entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1593, was not printed till 1598, after which date many references occur to it in contemporary literature.—I. G.

27. A proverbial expression, now disused, signifying, "Don't make a laughing-stock of me." Perhaps deduced from a humorous punishment at harvest-home feasts in Warwickshire.—H. N. H.

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you 'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else

34. *"However."* That is, either way; whether "haply won" or "lost."—H. N. H.

Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.
[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honor hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

73. In Warwickshire, and some other counties, *sheep* is pronounced *ship*. Without this explanation the jest, such as it is, might escape the reader.—H. N. H.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
Speed. This proves me still a sheep.
Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.
Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.
Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.
Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.
Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'
Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?
Speed. Aye, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

102. *"Laced mutton,"* we are told, "was so established a term for a courtesan, that a lane in Clerkenwell, much frequented by loose women, was thence called Mutton Lane." Speed apparently understands the person he is talking with, for it is observable that he uses no such language in his speech with Valentine; and the reason of his daring to speak thus respecting Julia is to be found in the nature of Sir Proteus' passion, which, though doubtless characteristic of him, is not very honorable to him.—H. N. H.

A in "laced" was nearly like that in "man"; this was also an affected pronunciation of ŏ. Hence the quibble *laced—lost* was less forced than it seems.—H. N. H.

Pro. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [*First nodding*] Aye.

Pro. Nod—Aye—why, that 's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, 'Aye.'

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

157. That is, you have given me a *testern.* Testern, now called tester, was a coin of sixpence value, first issued in England in 1542, and so named from having a *teste,* that is, a head, stamped upon it. It was introduced from France, and was originally 18d, but afterwards fell to 12d, 9d, and finally 6d, where it stuck.—H. N. H.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.
[*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

The same. Garden of Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Aye, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Aye, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. 'To Julia.'—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.

30. *"Fire"* is here a dissyllable. The play has other like examples: "But qualify the *fire's* extreme rage"; and again: "Trenched in ice, which with an *hour's* heat," &c. These and similar words were continually used thus by the poets of Shakespeare's time: and yet Steevens undertook to correct the Poet's measure in such cases by supplying another word!—H. N. H.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'aye.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

41. *"Broker."* A matchmaker. It was sometimes used for a procuress.—H. N. H.

53. *"What fool is she";* the first three Folios read "what 'fool is she," indicating the omission of the indefinite article, a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom.—I. G.

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

68. *"Stomach"* is here used in the double sense of *hunger* and *anger*.—H. N. H.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?
Luc. Aye; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let 's see your song. How now, minion!
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation.
[*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased

94. The simple air in music was called the *plain song,* or *ground;* the *descant* was what is now called *variations;* the *mean* what we call the *tenor.* This use of musical terms before a popular audience would seem to infer, which was indeed the case, that taste and knowledge in music was a characteristic trait of "merry England in the olden time." What with the sour fanaticism of the Commonwealth, and the licentiousness of the Restoration, both of which were equally fatal, this beautiful feature was so blasted, that it has never been fully recovered.—H. N. H.

97. Lucetta is still quibbling, and turns the allusion off upon the rustic game of *base,* or prison-base, in which one ran and challenged another to catch him.—H. N. H.

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia':—that I 'll tear away.—

107. Shakespeare has given several proofs of a practical acquaintance with the economy of bees; some of which the naturalist as well as the poet may study with profit; as the fine description in *Henry V,* Act. i. sc. 2, "for so work the honey-bees," &c. He had doubtless observed how they "make boot upon the summer's velvet buds," and also how the "injurious wasps" plunder them, stinging them to death for the sweetness they yield. Knight says, "The metaphor of the pretty pouting Julia is as accurate as it is beautiful." —H. N. H.

And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Aye, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. Antonio's house.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

137. *"I see you have a month's mind to them";* Schmidt in his *Shakespeare Lexicon* explains the phrase "month's mind" as "a

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities. 10
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,

woman's longing," as though the expression had its origin in the longing for particular articles of food shown by women, but this interpretation seems to have no authority. Johnson rightly remarks on this passage:—"A *month's mind,* in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remembrance; yet I suppose this is the true original expression."—I. G.

10. This passage is all alive with the spirit of Shakespeare's own time, when enterprise, adventure, and study were everywhere the order of the day, and all ranks were stirred with noble agitations; the mind's life being then no longer exhausted in domestic broils, nor as yet stifled by a passion for gain. And, to say nothing of foreign discoveries, where wonder and curiosity were ever finding new stores of food, and still grew hungry by what they fed on; or of Flemish campaigns, where chivalrous honor and mental accomplishment "kissed each other"; what a tremendous perturbation must have run through the national mind, what a noble fury must have enriched the nation's brain, to make it effervesce in such a flood as hath rolled down to us in the works of Spenser, Hooker, Shakespeare, and Bacon!—H. N. H.

And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practice tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

27. "Shakespeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan. Several of the first German Emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being at that time their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions."—Steevens.

30. Here again the Poet is alluding to the practices of his own time. At an earlier period, when war was expressly conducted by the laws of knighthood, "the tournay, with all its magnificence, its minstrels, and heralds, and damosels in lofty towers, had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths." But the tournaments of Shakespeare's time, and such as Proteus was sent to practice, were "the tournaments of gay pennons and pointless lances"; as magnificent indeed as the old knightly encounters, but "as harmless to the combatants as those between other less noble actors,—the heroes of the stage." The Poet had no doubt witnessed some of these "courtly pastimes," as held by Her Majesty in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, or by proud Leicester in the Tilt-yard at Kenilworth.—H. N. H.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

44. That is, *break*, or *open*, the matter *to* him;—one of many instances showing how much the use of prepositions has changed. *To break with a person*, now wears a very different meaning. Antonio's words, *in good time*, refer to Proteus, whom he just then sees coming.—H. N. H.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

87. It is curious to note with what accuracy as well as vividness the Poet here paints the manners of April. The play was written in his youth, when he was more at home with external nature than

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.'
[*Exeunt.*

with man, his mind not having yet climbed the height of this latter argument. What a study is traced in the progress of his mind as the gay riches of vision gradually yielded to the sterner and solider riches of thought! the first, however, giving a promise of the last, and the last keeping up a remembrance of the first. The fine ecstasy with which, in his earlier plays, as in his poems, he dwells on the movements and aspects of nature has often sent our thoughts to a passage of Wordsworth, describing his youthful self:

> "For nature then
> To me was all in all. I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite; a feeling and a love."

—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: aye, give it me, it 's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first,

2. *"On"* and *"one"* were anciently pronounced alike, and frequently written so.—H. N. H.

you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that 's certain, for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that

27. *"Hallowmas."* The feast of All-hallows, or All Saints, at which time the poor in Staffordshire go from parish to parish *a souling,* as they call it; that is, *begging and puling,* (or singing small, as Bailey's Dictionary explains *puling,*) for soul-cakes, and singing what they call their souler's song. These terms point out the condition of this benevolence, which was, that the beggars should pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends.—H. N. H.

40. *"none else would"; i. e.* "no one else would perceive them."—I. G.

not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favored, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favored.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favored.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

Speed. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!
Val. What should I see then?
Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.
Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.
Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.
Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.
Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.
Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.
Speed. And have you?
Val. I have.
Speed. Are they not lamely writ?
Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

86. *"to put on your hose";* various suggestions have been made for the emendation of these words:—"to beyond your nose," "to put spectacles on your nose," "to put on your shoes," "to button your hose." It is not certain that a rhyming couplet was intended. Probably "unable to see to put on one's hose" was a proverbial expression meaning "unable to tell which leg to put into one's hose first," *i. e.* "not to have one's wits about one."—I. G.

Speed. [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter Silvia.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here 's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;

103. A *"motion"* signified, in Shakespeare's time, a *puppet-show.* Speed means, what a fine puppet show shall we have now! Here is the principal *puppet* to whom my master will be the interpreter. The showman was then frequently called the interpreter.—H. N. H.

And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again:—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Aye, aye: you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labor:
And so, good morrow, servant.

[*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,

That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time. 180

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Aye, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Verona. Julia's house.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we 'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

179. *"for in print I found it."* Probably these lines are quoted from some old ballad or play, though their source has not yet been found. One cannot help thinking that Shakespeare is quoting from some play of the *Two Italian Gentlemen* type; the reprinted extracts contain passages strongly reminding one of these lines.—I. G.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia.*
What, gone without a word?
Aye, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come.
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. A street.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping,

my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so either: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on 't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; aye, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, kiss her, why, there 'tis; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the

34. *"a wood woman";* the Folios read "a would woman"; Theobald first changed "would" into "wood" (*i. e.* mad); others "an ould (*i. e.* old) woman."—I. G.

moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, abroad! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.
Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.
Pan. Wilt thou go?
Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant!
Val. Mistress?
Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.
Val. Aye, boy, it 's for love.
Speed. Not of you.
Val. Of my mistress, then.
Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him. [*Exit.*
Sil. Servant, you are sad.
Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.
Thu. Seem you that you are not? 10
Val. Haply I do.
Thu. So do counterfeits.
Val. So do you.
Thu. What seem I that I am not?
Val. Wise.
Thu. What instance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote you my folly?

18. To "*quote*" is to mark, to observe. It was formerly pronounced and sometimes written *coate*, from the French; hence the quibble here upon the words *quote* and *coat*.—H. N. H.

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.
Val. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change color?
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.
Val. You have said, sir.
Thu. Aye, sir, and done too, for this time.
Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that, servant?
Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.
Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their

20. This is much the same as saying, in the wardrobe dialect of our day, My coat is a vest. The *jerkin, or jacket,* was generally worn over the *doublet;* but sometimes the latter was worn alone, and so confounded with the former. Sometimes both had sleeves, sometimes neither, and in the latter case sleeves were separate articles of dress.—H. N. H.

bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Aye, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Aye, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honor and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,

He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love.
As meet to be an emperor's counselor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio,
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter Proteus.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I 'll die on him that says so but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Ser.*] Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

117. The Folios give this line to "Thurio"; if the reading be right, he must have quitted the stage during the scene, probably immediately before the entrance of Proteus, after line 100.—I. G.

Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Aye, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love, 130
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love 's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,

131. *"Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me";* Johnson proposed to read "those" for "whose," as if the "imperious thoughts" are Valentine's and not "Love's"; the word "thoughts" certainly presents a difficulty, being used here probably in the sense of "dispositions of the mind."—I. G.

139. That is, no misery *compared to* that inflicted by love;—a form of speech not unusual in the old writers: Thus an old ballad:

"There is no comfort in the world
To women that are kind."—H. N. H.

Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honor,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-smelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing

152, 153. *A "principality"* is an angel of the highest order, and therefore next to *divine*. *"Speak the truth* by *her,"*—that is, speak the truth *of* her; an obsolete use of a preposition.—H. N. H.

To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl;
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Aye, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I 'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [*Exit Val.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drive out another,

So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much!
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,

197. *"Is it mine, or Valentine's praise";* the first Folio reads, "It is mine, or Valentine's praise"; the later Folios, "Is it mine then, or Valentinean's praise?" Theobald's suggestion, "mine eye," has been generally adopted; "if this were unsatisfactory," the Camb. editors remark, "another guess might be hazarded:—

Is it mine unstaid mind or Valentine's praise."

In the latter case "Valentine's" must be read as a dissyllable; in the former as a quadrisyllable; it is not necessary to read, as has been proposed "Valentino's" or "Valentinus'." Two other ingenious emendations are noteworthy:—"her mien," "mine eyne," ("thine eyne" occurs as a rhyme in *Midsummer Night's Dream,* III. ii. 138).—I. G.

202. It was anciently supposed that if a witch made a waxen image of anyone she wished to destroy or torment, and hung it by the fire, as the image wasted away the original would do so too. Hence the allusion in the text.—H. N. H.

210. Dr. Johnson censures the Poet for making Proteus say he has but seen the "picture" of Silvia, when he has just been talking with the lady herself. The great Doctor was not great enough to catch Shakespeare so, and in this case he made a blunder, instead of finding one. Proteus wants to get deeper in love with Silvia, and so

And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

Scene V

The same. A street.

Enter Speed and Launce severally.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Padua!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I 'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one

resorts to the argument, that the little he has seen of her is as though he had but seen her picture. The figure is not more apt for his purpose than beautiful in itself. *Advice*, in the two lines above, is used in the sense of *acquaintance*.—H. N. H.

II. v. 4; III. i. 81; V. iv. 129. The Cambridge editors have retained the reading of the Folios in these lines, "Padua" in the first passage, and "Verona" in the second and third, "because it is impossible that the words can be a mere printer's, or transcriber's error. These inaccuracies are interesting as showing that Shakespeare had written the whole of the play before he had finally determined where the scene was to be laid"; the scene is in each case undoubtedly Milan (perhaps "Milano," *metri causa*).—I. G.

shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Aye, and what I do too: look thee, I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say aye, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

63. The festivals of the Church were often celebrated with merry-makings, of which ale-drinking formed a part: hence they were called "Ales," and "Church Ales." Before the days of Puritanism, of course none but Jews would refuse "to go to the Ale with a Christian." Launce is quibbling still, as usual.—H. N. H.

Scene VI

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-comfirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;

And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[*Exit.*

Scene VII

Verona. Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts

Are visibly character'd and engraved,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honor, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.

9. An allusion to the pilgrimages formerly made by religious enthusiasts,—who, like Julia, loved much, but not wisely,—often to Rome, Compostella, and Jerusalem, but oftener still to "the House of our Lady at Loretto." In that age, when there were few roads and many robbers, to go afoot and alone through all the pains and perils of a passage from England to either of these shrines, was deemed proof that the person was thoroughly in earnest. The Santa Casa at Loretto was supposed to be the house in which the Blessed Virgin was born, it having been supernaturally transported from Galilee to Italy, and placed in a wood at midnight; which was the cause of so many more pilgrimages being made to that place.—H. N. H.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I 'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as, 'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'

Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favor'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:

70. *"Infinite"* is here used for *infinity*. So in *Much Ado About Nothing* we find *"the infinite* of thought"; and Chaucer has "although the life of it be stretched with *infinite* of time." The reading is that of the first folio: the second has "instances *as* infinite of love," which is adopted by Mr. Collier. But the former, besides having better authority, seems better in itself.—H. N. H.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

85. That is, the journey that I *long* to be making; or, it may be, the journey that I shall make with continual longing to reach the end of it.—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Milan. Ante-room in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.
[*Exit Thu.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favors
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretense.
Duke. Upon mine honor, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord; Sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honorable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Not fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed,—
How and which way I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone;

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Aye, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Aye, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What 's here? 'To Silvia'!
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once.
[*Reads.*
'My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbor where their lord would be.'
What 's here?

'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'
'Tis so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this more than for all the favors,
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not death rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

153. Legend variously described Phaethon as the son of Helios by Merops' wife, and as a son of Merops himself. Johnson supposed the Duke to insist on the baser origin by way of additional disparagement to Valentine, but this is both needlessly abstruse and opposed to the explanatory "for." He probably means only "for thou art indeed Phoebus."—C. H. H.

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
Launce. Soho, soho!
Pro. What seest thou?
Launce. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair on 's head but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?
Launce. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banished—O, that 's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Aye, aye; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate;

250. So in Hamlet: "These to her excellent white bosom." To understand this mode of addressing letters, it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the forepart of their stays, in which they carried not only love letters and love tokens, but even their money. In many parts of England rustic damsels still continue the

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! 260

[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is 270 her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-span-

practice. A very old lady informed Mr. Steevens, that when it was the fashion to wear very prominent stays it was the custom for stratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favors within the front of them.—H. N. H.

263. *"But one knave,"* according to Dr. Johnson, here means, *but once a knave,* as opposed to *twice* a knave, or a *double* knave. But it seems more likely that Launce is simply engaged in his usual occupation of punning; his sense being, "if he be *but one* knave, that s *all one.*—H. N. H.

270. *"Gossips"* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble is evident.

iel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the catelog of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk'; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

273. *"Bare"* has two senses, *mere* and *naked.* Launce, quibbling on, uses it in both senses, and opposes the naked person to the water-spaniel *thickly covered with hair.*—H. N. H.

275. *"Condition":* so the first three Folios; the fourth Folio reads "conditions," adopted in many editions; "condition" is generally used by Shakespeare in the sense of "temper," "quality."—I. G.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis: She can milk.'

Launce. Aye, that she can.

Speed. 'Item: She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

Speed. 'Item: She can sew.'

Launce. That 's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. 'Item: She can knit.'

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. 'Item: She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. 'Item: she can spin.'

302. St. Nicholas had many weighty cares, but was best known as the patron-saint of scholars, in which office he is here invoked. He is said to have gained this honor by restoring to life three scholars, whom a wicked host had murdered while on their way to school. By the statutes of St. Paul's School, London, the scholars are required to attend divine service in the cathedral on the anniversary of St. Nicholas. The parish clerks of London, probably because scholars were called clerks, formed themselves into a guild, with this saint for their patron. In *King Henry IV thieves* are called St. Nicholas' clerks; whether from the similarity of the names Nicholas and Old Nick, or from some similarity of conduct in thieves and scholars in the old days of learned beggary, doth not fully appear. St Nicholas was also the patron-saint of Holland and Russia; and Mr. Verplanck says, "he has long been known in Holland and New York as the special friend of children."—H. N. H.

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.'

Launce. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. 'Here follow her vices.'

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. 'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'

Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. 'Item: She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. 'Item: She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

331. A *"sweet mouth"* formerly meant a *sweet tooth,* and so was reckoned a vice: but Launce chooses to take it literally, that he may have something to offset the *sour breath.*—H. N. H.

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item: She is curst.'

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item: She is too liberal.'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I 'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,'—

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I 'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt:

355. That is, free beyond the allowings of modesty. Thus in *Othello* Desdemona says of Iago: "Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?" *"She will often praise her liquor";*—that is, by drinking of it. *Curst* is peevish, scolding. Thus in The Taming of The Shrew one of the persons calls Kate *a curst shrew.*—H. N. H.

370. The ancient English *saltcellar* was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover to keep the salt clean. There was but one on the dinner table, which was placed near the top, and those who sat

the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

Launce. That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I 'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate?

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! aye, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

below it were, for the most part, of inferior condition to those who sat above it.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter Proteus.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Aye, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Aye, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Aye, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Aye,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears

53. As you unwind her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. A *bottom* is the housewife's term for that upon which a ball of yarn or thread is wound. Thus in Grange's *Garden:*

"A *bottom* for your silk, it seems,
My letters are become,
Which, oft with winding off and on,
Are wasted whole and some."—H. N. H.

Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I 'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

77. Malone suggests that some such line as the following has been lost after *"integrity"*:—"as her obdurate heart may penetrate," but the meaning is perhaps rightly explained by Steevens:—"such ardor and sincerity as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines."—I. G.

84. The old copy has *"consort,"* which, according to Bullokar and Phillips, signified "a set or company of musicians." If we print *concert,* as Malone would have it, the relative pronoun *their* has no correspondent word.—H. N. H.

Pro. We 'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travelers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
First Out. That 's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
Sec. Out. Peace! we 'll hear him.
Third Out. Aye, by my beard, will we, for he 's a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
Sec. Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.
First Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
Third Out. Have you long sojourned there?
Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
Sec. Out. For what offense?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
First Out. We 'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them; it is an honorable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!

36. *"Robin Hood's fat friar," i. e.* Friar Tuck. This allusion to "Robin Hood's friar" by the Italian outlaw is somewhat unexpected; in the later play of *As You Like It* there is also an allusion to "Robin Hood," but Shakespeare is careful to add "of England" ("they live like the old Robin Hood of England").—I. G.

Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practicing to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want,—

Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,

46. *"Awful,"* that is, men *full of awe,* or of respect for just authority. So in 2 Henry IV, Act. iv. sc. 1: "We come within our *awful* banks again." No instance of a similar use of the word has been found out of Shakespeare; for which cause some have set it down as a misprint for *lawful.* But the word, as it stands, sounds to us Shakespearean.—H. N. H.

49. *"An heir, and near allied"*; the Folios read "niece," for which Theobald suggested "near," a reading generally accepted; possibly, but doubtfully, "niece" may after all be correct, being used occasionally by Elizabethan writers to signify almost any relationship.—I. G.

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say aye, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you, 70
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's chamber.

Enter Proteus

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the color of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts

When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

Pro. Aye, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Aye, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Aye, Silvia; for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you 're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we 'll have you merry: I 'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Aye, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Aye: but, peace! let 's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.
Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Aye, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul. Aye, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing?
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.
Jul. Where is Launce?
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.
Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

76. That is, beyond all reckoning. Accounts were formerly kept by cutting *nicks* or notches in a tally-stick. Thus in an old play, *A Woman Never Vexed,* an innkeeper says: "I have carried the tallies at my girdle seven years together; for I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick.*" It is but few years since these tallies were used in the English Exchequer; being laid aside, no doubt, because the accounts grew to be *out of all nick.*—H. N. H.

Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.*

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What 's your will?
Pro That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

84. This was probably one of the "holy wells" to which popular belief attributed supernatural virtues, and which were visited something as our fashionable watering-places are, but with how different feelings! The place of St. Winifred's well in Flintshire is called Holywell; but of course the ancient virtue has all been *enlightened* out of its waters.—H. N. H.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy;
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulcher thine.
Jul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.
Jul. [*Aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'ernight

That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night 140
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind.
There 's some great matter she 'ld employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter Silvia above.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

136. *"Halidom."* Several interpretations have been given of this word; but the one offered by Nares seems the most probable. He says it is composed of *holy* and *dom,* like kingdom; thus meaning the same as *faith.* Another interpretation makes it refer to the Holy Dame, that is, the Virgin Mother. A third derives it from the Saxon *halig,* sacred, and *done,* a house.—H. N. H.

141. The double superlative was often used in Shakespeare's time. It occurs frequently in the Liturgy of the "Reformed Catholic Church."—H. N. H.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,

8. *Impose* is *injunction, command;* a task set at college in consequence of a fault is still an *imposition.*—H. N. H.

21. It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honor of their deceased wives or husbands. This will account for Silvia's having chosen Sir Eglamour as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her character.—H. N. H.

Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene IV

The same.

Enter Launce, with his Dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of

his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't sure; as I live, he had suffer'd for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there —bless the mark—a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out,' says the third: 'Hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dog: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'do you mean to whip the dog?' 'Aye, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth

11. That the daughter of a duke should eat from a *trencher,* need not seem strange, since in the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII we find the following entry: "Item, payed to the sergeant of the pantry for certain trenchers for the king, 23s, 6d."—H. N. H.

I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't. Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.
Jul. In what you please: I 'll do what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?
Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.
Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?
Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.
Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Aye, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[*Exit Launce.*
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behavior,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

64. *"the other squirrel,"* a playful name for Proteus' "little jewel." Possibly there is an allusion to the feminine fancy for tame squirrels. Mr. Marshall refers to Lyly's *Endymion* (ii. 2), where Scintilla is introduced leading one in a chain. The word had probably equivocal associations, and Lyly coins the word *squirrilitie* as a variant for *obscenity* (*Pap with the Hatchet*).—C. H. H.

65. *"Hangman boys";* the Folios read *"hangmans boys";* the reading in the text was given by Singer from a MS. note in a copy of the second Folio in his possession.—I. G.

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?
Pro. Not so; I think she lives.
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why dost thou cry, 'alas'?
Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.
Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Jul. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, 'alas!'
Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter. That 's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.
[*Exit.*
Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me?
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;

84. The first Folio misprints, "not leave her token."—I. G.

And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.

Jul. Aye, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:

This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth; and that 's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*

164. Alluding, no doubt, to the custom thus noticed by Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, published in 1595: "When they" (the ladies) "use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look."—H. N. H.

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a color'd periwig.
Her eyes are gray as glass; and so are mine:
Aye, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.

202. False hair was much worn by ladies in Shakespeare's time; it being then one of the "latest fashions," and induced by a general desire to have hair like the Queen's. In *Northward Hoe,* 1607, is an allusion to it: "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of periwig-making. Let your wife set up in the Strand." The fashion is thus referred to in *The Merchant of Venice:*

> "So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The scull that bred them in the sepulchre."—H. N. H.

203. The *gray* eyes of the Poet's time were the same as the *blue* eyes of ours. Glass was not colorless then as we have it, but of a light-blue tint. So that *eyes as gray as glass* were of the soft azure or cerulean, such as usually go with the auburn and yellow hair of Silvia and Julia.—H. N. H.

204. A high forehead was then accounted a feature eminently beautiful. Our author, in *The Tempest,* shows that low foreheads were in disesteem: "apes with foreheads *villainous low.*"—H. N. H.

What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, loved, and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee!

[*Exit.*

205. That is, "What he respects in her has equal relation to myself."—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Milan. An abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia

Thur. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valor?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, aye; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late!
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then,
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurance met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

29. Thurio of course means his lands; but Proteus chooses to take him as referring to his mental endowments, which, he says, are *"out by lease,"* that is, out of his keeping; so that he, lacking them, is a dunce.—H. N. H.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.
[*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I 'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.
[*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.

Enter Outlaws with Silvia.

First Out. Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.

First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled;
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.
First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Another part of the forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

2. Probably a better reading than the folio is that generally adopted, due to Collier's MS.:—

"these shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods."—I. G.

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who 's this comes here?

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honor and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,

Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they 're beloved!

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

47–50. *"Rend thy faith . . . perjury, to love me. Thou . . ."* The lines seem clear as they stand; a suggestion by Mr. Daniel is perhaps worthy of mention:—*"rain . . . perjury. To love me Thou,"* or *"hail . . . Discandied into perjury. To love me Thou . . ."*—I. G.

Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

71. A difficult line to scan; Johnson proposed "O time most curst"; others omit "most" or "O"; perhaps we have here an Alexandrine, "O" counting as a monosyllabic foot; the second syllable of "deepest" being an extra syllable before the pause:—

The pri'/vate wou'nd/ is de'epest;‖ O'-/ time mo'st/ accur'st,/—I. G.

Be a sufficient ransom for offense,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer.
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied 79
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

83. This is a strange passage. Collier and Knight have tried hard, in different ways, to make it look reasonable; but there is an extravagance about it that will not yield to editorial skill. The best comment we have seen upon it is in *Tales from Shakespeare:* "Proteus expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine, that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, 'I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have in Silvia I give it up to you!'" Which shows what Charles Lamb and his sister, "two highly-gifted and simple-minded persons who had been reading Shakespeare together all their lives," regarded as the true sense of the text. Mr. Dyce, speaking of "this overstrained and too generous act of friendship," says: "Nor would Shakespeare probably, if the play had been written in his maturer years, have made Valentine give way to such 'a sudden flight of heroism': but *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was evidently an early production of the great Poet; and in many a volume, popular during his youth, he had found similar instances of romantic generosity." This explanation seems much better than the ingenious efforts of Knight and Collier to bring the representation within the lines of nature and reason. How hard it is for them to get round the plain sense of the passage, may be seen in that Knight makes *all* refer to *wrath* in the second line above, construes *in* by *on account of,* and understands *give* in the sense of *give up* or *forego;* so that the meaning turns out to be: "All the wrath that was mine on account of Silvia I forego"; which convicts Julia of a gross blunder in taking on so at what Valentine says. Collier's more plausible method is, to withdraw Valentine, so that he does not hear what passes between Proteus and Silvia just before, and so, from seeing her thus with his friend, he infers that she is unfaithful or indifferent towards himself.—H. N. H.

Jul O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what 's the matter? Look up; speak.
Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.
Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

100. That is, if it be a shame to wear a disguise in such a cause.—H. N. H.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect! That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.

137. "*To make such means for her,*" to make such *interest* for, to take such disingenuous pains about her.—H. N. H.

143. "*Repeal thee home,*" that is, repeal the sentence of banishment.—H. N. H.

152. "*That I have kept withal,*" that is, that I have been living with.—H. N. H.

Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

160. *"Include,"* is here used for *conclude.* This is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Account of, appreciates; II. i. 68.

Advice, "more advice," *i. e.* "further knowledge"; II. iv. 208; consideration; III. i. 73.

Agood, in good earnest; IV. iv. 176.

Aim, conjecture; III. i. 28.

Aimed at, guessed; III. i. 45.

Ale, ale-house (with perhaps an allusion to church-ale, or rural festival); II. v. 63.

Allycholly, corrupted from "melancholy"; IV. ii. 27.

Apparent, manifest; III. i. 116.

Applaud, approve; I. iii. 48.

Approved, proved by experience; V. iv. 43.

Auburn, flaxen; IV. iv. 200.

Awful, filled with reverence for authority; IV. i. 46.

Bare, mere, (with a quibble on the other sense of naked); III. i. 273.

Base, in the game of "prisoner's base" "to bid the base" was to challenge to a contest of speed; I. ii. 97.

Beadsman, one who prays on behalf of another; I. i. 18.

Befortune, betide; IV. iii. 41.

Beholding, beholden; IV. iv. 184.

Beshrew, evil befall; I. i. 133.

Bestow, deport (one's self); III. i. 87.

Boots, "to give one the boots"= "to make a laughing-stock of one" (an allusion, perhaps, to the torture known as "the boots," or to a Warwickshire sport in which the victim was belabored with boots); I. i. 27.

Boots, profits, avails; I. i. 28.

Bottom, to wind thread; III. ii. 53.

Break, broach a matter; III. i. 59.

Broken, fallen out; II. v. 20.

Broker, matchmaker, go-between; I. ii. 41.

Burden, undersong, (with a quibble on ordinary sense of the word); I. ii. 85.

Canker, canker-worm; I. i. 43.

Cate-log (Launce's blunder for "catalogue"); III. i. 274.

Censure, pass judgment; I. ii. 19.

Character'd, written; II. vii. 4.

Circumstance, circumstantial deduction; I. i. 36; I. i. 84; the position in which one has placed one's self, conduct; I. i. 37; detail, particulars; III. ii. 36.

Cite, incite; II. iv. 86.

Close, union; V. iv. 117.
Clerkly, scholarly; II. i. 117.
Codpiece, "a part of the male attire, indelicately conspicuous in the poet's time"; II. vii. 53.
Coil, fuss, ado; I. ii. 99.
Commit, sin; V. iv. 77.
Compass, obtain; IV. ii. 92.
Competitor, confederate; II. vi. 35.
Conceit, opinion; III. ii. 17.
Conceitless, devoid of understanding; IV. ii. 96.
Condition, quality; III. i. 275.
Consort, a company; IV. i. 64; a company of musicians playing together; III. ii. 84.
Conversed, associated; II. iv. 64.
Crews, bands; IV. i. 74.
Curst, shrewish; III. i. 348.

Dazzled (trisyllabic), II. iv. 211.
Deign, condescend to accept; I. i. 165.
Descant, "counterpoint, or the adding one or more parts to a theme, which was called 'the plain song' "; I. ii. 94.
Diet, "takes diet"=="is under a strict regimen"; II. i. 25.
Dispose, disposal; II. vii. 86.
Doublet, inner garment of a man, sometimes worn without the jerkin, with which at times it was confounded; II. iv. 20.
Dump, slow, melancholy tune; III. ii. 85.

Earnest, pledge, token of future bestowal (with a quibble on "earnest" as opposed to "jest"); II. i. 168.
Else, elsewhere; IV. ii. 125.
Engine, instrument; III. i. 138.
Entertain, take into service; II. iv. 104; IV. iv. 68.
Exhibition, allowance; I. iii. 69.
Extreme (accented on the first syllable); II. vii. 22.

Farthingale, hoop petticoat; II. vii. 51.
Feature, shape, form; II. iv. 74.
Figure, a turn of rhetoric; II. i. 159.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. ii. 30.
Fond, foolish; I. i. 52.
For (=for fear of), I. ii. 136.
For why, because; III. i. 99.
Forlorn (accented on first syllable); I. ii. 124.

Gossips, sponsors at baptism (used quibblingly); III. i. 269.
Greed, agreed; II. iv. 184.
Griefs, grievances; V. iv. 142.
Grievances, causes of grief; IV. iii. 37.

Hangman (as a term of reproach), rascally; IV. iv. 65.
Homely, plain, unrefined; I. i. 2.
However, in any case; I. i. 34.

Impeachment, reproach, discredit; I. iii. 15.
Impose, injunction; IV. iii. 8.
Include, conclude; V. iv. 160.
Infinite, infinity; II. vii. 70.
Inherit, win; III. ii. 87.
Inly, inward; II. vii. 18.
Integrity, sincerity; III. ii. 77.
Interpret, act the interpreter (to the figure in a puppet show); II. i. 104.

Jade (used quibblingly); III. i. 278.
Jerkin, jacket or short coat, usually worn over the doublet; II. iv. 19.
Jolt-head, blockhead; III. i. 292.

KEEP, restrain; IV. iv. 12.
KIND, kindred; II. iii. 2.

LACED *v.* "mutton."
LEARN, teach; II. vi. 13.
LEARN'D, taught; V. iii. 4.
LEASE, "out by lease," *i. e.* "let to others, and not under one's own control"; the point of the line turns on the equivocal interpretation of "possessions" in the sense of "mental endowments"; V. ii. 29.
LEAVE, cease; III. i. 182; part with; IV. iv. 84.
LETS, hinders; III. i. 113.
LIBERAL, wanton; III. i. 355.
LIES, lodges; IV. ii. 137.
"LIGHT O' LOVE," a popular old tune, referred to also in *Much Ado*, III. iv. 44; I. ii. 83.
LIKES, pleases; IV. ii. 55.
LIME, bird-lime; III. ii. 68.

MANAGE, to wield; III. i. 247.
MEAN, tenor; I. ii. 95.
MEANS, "to make means," *i. e.* "to contrive measures and opportunities" (to win her); V. iv. 137.
MEASURE, "within the measure," *i. e.* "within reach"; V. iv. 127.
MEROPS, Phaëthon was reproached, though falsely, with being the son, not of Apollo, but of Merops; III. i. 153.
MINION, a spoiled favorite; I. ii. 88, 92.
MONTH'S MIND (to be pronounced probably "moneth's mind"), originally meant the monthly anniversary of a person's death; hence "remembrance," and finally "yearning"; I. ii. 137.
MOOD, rage; IV. i. 51.
MOTION, puppet-show; II. i. 103.
MOUTH, "a sweet mouth," *i. e.* "a sweet tooth"; III. i. 331.
MUSE, wonder; I. iii. 64.
MUTTON, a sheep; I. i. 101; "laced mutton" seems to have been a cant term for a loose woman, but probably used here in the sense of "a fine piece of woman's flesh," "a finely trimmed woman"; I. i. 102.

NICHOLAS (Saint), the patron saint of scholars; III. i. 302.
NICK, reckoning (alluding to the "nicks" or "notches" on a wooden tally); IV. ii. 76.
NODDY (quibblingly for "nod-ay"), simpleton; I. i. 119.

ON (play upon "on" and "one"); II. i. 1.
ON, of; IV. ii. 73.
ONE, "one knave," *i. e.* "a single, not a double knave" (referring perhaps to Proteus' falsehood to both friend and mistress; III. i. 263.
OMITTING, neglecting; II. iv. 67.
ONSET, beginning; III. ii. 94.
O'ERLOOK'D, perused; I. ii. 50.
OWE, own; V. ii. 28.

PAGEANTS, dramatic entertainments; IV. iv. 164.
PARDON, excuse your absence; III. ii. 98.
PARLE, talk; I. ii. 5.
PASSENGER, passer-by; IV. i. 1.
PASSIONING, passionately grieving; IV. iv. 178.
PEEVISH, wayward; III. i. 68; V. ii. 49.
PERSÉVERS (accented on second syllable); III. ii. 28.
POSSESSIONS, interpreted equivo-

cally in the sense of "mental endowments"; V. ii. 25.

Post, messenger; I. i. 166.

Practicing, plotting; IV. i. 48.

Presently, forthwith; II. iv. 87.

Pretense, design; III. i. 47.

Pretended, proposed; II. vi. 37.

Principality, an angel of the highest rank, next to divinity; II. iv. 153.

Print, "in print"="to the letter, accurately"; II. i. 180.

Proper, well-shaped; IV. i. 10.

Publisher, one who brings to light; III. i. 47.

Puling, "like a beggar at Hallowmas"; it was a custom on All Saints Day for the poor to go from parish to parish *a-souling, i. e.* "begging and puling for soul-cakes"; II. i. 27.

Quaintly, cleverly; II. i. 131; III. i. 117.

Quality, profession; IV. i. 58.

Quips, sharp jests; IV. ii. 12.

Quote (pronounced "cote"; hence the quibble); II. iv. 18.

Ravel, become entangled; III. ii. 52.

Reasoning, talking; II. i. 150.

Receive, acknowledge; V. iv. 78.

Recking, caring for; IV. iii. 40.

Record, sing; V. iv. 6.

Remorseful, compassionate; IV. iii. 13.

Repeal, recall; V. iv. 143.

Resembleth (quadrisyllabic, "re- : mb(e)leth"); I. iii. 84.

Respect, regard, care for; III. i. 89; V. iv. 20.

Respective, worthy of respect; IV. iv. 206.

Road, port, harbor; I. i. 53; II. iv. 188.

Root (of the heart); V. iv. 103.

Sad, serious; I. iii. i.

Servant, a term of gallantry, from a lady to her admirer; II. i. 109, 117.

Set, set to music; interpreted playfully by Julia in the sense of "to estimate"; I. ii. 81.

Set, seated (used quibblingly); II. i. 94.

Several, separate; I. ii. 108.

Shapeless, purposeless; I. i. 8.

Sheep (used quibblingly with "ship," the two words being pronounced nearly the same); I. i. 73.

Shot, a tavern-reckoning (used quibblingly); II. v. 11.

Silly, helpless; IV. i. 72.

Sluggardized, made lazy; I. i. 7.

So, so be it, well and good; II. i. 140.

Soho; the cry of hunters on starting a hare; III. i. 189.

Sort, select; III. ii. 92.

Speed, succeed; IV. iv. 118.

Squirrel (applied to a small dog); IV. iv. 64.

Stature, image; IV. iv. 212.

Stead, be of use to; II. i. 123.

Still, ever; V. iv. 43.

Still an end, perpetually; IV. iv. 72.

Stock (used quibblingly); III. i. 312, 313.

Stomach, used quibblingly in sense of "temper" and of "hunger"; (observe also the play upon "meat" and "maid," pronounced nearly alike); I. ii. 68.

Strange, "she makes it strange"

=“she pretends to be shocked”; I. ii. 102.

Sudden, quick, sharp; IV. ii. 12.

Suggested, tempted; III. i. 34.

Sweet-suggesting, sweetly tempting; II. vi. 7.

Swinged, whipped; II. i. 90.

Table, tablet; II. vii. 3.

Tender, compassionate; IV. iv. 151.

Tender, dear; V. iv. 37.

Testerned, presented with a tester, or sixpence; I. i. 157.

Throughly, thoroughly; I. ii. 115.

Timeless, untimely; III. i. 21.

Tire, head-dress; IV. iv. 196.

To; “to Milan”=“by letters addressed to Milan”; I. i. 57; in comparison with; II. iv. 139, 140.

Tongues, languages; IV. i. 33.

Trenched, carved; III. ii. 7.

Triumphs, festive pageants; V. iv. 161.

Turn, prove inconstant; II. ii. 4.

Unadvised, inadvertently; IV. iv. 133.

Up and down, altogether, exactly; II. iii. 35.

Very, true; III. ii. 41.

Weeds, garments; II. vii. 42.

Where, whereas; III. i. 74.

Wink, shut the eyes; V. ii. 14.

With, by; II. i. 34.

Without (used quibblingly); II. i. 37, 40.

Wood, mad; II. iii. 34.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What are the characteristics of this play? What are its especial beauties? Cite its comedy elements.

2. Comment on the characters of Speed and Launce. What is the dramatic value of their scenes?

3. From what story is the greater part of this play apparently derived? Sketch the story.

4. What elements point to this drama as having been among the earliest written of the poet's plays?

5. What evidence is there as to the presentation of this play upon the stage during the poet's lifetime?

6. What can explain Julia's lenience to Proteus in spite of his vacillations? Does Shakespeare evince a depth of insight into true womanly devotion that forgets a self-conscious pride, in his presentation of Julia,—or does it seem that her lenience is fatuous and somewhat weak? Analyze the psychology of such a situation from its several possible points.

7. Comment on the character of Valentine.

8. Outline the general action of the play. Comment on the interplay of scenes. What constitutes the climax of the plot?

ACT

9. What characterizes the wit of Speed at his first appearance?

10. What sidelight on the character of Proteus is afforded by his allowing Speed to employ in his jest a by-word that is disrespectful to Julia?

11. In Lucetta's conversation with Julia in scene ii, does she give any evidence of doubting the honor of Proteus? What views do her comments show?

12. Does the Poet show an insight into feminine caprice? Cite instances.

13. Was popular knowledge of music a feature of Shakespeare's time?

14. Does Lucetta evince insight into the real feelings of Julia? How?—in what passages?

15. Of what spirit characteristic of Shake peare's time, is the passage in scene iii between Panthino and Antonio, expressive?

16. What fact coincides with the poet's placing of the Emperor's court at Milan?

17. Compare Shakespeare's feeling for nature with his sympathy for human nature, as expressed in his earlier plays.

18. Why did Proteus's father wish him to go away? Is his going at this juncture important to the dramatic situation? If so, how? To what situations might it lead with regard to his love affair?

ACT II

19. What are the love-signs that Speed applies to Valentine?

20. What old English custom explains the phrase, "to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas," in line 27, scene i?

21. How does Valentine's reticence in accepting Sylvia's tribute as intended for him, express his nature? Why does Speed see through the little ruse so easily?

22. Describe what would seem the acting interpretation of Launce as the Poet probably intended it.

23. How does Thurio display his character in scene iv?

24. How does the friendship of Valentine for Proteus manifest itself? Does Valentine's lack of suspicion of Proteus bespeak his nature?

25. What is the allusion in "like a waxen image 'gainst a fire," line 202, scene iv?

26. How does Dr. Johnson interpret Proteus's remark, "'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld"? What does Proteus really mean?

27. Comment on Proteus's sudden defection from Julia.

28. Contrast Speed and Launce from their dialogue in scene v.

29. To what custom does Launce refer when he uses the expression, "to go to ale with a Christian," line 63, scene v?

30. What is the essential element of Proteus's soliloquy in scene vi? What is its basis in human nature?

31. Why was it perilous for Julia and Lucetta to travel alone in their time?

32. Does Lucetta express any foreboding of the outcome of her mistress's errand? Is she wise? How deep is her wisdom as compared with Julia's?

ACT III

33. Is the action of Proteus in making love to Silvia compatible with a character having any underlying nobility?

34. Does it seem that Valentine was rather easily led into the Duke's trap? Considering that he was plotting such an elopement himself and at the time carried the means for it, would he, or would he not have been likely to have avoided advising similar action and means, at such an encounter as this with the Duke whom he wished to elude?

35. Explain Launce's reference to Saint Nicholas in line 302, scene i.

36. Where and how does Speed comment on Launce's trick of quibbling?

37. What is the dramatic effect of the scene between Launce and Speed introduced in this Act? Why are such scenes useful between sentimental or tragic passages? Are they distinctly necessary to the plot, in this play, for in-

stance? Are they anywhere useful to the plot in this play?—If so, where and how?

38. How does Thurio appear, as a suitor?

39. How may the feeling of Proteus for Sylvia be characterized?

40. Does it seem likely from what Thurio shows of himself, that he can follow Proteus's advice successfully, in love-making?

41. What does Proteus display of his ability in sentimental expression?

42. Compare his protestations with those of Valentine earlier expressed in the play.

ACT IV

43. The effect of what incident in English history is seen in scene i? What does the scene express of the romantic notion of outlaws? What, in the times, made this idea of outlawry sometimes a reasonable one? What do the outlaws themselves in this scene explain of the state of things that made this so?

44. Why were they willing to make Valentine one of their number? Does this further throw light on the causes of outlawry at the time?

45. What dramatic purpose does the Host serve? Why is it a particularly effective one here?

46. What does the Host mean when he says, "He loved her out of all nick"?

47. How is Sylvia affected by Proteus?

48. Describe Julia's expression of feeling throughout scene iii.

49. What are the striking dramatic points of this scene? What contrasts of character and action are brought out?

50. Does Sylvia appear as substantial in her expression of feeling as Julia? Does her decision to seek Valentine with Sir Eglamour speak for her sincerity more than her words have done? What appears weak in her expression of her feeling otherwise than by this action?

51. What is the important dramatic element of the scenes in which Julia acts as page to Proteus to carry his messages to Sylvia?

52. Where does Julia voice the essential impulse that has prompted the faithlessness of Proteus? What gives her so keen an intuition?

ACT V

53. Considering the manner in which his character was previously presented, does Sir Eglamour's failure to protect Sylvia from the outlaws appear to be a blemish in the presentation of the situation? What does this help to exemplify of the period of the Poet's manner when this play was written?

54. Of what is Valentine's soliloquy in scene iv expressive?

55. Does Proteus receive his logical desert in finding Sylvia distressed that it is he who has saved her from the outlaws?

56. Explain Valentine's renunciation of Sylvia.

57. Comment on Proteus's return to Julia.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Comedy of Errors first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *Measure for Measure.* "The names of all the actors" are not given at the end of the play as in the case of the previous plays; in the stage-directions to the first two Acts the two *Antipholi* are distinguished as *Antipholus Erotes* and *Antipholus Sereptus;* the latter title was probably derived from the *Menæchmus Surreptus* of Plautus, a character evidently well-known to the Elizabethans (*cp.* Cambridge Shakespeare, Note 1); as regards the former name, it is noteworthy that *Erotion* (also *Errotis* in Act II.) is the name of "the Courtezan" in Plautus' *Menæchmi;* to this source the name may perhaps be referred; otherwise it must be regarded as an error for *Erraticus* or *Errans.*

The Comedy of Errors is the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays; its total number of lines is 1,770.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The Comedy of Errors is mentioned in 1598 by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* among the six "excellent" comedies of Shakespeare. In the *Gesta Grayorum* of 1594 occurs what is probably the earliest reference to the play:—

"After such sport, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players; so that night began and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." There are other references to comedies

of "Errors" (a "*Historie of Error*" was acted by the St. Paul's children at Greenwich as early as New Year 1576–7), but they merely indicate that the phrase was proverbial. Certain critics detect in these pre-Shakespearean plays the original of Shakespeare's Comedy.

One or two points of internal evidence are helpful in fixing the approximate time of composition. In Act III. ii. 125 there is evidently an allusion to the civil war in France between Henry III and Henry of Navarre, which lasted from August, 1589, to July, 1593. Further, the reference to "whole armadoes of caracks" in the same scene suggests the earlier rather than the later limit: the play may safely be dated 1589–91.[1] This early date is corroborated by the general style of the play:—its lyrical passages with rhyming couplets and alternate rhymes; the doggerel verse; the abundance of quibbles and word-play; "the prologue-like" speech of Ægeon in the opening scene; lines suggestive of other early plays (*e.g.* Act II. ii. 201, reminds us of *Midsummer-Night's Dream; cp.* Act IV. i. 93, and *Love's Labor's Lost*, II. i. 219, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 72).

SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The main plot of *The Comedy of Errors* is directly or indirectly derived from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus,—"a farce of mistaken identity," which very early in the history of the modern drama became a favorite theme with dramatists: pre-Shakespearean paraphrases and adaptations exist in French, German, and Italian; the interlude of "*Jack Juggler*" (1563) is probably its earliest representative in English literature. The oldest extant English translation appeared in the year 1595, with the following title:—*Menæcmi, A pleasant and fine conceited Comedie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus. Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull,*

[1] *Cp. An attempt to determine Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays;* H. P. Stokes, pp. 16–20.

and yet most delightfull. Written in English, by W. W. (i.e. "*William Warner*"). . . . 1595. The translation is in prose; an argument in verse precedes:—

> "Two Twinborn sons, a Sicill merchant had,
> Menechmus one, and Soseles the other:
> The first his Father lost, a little lad,
> The Grandsire named the latter like his brother.
> This (grown a man) long travel took to seek
> His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
> Where th' other dwelt inriched, and him so like,
> That Citizens there take him for the same:
> Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
> *Much pleasant error*, ere they meet togither."

These lines may serve to indicate the leading points of difference between the simple Latin farce and the complex *Comedy of Errors*. (The translation is to be found in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Part II. vol. 1.)

It is impossible to determine whether Shakespeare owes anything to Warner's translation, which may have existed in manuscript long before the date of its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company (1594). It is perhaps noteworthy that Adriana in the *Comedy* and the wife of Menechus the Citizen in the English translation both use the same word with reference to their supposed ignoble treatment:—

> *Senex.* What is the matter?
> *Mulier.* He makes me a stale and a laughing-stock to all the world.

cp. Comedy of Errors, Act. II. i. 100:—

> *Adriana.* He breaks the pale,
> And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

A few minor points of this description (*e.g.* the use of "error" in the last line of the Argument) have led some scholars to the conclusion that Shakespeare had read Warner's version of the play. But may not the translator owe this small debt to the dramatist?

Act III. Scene i. seems to have been derived from the

Amphitruo of Plautus; in the Latin comedy Mercury keeps the real Amphitruo out of his own house, while Jupiter, the sham Amphitruo, is within with Alcmena, the real Amphitruo's wife.

The introduction of the twin Dromios is Shakespeare's own device; and all the pathos of the play is his; there is nothing in the Latin original suggestive of Ægeon's touching story at the opening of the play,—in Plautus, the father of the twins is already dead, and there is no reunion of husband, wife, and children.

THE UNITIES

In spite, however, of this romanticizing of Plautus, Shakespeare has maintained throughout the play the hallowed unities of time and place, "the necessary companions," according to Academic criticism, "of all corporal actions." From this point of view *The Comedy of Errors* may be regarded as the final triumph of the New Romantic Drama over its opponents; it carried the warfare into the enemy's camp, and scored the signal victory of harmonizing Old and New,—the conventional canons of Latin Comedy and the pathos of Romanticism.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Comedy of Errors bears upon its face indubitable marks of being one of Shakespeare's earliest performances. In respect to merit, most readers, we apprehend, would be apt to place it at the bottom of the list of comedies; though this may be owing more to the nature of the subject than to the manner of the execution. It was mentioned by Meres in 1598; which was supposed to be the earliest notice of it extant, until very lately Mr. Halliwell brought to light a passage in the *Gesta Grayorum*, showing that it was acted at Gray's Inn during the Christmas revels in 1594. The writer concludes his account of one day's proceedings thus: "After such sports, a Comedy of Errors, like to Plautus his Menechmus, was played by the players: so that night was begun and continued to the end in nothing but confusion and errors, whereupon it was ever afterwards called the 'Night of Errors.'" Mr. Halliwell also shows that the title was either a common proverb or furnished the subject of one. But one other contemporary notice of the play has been produced, and that is from the account of the Master of the Revels, showing it to have been acted at Whitehall, December 28, 1604: "By his Majesty's players: On Innocents' Night, the play of Errors." And "Shaxberd" is written in the margin as "the name of the poet which made the play." The play itself, however, has one passage that may go somewhat to ascertain its date. It is in Act iii. sc. 2, where Dromio of Syracuse, talking of the "kitchen wench," who made love to him, and who was "spherical like a globe," so that he "could find out countries in her," in answer to the

question,—"Where France?" says,—"In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir." Which was probably meant for a quibble between heir and hair, and referred to the civil war that broke out in France in 1589, upon the death of Henry III; otherwise there were no apparent point in the jest. As this war against the heir of France was because of his being a Protestant, the English people took great interest in it; so that the allusion would naturally be understood and relished: and it agrees entirely with what appears on other grounds to have been the date of the play.—*The Comedy of Errors* was not printed nor entered in the Stationers' books till the folio of 1623, where it makes the fifth in the division of Comedies.

There has been considerable speculation and quite a variety of opinions as to whether Shakespeare wrote the whole of this play—a matter that need not be better stated than it has been by Mr. Singer. "The general idea of this play," says he, "is taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but the plot is entirely recast and rendered much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers of Plautus are added twin servants, and though this increases the improbability, yet, as Schlegel observes, 'when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied.' The clumsy and inartificial mode of informing the spectator by a prologue of events, which it was necessary for him to be acquainted with in order to enter into the spirit of the piece, is well avoided, and shows the superior skill of the modern dramatist over his ancient prototype. With how much more propriety is it placed in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin brothers, whose character is sketched with such skill as deeply to interest the reader in his griefs and misfortunes. Development of character, however, was not to be expected in a piece which consists of an uninter-

rupted series of mistakes and laughter-moving situations. Steevens most resolutely maintains his opinion that this was a play only retouched by the hand of Shakespeare, but he has not given the grounds upon which his opinion was formed. We may suppose the doggerel verses of the drama and the want of distinct characterization in the Dramatis Personæ, together with the farcelike nature of some of the incidents, made him draw this conclusion. Malone has given a satisfactory answer to the first objection, by adducing numerous examples of the same kind of long verse from the dramas of several of his contemporaries; and that Shakespeare was swayed by custom in introducing it into his early plays there can be no doubt; for it should be remembered that this kind of versification is to be found in *Love's Labor's Lost*, and in *The Taming of the Shrew*. His better judgment made him subsequently abandon it. . . . It is difficult to pronounce decidedly between the conflicting opinions of the critics, but the general impression upon my mind is that the whole of the play is from the hand of Shakespeare. Dr. Drake thinks it 'is visible throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth, as in the cast of its more chastized parts, a combination of which may be found in the character of Pinch, who is sketched in his strongest and most marked style.' We may conclude with Schlegel, that 'this is the best of all written or possible *Menæchmi;* and if the piece be inferior in worth to other pieces of Shakespeare, it is merely because nothing more could be made of the materials.' "

A like diversity of opinions has arisen concerning the immediate sources of the plot of this play. Mr. Collier has found out that an old drama, entitled *The History of Error*, had been acted at Hampton Court, January 1, 1577, and probably again at Windsor, on Twelfth night, 1583. This he conjectures to have been taken as the basis of Shakespeare's comedy, and that parts of it, especially the doggerel verses, were interwoven with the Poet's work. The older play not having been recovered, nor any part of

it, of course we have no means either of refuting or of verifying this conjecture. We may remark, however, that Mr. Collier seems a little too prone to suspect Shakespeare to have borrowed all his puerilities.—Another opinion supposes the Poet to have drawn from a free version of the *Menæchmi* published in 1595, as "A pleasant and fine conceited Comedy, taken out of the most excellent witty Poet Plautus." This version, to be sure, did not come out till after *The Comedy of Errors* was written; but then Shakespeare may have seen it in manuscript; for in his preface the translator speaks of having "divers of this poet's comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus' own words are not able to understand them." Nevertheless, we are far from thinking such to have been the case; there being no such verbal or other resemblances between the two, as, had such been the case, could scarce have been avoided. The accurate Ritson has ascertained that of this version not a single peculiar name, or phrase, or thought, is to be traced in Shakespeare's comedy. On the whole, we cannot discover the slightest objection to supposing, along with Knight and Verplanck, that the Poet may have drawn directly from Plautus himself; the matter common to them both not being such but that it may well enough have been taken by one who had "small Latin."

The Comedy of Errors is thus disposed of by Coleridge: "Shakespeare has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it be possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inveri-*

simile. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

THE PURPOSE OF THE PLAY

The comedy appears to be an amusing satire on man's power of observation and recognition. The accidental resemblance of two pairs of twins, suffices to put almost a whole town into confusion. Life, itself, is conceived, so to say, as a great and many-jointed mistake, encountered by ignorance and blunders in all possible forms. Hence at the very outset we find the life of the father of the two twin brothers in danger, owing to an ignorance of the Ephesian law—a secondary motive of the action which might otherwise appear a mere superfluous appendage. Hence Adriana's unreasonable jealousy of her husband, which again is but a mistake and gives rise to further mistakes. Hence the perpetually increasing complication, which in time deprives all the dramatic characters of their proper consciousness, and which accordingly is not solved till the two pairs of twins stand face to face, although the possibility of two such pairs of twins being confounded is sufficiently obvious. Under the cloak of the comic we have striking evidence of the, in reality, very serious experience in life, that human knowledge and ignorance dovetail into one another and are mixed up together; that it is very easy for that which we suppose ourselves to know most surely and most distinctly, to turn out erroneous and delusive. The wife mistakes her husband, the master his servant, and the servant his master, the sister-in-law her brother-in-law, the friend his friend, and finally even the father his son. In this way the simplest, most natural and

most important fundamental relations of life become a chaotic complication and dispute. We are shown how quickly everything becomes confused and perverted, as soon as one of the laws of life—a perfectly external and apparently unimportant law—is broken by a freak of nature, as soon as but the difference of the outward form—by means of which the perception of the senses distinguishes one individual from another—is destroyed. The psychological improbability, spoken of above, is introduced into this general confusion and complication like an integral part of the whole. I mean to say that the fact of Antipholus of Syracuse being bewildered by the strange things that befall him—his forgetting his own intention, his losing sight of the aim and object of his journey and overlooking just that with which he himself stands in obvious relation—agrees perfectly with the meaning of the play, as well as with the bold and strongly-marked outlines in which the young poet has sketched his picture.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

ÆGEON

Still more significant is, finally, the story of Ægeon, which envelops the whole comic plot. It is probably Shakespeare's invention, and betrays the same instinct for accumulated effects and drastic contrasts. He had quadrupled the intricacies of the imbroglio by doubling the two lost Antipholuses with a second pair of twins; he quadruples the excitement of the final recovery by doubling them with a pair of lost parents, who at the same time recover their children and each other. And the foreboding of tragic harms which habitually overhangs for a while the early comedies, is here graver and more protracted than either in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* or *The Two Gentlemen.* Valentine's banishment and Hermia's destination to a nunnery or death arouse no serious suspense; but Ægeon is a pathetic and moving figure, whose story—a masterpiece of Shakespeare's early narrative—strikes a note at the outset with which the subsequent action is in

somewhat too marked dissonance for ripe art.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

ADRIANA

Shakespeare has depicted jealousy both from its tragic as well as from its comic side, in "Othello," in "The Winter's Tale," and in "The Merry Wives;" but nowhere in his works has he portrayed a jealous woman, except Adriana in "The Comedy of Errors," ii. 1, and v. 1, who gets the worst of it. Is this accident, or may it not rather intimate that, according to the ideas of the time, jealousy was justified in the man, but not in the woman?—Elze, *William Shakespeare.*

The penance for marrying a fortune, in forfeiture of conjugal subordination and the independence dear to man, is a frequent theme and evidently founded on conjugal facts in ancient society;—for aught I know the facts may be the same in modern. At any rate the modern play makes excellent use of the hint; Adriana, like the wife of Menæchmus, brought a wealthy dowry to her husband, and with it the complementary temper of excessive requirements—

> My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.

At her first appearance she is fretful and peevish at his want of punctuality, and suspicious of the cause, which, in truth, as presently appears, was nothing more than a service and attention intended for herself—"to see the making of a carcanet," designed as a present for her. Her husband, on the other hand, enraged at being so inexplicably shut out of his own house, disregards the sober counsel of Balthazar, and is as little practised as his wife to assume a reason and wait for an explanation, and hastily revenges himself by making a bachelor's party at the house of the courtezan; and though the extravagance is evidently as harmless as such an imprudence might be; for,

I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle,

are not the words of a sensualist, and there is no trace whatever of want of affection on his part, and we give full belief to his protestation, he still puts himself by the imprudence no less in the wrong than his wife by her fretfulness, and we are left at liberty to enjoy the fun that arises out of their troubles and disasters. Still Adriana, with all her shrewishness, is very affectionate—nay, very amiable, and she gives an earnest of her future improvement in considerateness, by abstaining from public outbreak against her husband's hostess. Her coolness in this respect requires perhaps more explanation than it receives, but that it is accepted by us as at once proof and admission that she had no serious ground for complaint, and was conscious how far she had herself to blame.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

The wife herself and her sister are studied with a care and minuteness which the action certainly did not require. In the change from Plautus' "Mulier," who rails at her husband with only too good reason, to Shakespeare's Adriana, who torments him with doubts at bed and board, and is ready to die in despair at the loss of his love because he refuses to come home to dinner, we see the change from pragmatical to psychological drama, from the comedy of intrigue to the comedy of character, of which otherwise there is not in this play very much. And Luciana brings us altogether into the atmosphere of lyric love which pervades *The Two Gentlemen* and the greater part of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* and is half seriously disparaged in *Love's Labor's Lost.*—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

When we read Adriana's speeches, we cannot wonder that Antipholus of Ephesus, a pleasure-loving young gentleman, as we see later on, often seeks his pleasure away from home. Such a woman, be she ever so fair and charming,

is not fitted to chain a man to the domestic hearth. On the contrary, she turns his home into a hell by her cross and peevish jealousy, which he avoids as often and as long as he can, seeking outside the peace and quiet his wife will not permit him to enjoy.—Lewes, *The Women of Shakespeare.*

PINCH

Pinch the conjuror is also an excrescence not to be found in Plautus. He is indeed a very formidable anachronism.

> "They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
> A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
> A thread-bare juggler and a fortune-teller;
> A needy, holy-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
> A living dead man."

This is exactly like some of the Puritanical portraits to be met with in Hogarth.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespeare's Play.*

SIMILARITY TO THE COMEDIES OF THE ANCIENTS

The color of the old Roman drama is still strongly reflected upon the double twins—they are such masters and such slaves as we are familiar with in the comedy of the ancients, Greek as well as Latin; and, notwithstanding the indications of Christian date, the Abbess and her priory, Pentecost, the protestation on the faith of a Christian, and so forth, the imagination attires them, and requires that they should be attired in representation, in the more uniform costume of classical times, that best lends itself to the misapprehension of identity. The same remark applies to Ægeon, and perhaps Solinus the Duke, yet not so absolutely. Angelo and Balthazar, on the other hand, and also Adriana and her sister, are of true Italian parentage, and might be encountered on the Rialto at Venice at any time, or in the shadows of Palladian architecture at Padua,

and should be dressed accordingly; and lastly, Pinch, as English in all his properties as in name, might fitly walk abroad in the gown of any pedagogue of the old free grammar-school at Stratford-upon-Avon. Correct chronology and geography are matters on which no part of the effect of the play would depend, and the obligation of observing them is renounced once for all by divarications of which the decidedness and the consciousness are not to be mistaken; and it would be a great mistake to endeavor to obliterate in the costume presented to the eye, the incongruities which Shakespeare not merely allowed to strike the ear, but actually incorporated with the very structure of his piece, marking them with a degree of distinctness which declares them intentional, and forbids the pedantry that would refine them away into archæological exactitudes, or fall back on an apology for them as oversights.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

The Comedy of Errors, a comedy of incident, of almost farcical adventure [is] the sole attempt of Shakespeare at imitation of the comic drama of ancient Rome. In this play Shakespeare gaily confronts improbabilities, and requires the spectator to accept them. He adds to the twins Antipholus the twins Dromio. If we are in for improbability, let us at least be repaid for it by fun, and have that in abundance. Let the incredible become a twofold incredibility, and it is none the worse. We may conclude that, while Shakespeare was ready to try his hand upon a farcical subject, a single experiment satisfied him that this was not his province; for to such subjects he never returned.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

A FARCE

The Comedy of Errors is Shakspere's one farcical play. Its sources of laughter lie almost wholly in the situations and incidents, hardly at all in the characters. The spectator of the play is called on to accept much that is im-

probable and all but impossible, not as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for the sake of freer play of imagination, and because the world pictured by the poet is a fairy-world of romantic beauty and grotesqueness, but for the sake of mere fun and laughter-stirring surprises. So cleverly, however, are the incidents and persons entangled and disentangled, so rapidly does surprise follow surprise, that we are given no time to raise difficulties and offer objections.—Dowden, *Shakespere* in the *Literature Primers*.

Indeed, *The Comedy of Errors* may be pronounced as Shakespeare's only Farce. A perfect Farce, like a perfect Comedy, requires no scenic effect, or change of scene. But unlike comedy, which deals with life and with the verities, and whose characters must be always true, Farce requires that exaggeration at the expense of truth which shall produce only comic situation and cater only to the amusement of its audience. And moreover it is the causes, not the effects, which are to be exaggerated. That is to say, granted the causes, the effects are to be perfectly natural. It is apparent upon this definition that *The Comedy of Errors* is a perfect Farce. It ravages possibility and outrages our reason. Everybody knows that two persons coming from two different civilizations could not be dressed exactly alike. And when we add that each has a servant, and that the two servants are dressed exactly alike and speak exactly alike, the absurdity goes beyond the balk of unreason itself. But, granted the possibility, everything would then occur as it does in *The Comedy of Errors*.—Morgan, *The Comedy of Errors* in the *Bankside Shakespeare*.

PLAUSIBILITY OF THE PLOT'S DEVELOPMENT

Only the rough outlines of the play are taken from Plautus; and the motive, the possibility of incessant confusion between two masters and two servants, is manipu-

lated with a skill and certainty which astound us in a beginner, and sometimes with quite irresistible whimsicality. No doubt the merry play is founded upon an extreme improbability. So exact is the mutual resemblance of each pair of twins, no less in clothing than in feature, that not a single person for a moment doubts their identity. Astonishing resemblances between twins do, however, occur in real life; and when once we have accepted the premises, the consequences develop naturally, or at any rate plausibly. We may even say that in the art of intrigue-spinning, which was afterwards somewhat foreign and unattractive to him, the poet here shows himself scarcely inferior to the Spaniards of his own or of a later day, remarkable as was their dexterity.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's, Shakespeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted.—Coleridge, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

BACKGROUND OF THE PLAY

But whatever skilful management in respect to the plot may be wanting, this scarcely weighs in the balance when

we see how the poet has given the extravagant matter of these mistakes and intricacies an inner relation to the character of the family in which he has placed them. These comic parts appear upon a thoroughly tragic background, which does not interfere at all with the extravagant scenes in the foreground, and perhaps only makes them the more conspicuous, but which nevertheless ever appears with sufficient importance to keep under the superficial and weak impression of a mere farce, the whole substance of which consisted in the mistakes of those similar twins. The hostilities between Syracuse and Ephesus form the farthest chiaroscuro background, upon which the whole picture is drawn, the comic parts of which can scarcely be considered more fascinating and exciting than the tragic. The fate of the imprisoned father who is seeking his lost sons, and who, engaged on a work of love, is condemned to death; whose mental sufferings at last increase to such a degree, that he sees himself unknown by his recovered son and believes himself disowned by him; all this raises the piece far above the character of a mere farce. This tragic part is united with the comic by the most delicate links—links which the poet has interwoven into the transmitted story, according to his subsequent habit, with that totality of his spiritual nature, that we are absolutely left in doubt as to whether he acted from blind instinct or with perfect consciousness.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare's Commentaries.*

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, *duke of Ephesus*
ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers and sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse,* } *Ægeon and Æmilia*
DROMIO *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers, and attendants*
DROMIO *of Syracuse,* } *on the two Antipholuses*
BALTHAZAR, *a merchant*
ANGELO, *a goldsmith*
First Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse*
Second Merchant, *to whom Angelo is a debtor*
PINCH, *a schoolmaster*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus*
ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus*
LUCIANA, *her sister*
LUCE, *servant to Adriana*
A Courtezan

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus, condemns Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse, to death in accordance with the laws of Ephesus and in default of ransom. Being pressed by the Duke Ægeon tells the story of his life. He was born at Syracuse and brought up as a merchant. Several years before he had been obliged to go to Epidamnum. In that place there was born to him and his wife Æmilia twin sons, "the one so like the other as could not be distinguished." At the same inn and at the same hour a poor woman gave birth to two sons both alike. These boys he had bought to attend his sons. Shortly after, he and his family started for home. They were shipwrecked and the father and mother were separated, each having one son and one slave. Ægeon and the two children with him reached Syracuse, where they lived eighteen years, hearing nothing in that time of the others. Then the son begged permission from his father to take his slave and go in search of his mother and brother. Two years went by and the father heard nothing from this last son; then he, too, started to search for his missing family. Five years had he now "spent in farthest Greece, roaming clean through the bounds of Asia, and coasting homeward, came to Ephesus; hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought or that, or any place that harbors men." The Duke, wishing that he might release Ægeon after hearing his sad story, grants him a day's reprieve in order that he might if possible borrow the money for his ransom.

Unknown to Ægeon and unknown to each other, both

the sons and their slaves are in the city of Ephesus. Antipholus of Syracuse has just arrived, and being told by a friend that a merchant of Syracuse has been apprehended and condemned to death, announces that he is from Epidamnum. The other son has his home in Ephesus and is in great favor with the Duke, who had married him to Adriana, a lady of rank. Dromio of Ephesus is sent by his mistress to summon his master to dinner and meeting Antipholus of Syracuse delivers the message to him. Antipholus, thinking it is his own slave joking with him, beats him.

ACT II

Adriana, after listening to the slave's story of his master's actions, herself goes to seek him. She meets Antipholus of Syracuse and makes the same error as to his identity, but she succeeds in persuading him to accompany her home to dinner. Dromio of Syracuse is set to guard the gate and to deny entrance to all visitors.

ACT III

Antipholus of Ephesus returns home accompanied by Balthazer and is angry to find that he cannot enter his own house, but he is persuaded by his friend to go to an inn for dinner and to return later in the evening. Within the house Antipholus of Syracuse protests that some mistake has been made and addresses pretty speeches to Luciana, sister of Adriana, instead of to Adriana. Dromio of Syracuse is also claimed as a husband by the kitchen-maid. A tradesman, Angelo by name, confuses the two Antipholuses and delivers a gold chain to the Syracusan which had been ordered by the Ephesian.

ACT IV

Antipholus of Ephesus is arrested for refusing to pay for the chain, and meeting Dromio of Syracuse as he is being led to jail, he sends him to his home for money.

Dromio of Syracuse gets the money but in returning with it falls in with his own master and gives it to him. The two Syracusans, believing themselves bewitched, prepare for a hasty departure. Adriana believes her husband and his slave to be mad and has them placed under restraint.

ACT V

Two merchants and Adriana, seeing Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse on the street, believe them to be the Ephesians, and they are obliged to seek sanctuary in a priory. The abbess protects them. Adriana resolves to complain to the Duke and ask him to force the abbess to yield her husband to her. The Duke is passing just at this time on his way with Ægeon to the place of execution, where the latter is to pay the death penalty. While Adriana is speaking to the Duke, Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus, having escaped from their captors, rush up and call upon the Duke to do them justice. Ægeon thinks these are the son and slave whom he had brought up and is surprised when he is not recognized. At this moment the abbess and the Syracusans come from the priory and the errors are straightened out. The abbess proves to be Ægeon's long-lost wife, Æmilia. Antipholus of Ephesus is reconciled to his wife, and Antipholus of Syracuse renews his suit with Adriana's sister. The Dromios rejoice over their reunion.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

ACT FIRST

Scene I

A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars 11
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,

8. A *guilder* was a coin valued from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings.—H. N. H.

Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offense,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,

42. *"Epidamnum."* The Ff. have *Epidamium,* but this is less

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,

likely to be Shakespeare's form than Epidamnum, which is used in Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi*.—C. H. H.

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapors that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

79. "*The latter-born*"; line 125 below seems to imply that this should be "elder-born," a change adopted by Rowe; but probably "the children became exchanged in the confusion during the breaking-up of the ship."—I. G.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favor to dilate at full

What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labor'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbors men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honor's great disparagement,
Yet will I favor thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,

And live; if no, then thou art doom d to die.
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The Mart.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

41. "*The almanac of my true date,*" because both were born in the same hour.—I. G.

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.
Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,

64. *"I shall be post indeed";* a post stood in the middle of the shop, on which the scores of the customers were *scored,* or marked with chalk or notches.—I. G.

66. *"Clock";* Pope's emendation for *"cook,"* the reading of the Folios.—I. G.

And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?
Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels. [*Exit.*
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They 'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

41. Probably meaning a patience so foolish as to cause one to be begged for a fool; referring to the old custom of soliciting the guardianship of fools and idiotic persons with a view to come at their revenues. The king, being the legal guardian of such persons, might make over the trust to whom he pleased; and relatives or other interested parties would beg the office, and, no doubt, often made or imagined the folly they wanted to have the care of. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. sc. 2, note 31.—H. N. H.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E. Nay, he 's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
Dro. E. Aye, aye, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.
Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he,

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

82. He plays upon the word *round*, which signifies spherical, as applied to himself; and *free in speech*, as regards his mistress. To be round with anyone is to be plain spoken.—H. N. H.

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enameled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will

109–113. These lines read as follows in the Folio:—

"I see the Iewell best enameled
Will loose his luster; yet the gold bides still

Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name," &c.

The change of *where* to *wear* in the last line has been generally accepted, as also *and though* for *yet* in the second line; *yet* for *and* in the third; *and so a man* for *and no man* in the fourth; Warburton paraphrases this passage thus emended:—"Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* (*i. e.* assaying) will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may in time be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption." The Cambridge editors wisely abstain from these wholesale emendations, though so far no satisfactory explanation has been given of the lines. May not the meaning of the passage depend on some such interpretation as this:—The wife (the jewel) soon loses her beauty and ceases to attract, but man (the gold) still stands the test, assayed by other women, and although gold wears out if assayed too often, yet a man of good reputation is not shamed by his falsehood and corruption. "Wherefore," says Adriana, "since I (the jewel) cannot please his eye, I'll weep what's left away," &c.—I. G.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humor alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Aye, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time on me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I 'll make you amends next, to give you

nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what 's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there 's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let 's hear it.

Dro. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

90. *"Jollity"*; Staunton suggested that the reading is an error for *"policy,"* and the reading has been adopted by some modern editors. —I. G.

Adr. Aye, aye, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savor'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear selfs better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,

120. As the line stands, it reads as an Alexandrine. Walker suggested *carv'd thee* for *carved to thee;* others propose the omission of *to thee;* neither change seems desirable.—I. G.

And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonored.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,

148. *"I live distain'd, thou undishonored";* so read the Folios; *distain'd* has been changed to *unstain'd* in most modern editions; Heath proposed *"I live distained, thou dishonored."* The line as it stands in the text seems to mean, "I live distained (*i. e.* stained), if untrue to my marriage vows; you, however, live undishonored however false you may be."—I. G.

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

176. So Milton's Paradise Lost, b. v.: "They led the *vine* to wed her *elm:* She, spous'd, about him twines her marriageable arms." Thus also in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:* "The female ivy so enrings the barky fingers of the elm." Mr. Douce observes that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the *parasite* plants here named its *concubines.* See also Ovid's tale of Vertumnus and Pomona.—H. N. H.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

187. *"this sure uncertainty," i. e.* "This to her surely a thing uncertain."—I. G.

192. The second Folio reads *"and Elves Sprites,"* which Rowe altered to *"Elvish sprites,"* a reading adopted by most editors.—I. G.

Theobald changed *owls* to *ouphes* in this passage most unwarrantably. It is those *unlucky birds,* the striges or *screech-owls,* which are meant. It has been asked, How should Shakespeare know that screech-owls were considered by the Romans as witches? Do these cavilers think that Shakespeare never looked into a book? Take an extract from the *Cambridge Latin Dictionary,* 1594, 8vo., probably the very book he used: "Strix, a *scritche owle;* an unluckie kind of bird (as they of old time said) *which sucked out the blood of infants lying in their cradles;* a witch, that changeth the favor of children; *an hagge or fairie.*" So in *The London Prodigal,* a comedy, 1605: "Soul, I think I am sure crossed or *witch'd with an owl.*" —H. N. H.

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?
Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Aye; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

201. *"'tis to an ass"*; the words remind one of Bottom's transformation in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.—I. G.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That thou beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
Ant. E. You 're sad, Signior Balthazar; pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat, sir, is common: that every churl affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Ant. E. Aye, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

32. "*patch*," fool. The word was used both with reference to the motley of a fool or jester, and to patched clothes.—C. H. H.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate!

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh! 50
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that 's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

47. *"for an ass."* Collier needlessly altered to *for a face,* partly on the ground of rhyme. But *ass* in Eliz. Eng. was a passable rhyme to *face* (as to *ace* which often contains a pun on *ass*). Dromio means that if Dromio S. had been in his place when he was flogged, instead of stealing the name Dromio he would have been glad to get rid of it, or else have proved himself an ass.—C. H. H.

53. *"If thy name be called Luce": "Luce"="pike";* there is perhaps a play upon "pike" in the sense of "spear," *cp. "Shall I set in my staff?"* line 51.—I. G.

54. Probably a line has been lost rhyming with this; the rhyming word was perhaps *rope.*—I. G.

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within*] Your wive, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I 'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Aye, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here 's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Aye, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honor of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there 's the house: that chain I will bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

108. One would suppose it should be in despite of *grief:* but the man is in a state of mind, that *mirth* is *grievous* to him.—H. N. H.

Ang. I 'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labor you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I 'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

54. *"Mated"* means *matched with a wife,* and *confounded.* A quibble is intended.—H. N. H.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. 70
[*Exit.*

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself? 80
Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

66. *"I am thee";* this reading of the Folio may surely, without risk, be emended:—*"I aim thee," i. e. "I aim at thee";* the transitive use of *aim* is found in Elizabethan writers.—I. G.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; aye, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say Sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter; if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that 's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from

114. Of course there is a quibble between *a Nell* and *an ell;* referring to an ell Flemish, which is three quarters of a yard.—H. N. H.

hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of the body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

129. *"armed and reverted, making war against her heir";* Folio 2 substituted *hair* for *heir,* but the play upon words is the whole point of the passage, an allusion being intended to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, the heir of Henry III of France, whose cause was supported by Elizabeth; in 1591 she sent a body of 4,000 men under Essex to help him. "Mistress Nell's brazen forehead seemed to push back her rough and rebellious hair, as France resisted the claim of the Protestant heir to the throne."—Clarke.

English enthusiasm for Henry of Navarre found expression, too, in Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost.*

As regards the peculiar use of *reverted, i. e.* "turned back," Schmidt suggests that there may be a play upon the sense of "fallen to another proprietor."—I. G.

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made
of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog,
and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbor in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul

152. Alluding to the popular belief that a great share of *faith* was a protection from witchcraft.—H. N. H.

Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—
Ant. S. Aye, that 's my name.
Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?
Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.
Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well.
[*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus from the courtezan's.

Off. That labor may you save: see where he comes.
Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope. [*Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humor, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

21. *"I buy a thousand pound a year";* some point in these words, familiar to Shakespeare's audience, is lost to us, and no satisfactory explanation has as yet been given, though Halliwell's comparison of the line with *3 Henry VI* II. ii. 144, is noteworthy:—

"A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself."—I. G.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath.
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whether you 'll answer me or no:
If not I 'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.
Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraught-
age, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at
all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peev-
ish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a
rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure.
And teach your ears to list me with more
heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her hus-
band:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfill.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

6. The allusion is to those meteors which have sometimes been thought to resemble armies meeting in the shock of battle. The following in the second book of *Paradise Lost* best explains it:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns."—H. N. H.

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;

35. *"A fiend, a fury";* the Folios read *"fairy,"* corrected by Theobald, who has been followed by most editors, including the Cambridge editors; a strong case can, however, be made for the original reading.—I. G.

A wolf, nay, worse; a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well:
One that, before the Judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he 's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:

40. *"Hell"* was the cant term for prison. There was a place of this name under the Exchequer, where the king's debtors were confined.—H. N. H.

49. *"Band,"* that is *bond.* Shakespeare takes advantage of the old spelling to produce a quibble.—H. N. H.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he 's worth to season.

Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way, 61

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight;

And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—

Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*

61. *"If Time be in debt"*; the Folios read *"If I,"* where *I* is probably an error for *'a* (*i. e. he*) or *he;* the reading in the text is Rowe's emendation.—I. G.

Scene III

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend:
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise,

11. *"Lapland sorcerers."* Lapland was the subject of much Elizabethan legend. Fletcher in *The Chances* relates that they there "sell men winds for dead drinks and old doublets"; Milton refers to "Lapland witches," Marlowe to "Lapland giants."—C. H. H.

13. *"What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?" "The picture of old Adam"*= the sergeant, who was clad *"in buff"*; in Elizabethan slang this latter phrase was used in the sense of

but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Aye, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-

"bare skin," *i. e.* "naked"; hence the quibble. *New-apparelled* offers some difficulty, and depends on the general construction of the whole line. It has been ingeniously suggested that the idea is "got him a new *suit*," *i. e.* "got rid of him." On the other hand, there is a possibility that the phrase *"What have you got?"* is a vulgarism for *"What have you done with?"* Theobald proposed to read *"What, have you got rid of the picture,"* &c. In the latter cases *new-apparelled* must be regarded as merely a descriptive epithet, the whole phrase *"the picture of old Adam new-apparelled"* being an elaborate circumlocution for "sergeant."—I. G.

night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus,
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me;' that 's as much to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn: ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We 'll mend our dinner here?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

64. *"We'll mend our dinner," i. e.* "we'll buy something more for our dinner."—I. G.

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I 'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: and if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.

77. *"a drop of blood"*; probably an allusion to Faustus' signature of the bond in his blood. Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* had been written a year or more before this Comedy, and the English version of the *Faustbuch* (reprinted 1592) may also already have appeared. —C. H. H.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce 99
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

A street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient: I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou are sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay,

I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

46. *"The prophecy like the parrot, beware the rope's-end";* the Cambridge editors most ingeniously conjecture that we should read:—

"or, rather, 'prospice funem,' beware the rope's-end.
Antipholus of E. Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?"

Dyce proposed, *"or, rather, to prophecy, like,"* &c.

Parrots were taught uncomplimentary remarks in Elizabethan times, as they are at present; there are many allusions to the very phrase in the text: Ralpho, in Butler's Hudibras,

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak, but think contrary clean;
What member 't is of whom they talk,
When they cry rope, and walk, knave, walk."—I. G.

56. This *tremor* was anciently thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil. Caliban in *The Tempest* says—"Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy *trembling.*"—H. N. H.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid, rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorned you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who have came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Aye me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be required of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master: cry, The devil!
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*
Say now; whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords.
Let 's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they 'll kill us.
[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*
Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

A street before a Priory.

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him;
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oath so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honor and mine honesty,
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Aye, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

46. *"And much different,"* &c., the second Folio, for the sake of the meter, reads *much much;* a reading which does not commend itself; *too much* has been conjectured. The line as it stands is certainly doubtful; *different* does not occur in Shakespeare.—I. G.

Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Aye, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at her heels a huge infectious troop

66. *"Glancéd it";* Pope's conjectural *at it* is unnecessary, though *glance* in the sense *to hint,* used transitively, does not otherwise occur; Folio 1 does not elide the *ed* of *glanced.*—I. G.

79. *"But moody and dull melancholy";* something is obviously amiss with the line; *moody moping* has been suggested. *Kinsman* in the next line is used in its general sense of *akin,* which some editors have unnecessarily substituted; it has even been changed to *kins-woman.*—I. G.

81. This *"her,"* referring to *kinsman,* seems to have puzzled the

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labor in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

commentators. It was no very wonderful thing for such words to be applied to females. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice* Portia says,—"But now I was the *lord* of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants."—H. N. H.

A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offense.
Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; Ægeon bareheaded; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She 's a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly went on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.

Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;

170. *"Beaten the maids,"* &c., *i. e. have beaten;* but the previous verb has *are,*—a confusion of constructions which causes little difficulty, and fairly common in Elizabethan English.—I. G.

175. The heads of fools were shaved, or their hair cut close, as appears by the following passage in *The Choice of Change,* 1598. "Three things used by monks which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head *like fooles.*" Florio explains, *"zuccone,* a shaven pate, a notted poll, a poll-pate, a gull, a *ninnie."*—H. N. H.

And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!

Adr. Aye me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,

That hath abused and dishonor'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

205. *"Harlot"* was a term anciently applied to a rogue or base person among men, as well as to wantons among women.—H. N. H.

I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately

Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.
Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?
Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.
Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burthen me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?
Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.
[*Exit one to the Abbess.*
Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.
Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.
Æge. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Æge. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Aye, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

310. *"My feeble key of untuned cares"; i. e.* "the feeble tone of my voice, which gives utterance to nothing but unharmonious grief."—I. G.

Re-enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luciana*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,

388. *"These* ERRORS *are arose,"* so the Folios; *are* has been variously changed by scholars into *all, rare,* but no change is necessary; as far as rhythm is concerned the Folio reading is certainly preferable.—I. G.

400. *"Thirty-three years";* this reading of the Folios has been changed to *twenty-five* by most editors, following Theobald, who calculates the age of the twins by putting together what Ægeon says in Act I. i. 125 and in line 320 of Act V. Capell suggested *twenty-three,* from Act. I. i. line 125 and line 133. On the other hand, the Duke states in line 326 of the present Act that he has been patron to Antipholus for "twenty years"; it looks as though Shakespeare changed his idea as to the age of the twins towards the end of the play, without troubling to make all his references fit in with one another.—I. G.

And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I 'll gossip at this feast.
[*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

404. *"And you the calendars of their nativity"; i. e.,* the two Dromios; *cp.* "Here comes the almanac of my true date," I. ii. 41.—I. G.

406. *"After so long grief, such nativity";* the laboring line harmonizes well with the emotion of the speaker; the line is evidently intended to be read as follows:—

"After | sō lōng | grīēf, sŭch | natĭv | ity."

There seems no reason for changing *nativity,* though Hammer's conjecture *felicity* has been accepted by most editors; Johnson proposed *festivity.*—I. G.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Advised, well informed of, deliberate concerning; V. i. 214.

Albeit, although; V. i. 217.

Amain, with might and main; I. i. 93.

Anatomy, skeleton; V. i. 238.

Angels; an angel was an English coin, worth about ten shillings; IV. iii. 43.

Apparently, obviously; IV. i. 78.

Armadoes, armadas; III. ii. 142.

A-row, in a row, one after another; V. i. 170.

Assured, affianced; III. ii. 147.

Attach, arrest; IV. i. 6.

Attaint, disgrace; III. ii. 16.

Austerely, seriously; IV. ii. 2.

Back-friend, an adversary; perhaps applied quibblingly to the sergeant, "because he comes from behind to arrest one"; IV. ii. 37.

Ballast, ballasted, loaded; III. ii. 143.

Band, bond (used equivocally); IV. ii. 49.

Beads, rosary; II. ii. 190.

Bear, carry off; V. i. 8.

Become, render becoming; III. ii. 11.

Belike, 'tis likely; IV. i. 25.

Bestow, employ, make use of; IV. i. 16.

Bestowed, stowed, deposited; I. ii. 78.

Bestrid; "b. thee," *i. e.* "defended thee when fallen"; V. i. 192.

Board, table; III. ii. 18.

Bought and sold, deluded and overreached by foul practices; III. i. 72.

By; "send me by some token"; a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom, meaning "give me some token whereby I may show that you have sent me"; IV. i. 56.

Caracks, galleons, large ships of burden; III. ii. 143.

Caract, carat; IV. i. 28.

Carcanet, necklace; III. i. 4.

Careful, full of care; V. i. 298.

Carriage, bearing; III. ii. 14.

Carved, made amorous gestures; II. ii. 120.

Case; "an action upon the *case* is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law"; IV. ii. 42.

Cates, dainties; III. i. 28.

Charged, gave in charge; III. i. 8.

Chargeful, expensive; IV. i. 29.

Children (trisyllabic); V. i. 360.

Choleric; the choleric man was advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things

as might aggravate his malignant humors"; II. ii. 63.

CIRCUMSTANCE, detail; V. i. 16.

CLAIM; "my heaven's claim," *i. e.* "all that I claim from heaven hereafter"; III. ii. 64.

CLEAN, entirely; I. i. 134.

COIL, ado; III. i. 48.

COLDLY, coolly; V. i. 272.

COMMON; "make a c. of," *i. e.* "use as a play-ground"; II. ii. 29.

COMPACT OF, wholly composed of; III. ii. 22.

COMPANION (used contemptuously), fellow; IV. iv. 64.

CONCEIT, conception; III. ii. 34; apprehension; IV. ii. 65.

CONFISCATE, confiscated; I. i. 21.

CONFOUNDS, destroys; I. ii. 38.

CONFUSION, ruin; II. ii. 182.

CONSORT, to keep company with; I. ii. 28.

COUNTERMANDS, stops one going through; IV. ii. 37.

COZENAGE, cheating; I. ii. 97.

CREDIT, credulity; III. ii. 22.

CURTAIL, having a docked tail; III. ii. 154.

CUSTOMERS (used contemptuously), visitors, guests; IV. iv. 63.

CUTS; papers cut of unequal lengths, of which the longest was usually the prize; hence, "to draw cuts"="to draw lots"; V. i. 422.

DANKISH, dampish; V. i. 247.

DEADLY, deathly; IV. iv. 96.

DEATH; "the death," *i. e.* "death by judicial sentence"; I. i. 147.

DEBTED, indebted; IV. i. 31.

DECIPHERS, distinguishes; V. i. 334.

DECLINE, incline; III. ii. 44.

DECLINING, inclining; III. ii. 140.

DEFEATURES, disfigurements; II. i. 98; V. i. 299.

DEFORMED, deforming; V. i. 298.

DEMEAN, conduct; IV. iii. 83.

DENIED (followed by a tautological negative); IV. ii. 7.

DESPITE OF; "in d. of mirth," *i. e.* "though I feel despiteful towards mirth"; III. i. 108.

DETAIN, withhold; II. i. 107.

DILATE, narrate; I. i. 123.

DISANNUL, annul; I. i. 145.

DISCHARGED, paid; IV. i. 32.

DISPENSE WITH, put up with; II. i. 103.

DISPOSE, disposal; I. i. 21.

DISPOSED, disposed of; I. ii. 73.

DISTAIN'D, sullied, disgraced; II. ii. 148.

DISTEMPERATURES, distempers; V. i. 82.

DISTRACT, distracted; IV. iii. 42.

DIVINER, sorceress; III. ii. 146.

DOWSABEL, a poetic name, used occasionally in Elizabethan writers generically for a beautiful lass (*douce et belle*); ironically applied by Dromio of Syracuse to the wench whose real name is Nell; IV. i. 110.

DRAWS DRY-FOOT, traces the scent of the game; "perhaps so called because, according to sportsmen, in water the scent is lost"; IV. ii. 39.

DRY, hard, severe; II. ii. 64.

DURANCE; v. "everlasting garment"; IV. iii. 28.

EARNEST, used quibblingly with reference to the sense of "earnest-money"; II. ii. 24.

ECSTASY, frenzy, madness; IV. iv. 54.

EVERLASTING GARMENT, alluding to "the buff jerkin" of the sergeant,—"a suit of durance" as it was called; IV. ii. 33.

EXCREMENT, outgrowth (applied to hair); II. ii. 79.

EXEMPT, separated; II. ii. 173.

FAIR, fairness, beauty; II. i. 98.

FAITH; "breast . . . of faith"; ("flint" has been adopted by some editors, but there is not sufficient reason for the change; by faith men resisted a witch's power); III. ii. 153.

FALL, let fall; II. ii. 127.

FALSING, (?) apt to be falsified; II. ii. 95.

FINE AND RECOVERY, a legal term, said to be "the strongest assurance known to English law"; II. ii. 75.

FINGER, "to put the f. in the eye," *i. e.* "to weep in a childish way"; II. ii. 206.

FLY PRIDE, "a proverbial phrase, by which Dromio rebukes the woman, whom he thinks a cheat, for accusing his master of cheating"; IV. iii. 85.

FOLDED, concealed; III. ii. 36.

FOND, doting; II. i. 116.

FONDLY, foolishly; IV. ii. 57.

FOOL-BEGG'D, foolishly begged or demanded; II. i. 41.

FORMAL, ordinary, rational; V. i. 105.

FORSWORE, "forswore to have," *i. e.* "swore that he did not have"; V. i. 11.

FORTH, "to find f." *i. e.* "to find out"; I. ii. 37; away from home; II. ii. 212.

FOR WHY, because; III. ii. 105.

FRAUGHTAGE, freight; IV. i. 87.

GENIUS, attendant spirit; V. i. 332.

GET WITHIN, close with, grapple with; V. i. 34.

GILLIAN = Juliana; III. i. 31.

GINN = Jenny; III. i. 31.

GOOD NOW = good fellow now (others explain the phrase as equivalent to "well now"); IV. iv. 22.

GOSSIP, make merry; V. i. 407.

GOSSIPING, merry-making (with a probable reference to original sense, a sponsors' feast); V. i. 419.

GOSSIPS, sponsors; V. i. 405.

GRAIN, "in grain," *i. e.* "ingrained, deeply dyed"; III. ii. 108.

GRAINED, furrowed (like the grain of wood); V. i. 311.

GROWING, accruing; IV. i. 8.

GUILDERS, Dutch coins of the value of about two shillings; used in a general sense for "money"; I. i. 8.

HARLOTS, lewd fellows; V. i. 205.

HATCH, half-door, wicket; III. i. 33.

HEALTHFUL, full of safety; I. i. 115.

HEART'S METEORS, "alluding to those meteors in the sky (the aurora borealis) which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock"; IV. ii. 6.

HEIR (with a play upon hair, *cf.* Preface); III. ii. 127.

HELL, used quibblingly; the cant term for an obscure dungeon; IV. ii. 40.

HELPLESS, unavailing; II. i. 39.

HIS, its; II. i. 110.

HIT OF, hit on, guess; III. ii. 30.

Holp, helped; IV. i. 22.
Horn-mad, "mad like a wicked bull; generally used with a reference to cuckoldry"; II. i. 58.
Host, "lay at h. in," *i. e.* "were put up at"; V. i. 410.
Host, lodge; I. ii. 9.
Hoy, a small vessel, a kind of sloop; IV. iii. 42.

Impeach, impeachment; V. i. 269.
Important, importunate; V. i. 138.
Instance, indication; I. i. 65.
Intestine, internal; I. i. 11.

Jest upon, trifle with; II. ii. 28.
Judgment, "before the J." there is perhaps a quibbling allusion in the phrase to what is called *mesne-process;* IV. ii. 40.

Kitchen'd, entertained in the kitchen; V. i. 415.

Lapland; Shakespeare's sole reference to Lapland sorcerers (*cp.* Milton's "Lapland witches"); IV. iii. 11.
Lash'd, scourged (with perhaps a reference to "lashed" in the sense of "fastened, bound"); II. i. 15.
Lets, hinders; II. i. 105.
Liberties, libertinisms, "l. of sin," *i. e.* "licensed offenders"; I. ii. 102.
Light, wanton (used equivocally); IV. iii. 52.
Limbo, a cant term for "prison," properly, "hell," or "the borders of hell"); IV. ii. 32.
Love-springs, shoots of love; III. ii. 3.

Mace, a sergeant's club; IV. iii. 29.
Made, barred; III. i. 93.
Making, outward form; IV. ii. 22.
Malt-horse, a dull, heavy horse, like a brewer's, used contemptuously; III. i. 32.
Mated, used quibblingly in the sense of "confounded," and "given as a mate"; III. ii. 54.
Mermaid, siren; III. ii. 45.
Mickle, much; III. i. 45.
Minion, favorite (used contemptuously), darling; IV. iv. 66; *pl.* II. i. 87.
Mome, buffoon; III. i. 32.
Mood, anger; II. ii. 172.
Morris-pike, a Moorish pike; IV. iii. 29.
Mortal, deadly; I. i. 11.
Motions, proposals; I. i. 60.
Moves, appeals to; II. ii. 183.

Nature, natural affection; I. i. 35.
New-apparelled (*vide* Notes); IV. iii. 14.
Nicks, "n. him like a fool," alluding to the old custom of shaving, nicking, or notching the head of a professional buffoon; V. i. 175.

O'er-raught, overcalled, cheated; I. ii. 96.
Of, out of, from; I. i. 131; "wreck of sea" (so first Folio, the rest "at sea") = off, out at sea; V. i. 49.
On, "on night," *i. e.* "a-night"; V. i. 210.
Once this; "so much is certain"; III. i. 89.
Order, measures; V. i. 146.
Other, "no other cause," *i. e.*

"no cause to be otherwise"; II. i. 33.

Owe, own; III. i. 42.

Pack'd, leagued; V. i. 219.

Parcel, part; V. i. 106.

Part, depart; III. i. 67.

Partial, "I am not p. to infringe," *i. e.* "I am not so inclined in your behalf as to infringe"; I. i. 4.

Passage, the going to and fro of people; III. i. 99.

Patch, fool, jester; III. i. 32.

Peasant, servant; V. i. 231.

Peevish, foolish; IV. i. 93.

Penitent, doing penance; I. ii. 52.

Perdie, *par dieu!* IV. iv. 77

Perforce, by force; IV. iii. 99.

Peruse, survey; I. ii. 13.

Plainings, wailings; I. i. 73.

Please, pay; IV. iv. 52.

Porpentine, Porcupine (the only form of the word used by Shakespeare); III. i. 116.

Post, post-haste; I. ii. 63.

Post, used quibblingly; an allusion to keeping the score by chalk or notches on a post; I. ii. 64.

Presently, immediately; III. ii. 156.

Quit, remit; I. i. 23.

Rag, shred, particle; IV. iv. 92.

Rest; "sets up his rest"; Dromio plays on "rest," "arrest," and a metaphor, "setting up his rest," taken from gaming, and meaning "staking his all" upon an event; IV. iii. 28.

Reverted, turned back; III. ii. 126.

Road, harbor; III. ii. 156.

Round, used quibblingly in the sense of (1) "spherical," and (2) "plain-spoken"; II. i. 82.

Runs counter, follows the scent backward instead of forward; with a play perhaps upon "Counter," the name of two London prisons; IV. ii. 39.

Sconce, a helmet (originally a small fort, bulwark), applied also to the head itself; I. ii. 79; II. ii. 34; II. ii. 37.

Scorch, excoriate; V. i. 183.

Season, opportunity; "to s."= "at the opportune time"; IV. ii. 58.

Semblance (trisyllabic); V. i. 358.

Sensible (used equivocally in ordinary sense and in sense of "sensitive"); IV. iv. 28.

Sere, dry, withered; IV. ii. 19.

Shapeless, unshapely; IV. ii. 20.

Shrive, call to confession; II. ii. 210.

Sinking-ripe, ripe for sinking, ready to sink; I. i. 78.

Sir-reverence, a corruption of "save-reverence" (contracted into "sa'reverence") a translation of Lat. *salvâ reverentiâ; save-reverence* or *save your reverence* was considered "a sufficient apology for anything indecorous"; III. ii. 93.

Sob (first folio reads "fob," *i. e.* sob, probably an error for "fob," which was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of a slight blow); IV. iii. 25.

Soon, nearly; "s. at five o'clock," *i. e.* "about five o'clock"; I. ii. 26.

Soothe, humor; IV. iv. 85.

Sorry, pitiable, sad; V. i. 121.

Sot, dolt; II. ii. 196.
Soue (dissyllabic; "sower" in the Folios); V. i. 45.
Spite, vexation; IV. ii. 8.
Spoon-meat (used equivocally, to introduce allusion to the proverb, "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"; IV. iii. 65.
Stale, "second woman," the one to fall back on if another is not to be had; II. i. 101.
Stands upon, concerns; IV. i. 35.
Stigmatical, marked or stigmatized with deformity; IV. ii. 22.
Stomach, appetite; I. ii. 49.
Stray'd, caused to stray; V. i. 51.
Strong; "s. escape," *i. e.* "escape effected by *strength,* or violence"; V. i. 148.
Strumpeted, made a strumpet of; II. ii. 146.
Stuff, baggage; IV. iv. 156.
Supposed, conjectured; III. i. 101.
Suspect, suspicion; III. i. 87.
Sympathized, mutually suffered; V. i. 397.

Take; "t. a house," *i. e.* "take sanctuary in a house"; V. i. 36.
Tartar, Tartarian; it is noteworthy that Tartarian was a cant term for "thief"; IV. ii. 32.
Tilting, v. Heart's Meteors.
Timely, speedy; I. i. 139.
Tiring, attiring; II. ii. 99.
To, of; III. ii. 170.
Took on him as, pretended to be; V. i. 242.
Train, entice; III. ii. 45.
Turn i' the wheel; "there is comprehended, under the curs of the coarsest kind, a certain dog in kitchen service excellent; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning round about with the weight of their bodies, so diligently look to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feat more cunningly" (Topsell, *History of Four-footed beasts,* 1607); III. ii. 153.

Understand (used quibblingly with a play upon "understand" ="stand under"); II. i. 49.
Ungalled, unblemished; III. i. 102.
Unhappy, mischievous; IV. iv. 130.
Untuned, discordant; V. i. 310.

Vain, light of tongue; III. ii. 27.
Villain (used good-humoredly); I. ii. 19.
Vulgar, public; III. i. 100.

Waftage, passage; IV. i. 95.
Wafts, beckons; II. ii. 111.
Week; perhaps with a play upon "wick" (pronounced like "week"); III. ii. 103.
Well-advised, acting with due deliberation, in right mind; II. ii. 215.
When? Can you tell? "a proverbial inquiry indicating the improbability that the person addressed will get what he asks"; III. i. 52.
When as, whenas, *i. e.* when; IV. iv. 143.
Whether (monosyllabic, printed "whe'r" in the Folios); IV. i. 60.
Wink, to shut the eyes; III. ii. 58.
Wont, is wont (to bear); IV. iv. 40.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What is the earliest reference to this play?
2. What points of external evidence are helpful in fixing the time of this play's writing?
3. From what is the main plot derived?
4. Indicate the leading points of difference between the Latin farce and this play?
5. What characteristic Shakespearean element does the Ægeon episode introduce?
6. From what point of view and in what way may the *Comedy of Errors* be regarded as a triumph of the New Romantic Drama over its opponents?
7. What are the evidences in the play itself that it is one of the poet's earliest performances?
8. What makes this play more diverting than the *Menæchmi* of Plautus?
9. In what more natural way than by a prologue does Shakespeare sketch the foundation story of the play?
10. Distinguish a farce from a comedy.
11. Is development of character to be expected in such a play as this? Give reasons.
12. What does Coleridge have to say of this farce?
13. What is the effect of Shakespeare's use of seriously impending tragic events in his early comedies? Cite and compare instances.
14. In what way are Luciana's passages distinctive?
15. How does Pinch accord with the setting of the play?
16. Why is Adriana a notable instance of the Poet's

insight into fundamental character? Has Adriana's discontent its modern counterpart?

17. What must always enter into the work of a true poet to prevent its being superficial? What element in this play keeps it from the pure superficiality of farce? If such an element gives it more weight in some respects, does it overweigh it, artistically, considered as pure farce?

18. What were probably the elements of nature and purpose that made Shakespeare write no other farce than this?

ACT I

19. Why was Ægeon to be beheaded?

20. What story did he tell?

21. What chance for his life did the Duke give him?

22. What does Antipholus of Syracuse send his Dromio to do?

23. Between whom is the first mistaken encounter in the play?

24. What message does Dromio of Ephesus deliver to Antipholus of Syracuse?

25. What does Dromio of Ephesus mean in line 64?

26. How does Antipholus of Syracuse receive the mistaken message? How does he serve Dromio of Ephesus for it?

ACT II

27. Are Adriana and Luciana distinctively characterized at their introduction?

28. How does Dromio of Ephesus describe his encounter with Antipholus of Syracuse to Adriana? How does she receive it?

29. What is Adriana's mood, and its cause?

30. Between which Dromio and which Antipholus is the encounter in scene ii? Describe it.

31. Into what state of mind does the tangle throw Antipholus of Syracuse and his Dromio, in scene ii after the entrance of Adriana and Luciana?

ACT III

32. What is the first complication involving all the doubles at once? Describe it.

33. What does Balthasar advise? Why does not Antipholus of Ephesus take his advice?

34. Where does Antipholus of Ephesus decide to go when he cannot get into his own house?

35. Does Adriana appear to give Antipholus of Ephesus some cause for occasionally going elsewhere for entertainment?

36. In what mood does Antipholus of Ephesus decide to take the gift intended for his wife, to the courtesan instead? What is the gift?

37. What impression does Luciana make on Antipholus of Syracuse?

38. How does she receive his protestations?

39. What does Dromio of Syracuse recount of his unwelcome adventure at Adriana's house?

40. Where does the incident of the gift to the Courtesan begin to take on importance in the plot?

ACT IV

41. Describe the further developments centering about the incident of the chain, in scene i. How do they involve Antipholus of Ephesus and his Dromio?

42. What is the comic element in Dromio of Syracuse calling the fat cook "Dowsabel" in line 110, scene ii? From what is the name derived?

43. What errand is Dromio of Ephesus sent upon, to Adriana, in scene ii?

44. What does Antipholus of Syracuse relate of his adventures in Ephesus, in scene iii?

45. With what performance does Dromio of Syracuse surprise his own master in this scene?

46. What person unknown to him accosts Antipholus of Syracuse as an acquaintance in scene iii? In connection

with this incident how does his wearing the chain Angelo has given him, further tangle the plot?

47. What does the Courtesan conclude as to the state of mind of Antipholus? What does she decide to do about it?

48. What mistaken encounter is described in scene iv? What comes of it?

49. Describe the diagnosis Dr. Pinch makes of the condition of Antipholus. What does it satirize?

50. What is the conclusion of all with regard to the condition of Antipholus of Ephesus and his Dromio? What is done with them accordingly?

51. What does the Courtesan tell of her ring?

52. What surprise immediately follows for the three women, as they stand conversing?

53. What does Antipholus of Syracuse decide he wishes to do as quickly as possible at the ending of this act?

ACT V

54. What next *contretemps* awaits Antipholus of Syracuse in scene i? What is its outcome?

55. How does Adriana prevent the fight between Antipholus of Syracuse and the Second Merchant?

56. What refuge do Antipholus of Syracuse and his Dromio take?

57. What does the Abbess do?

58. Is the Abbess's rebuke of Adriana justified? How does Adriana receive it? What is the dramatic use of the Abbess's rebuke?

59. Describe the final resolution of the play. Contrast its elements with the usual ones of farce.

60. Characterize the management of the resolution, as to disposition of groupings and interaction of motives leading to it. Is it balanced, smooth?—are the threads well and convincingly collected? Analyze in detail.

From the painting by Sir John Gilbert R.A., P.R.W.S., in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

Richard resigning the crown to Bolingbroke ("Richard II.").

Rich. "... Here, cousin, seize the crown;
On this side my hand, and on that side yours."

ACT IV., SC. I.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

Richard II was first published, in quarto, in 1597, in which year it was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company. The title-page of the First Quarto was as follows:—

"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second, As it hath been publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, London. Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church Yard at the Signe of the Angel. 1597." [1]

A Second Quarto, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, was published in 1597.

In the year 1608 a third Quarto appeared, "with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard, as it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Majesties servantes, at the Globe." The Fourth Quarto, a mere reprint of this, appeared in 1615.

The text of the play in the 1623 Folio was evidently derived from the Fourth Quarto, "corrected with some care, and prepared for stage representation. . . . In the 'new additions of the Parliament Sceane,' it would appear that the defective text of the Quarto had been corrected from the author's MS. For this part, therefore, the First Folio is our highest authority; for all the rest of the play the First Quarto affords the best text" (Cambridge Editors).

A Fifth Quarto was published in 1634, based for the

[1] *Cp.* Facsimile editions of this and other Quartos by Messrs. Griggs and Prætorius.

most part on the text of the Second Folio (1632); its readings "in a few cases are entirely independent of previous editions."

THE NEW ADDITIONS

The subject of "the deposition of Richard II" was regarded with considerable suspicion towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign,[1] and the suppression of lines 154–318 in the first scene of the fourth act in the two editions of the play published during the Queen's lifetime must be taken in connection with certain well-known incidents:—(i.) in 1599 Sir John Hayward was imprisoned for publishing his *History of the Life and Raigne of Henry the Fourth, i.e.* the story of the deposition of Richard II; (ii.) in 1601, on the afternoon before the rebellion of Essex, Merrick, one of his adherents, "with a great company of others that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the *Play of Deposing of King Richard the Second.* Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merrick";[2] (iii.) it is recorded how the Queen on one occasion, probably soon after the revolt of Essex, when Lambarde, the Keeper of the Records in the Tower, was showing her his rolls, suddenly exclaimed, on coming to the reign of Richard II:—"I am Richard II; know ye not that," and she told Lambarde how "this tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses."[3]

PLAYS ON THE SUBJECT OF RICHARD II

(i.) Merrick's play was in all probability not Shakespeare's, though it is singular that the actor who provided the play was a member of the Globe Theater, Augustine Philipps; the piece in question is described as "an obsolete

[1] In 1596 a Papal Bull was issued against the Queen, inciting her subjects to rebellion.

[2] Bacon's *"Declaration of the practices and treasons attempted and committed by Robert, late Earl of Essex, and his complices against her Majesty and her kingdom." Cp.* also *State Trials,* p. 1445 (ed. 1809).

[3] Nichol's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.*

tragedy" (*exoletam tragoediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ric. II*, according to Camden), and the players complained that "they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it." [1] (ii.) Dr. Simon Forman saw a play of Richard II, at the Globe, on April 30, 1611; it dealt with the tumult of Jack Straw and the death of the Duke of Gloucester, *i.e.*, with earlier events of the reign; (i.) and (ii.) were possibly the first and second parts of a chronicle history of the whole reign of Richard II. (iii.) In 1870 Mr. T. Halliwell printed, for the first time, from the Egerton MSS. (in the British Museum), "*The Tragedy of Richard II, concluding with the murder of the Duke of Gloster at Calais*"; Mr. Halliwell claimed that the play was composed before Shakespeare's; but this view has been rightly contested (*cp. New Shakespeare Society's Transactions*, April 10, 1885), and in all probability the production belongs to the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

The publication of the First Quarto in 1597 gives us one hint for the date of composition, which may be safely assigned to about the year 1593. A noticeable piece of external evidence is perhaps to be found in the second edition of Daniel's *Civil Wars*, published in 1595, which contains certain striking parallels with Shakespeare's play not found in the earlier version. The likeness may possibly be purely accidental; on the other hand, we know that Daniel was addicted to the vice of plagiarism.[2]

[1] Prof. Hales considers it unlikely that there were two plays answering the same description "in the field" of the Globe—two plays dealing with the closing years of Richard II (*Notes and Essays on Shakespeare*, p. 208).

[2] *Cp.* *"Only let him more sparingly make use*
Of others' wit, and use his own the more,
That well may scorn base imitation."—
Return from Parnassus.

In the second play of the trilogy the author makes it quite clear

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The earliest notice that has been discovered of *The Life and Death of King Richard the Second* is an entry by Andrew Wise in the Stationers' Register, dated August 29, 1597. The same year was published a quarto pamphlet of thirty-seven leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "The Tragedy of King Richard the Second: As it hath been publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. London: Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard at the sign of the Angel. 1597." It will be observed that in this edition the author's name was not given. In 1598 another edition was put forth having the same title-page, save the announcement "By William Shake speare." There was a third issue in 1608, the title-page varying thus: "With new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majesty's Servants, at the Globe. Printed by W. W. for Matthew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Fox." In 1615 appeared a fourth edition with a title-page precisely the same as that of 1608, save that it lacks the printer's initials.

At the accession of James I in the spring of 1603, "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants" became "His Majesty's Servants;" so that the play was still in the hands of the same company. The "new additions" of 1608 are in Act iv. sc. 1, being a hundred and sixty-four lines, or about half the Act. In the folio of 1623 this play makes the second in the list of histories, has the acts and scenes regu-

larly marked, wherein it differs from all the quartos, and appears in other respects to have been printed from the issue of 1615, with an occasional reference to some other authority. In the folio, however, several passages, comprising in all just fifty lines, are unaccountably omitted. Of these five editions, Mr. Collier, who has carefully collated them, pronounces the first, that of 1597, "beyond all dispute the most valuable for its readings and general accuracy;" and we concur with him therein.—The only other certain contemporary notice of this play is in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where he mentions it in witness of Shakespeare's excellence in Tragedy.

As to the date of the composition we have nothing firm to build upon other than what has been stated above. Malone assigned the writing to 1593, and Chalmers to 1596; though their reasons for doing so are either not given, or such that they had better been withheld. To our judgment, the internal evidence, the abundance of rhymes, the frequent passages of elaborate verbal trifling, the general smooth-flowing current of the verse, and the comparative uncompactness of logical texture, make strongly in favor of the earlier date. In all these respects a comparison of *Richard II* with the *First Part of Henry IV*, which latter, even as it now stands, could not have been written later than 1597, will, we think, satisfy almost any one that the former must have preceded by several years. And an argument of considerable force to that effect might be made out from another sort of evidence. The first four books of Daniel's *History of the Civil Wars*, three of which are wholly taken up with the closing passages of Richard's government and life, were originally published in 1595. Daniel was himself a star, not indeed of the first magnitude, nor, perhaps, of the second, but yet a star in that matchless constellation of wits contemporary with Elizabeth and James I, which has since made England the brightness of the whole earth. Shakespeare and Daniel are known to have been personally acquainted, and the latter was a man of too high and pure a taste not to have rel-

ished the offspring of his friend's unapproachable genius. Being, moreover, himself a writer of plays, and an aspirant for dramatic honors, it is scarce to be supposed that he would be away from the theater when "the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage" was making the place glorious with his "Delphic lines."

The poem and the play in question have several passages so similar in thought and language as to argue that one of the authors must have drawn from the other; though this of itself will by no means conclude which way the obligation ran. But there is another sort of resemblance more pertinent to the matter in hand. Shakespeare, in strict keeping with the scope and purpose of his work, makes the queen in mind, character, and deportment a full-grown woman, whereas in fact she was at the time only twelve years old, having been married when she was but eight;—a liberty of art every way justifiable in an historical drama, and such as he never scruples to take when the proper ends of dramatic representation can be furthered thereby. With Daniel, however, the plan of his work, no less than the bent of his mind, caused him to write for the most part with the historical accuracy of a chronicle, insomuch that the fine deep vein of poetry that was in him had not fair play, being overmuch hampered and clogged by the stiffness and rigidity of literal truth. Yet he makes a similar departure from fact in case of the queen, representing her very much as she is in the play;—a thing for which the only hint of authority has been discovered is a sentence in Froissart's description of the marriage: "As I have been informed, it was a goodly sight to see her behavior; for all that she was but young, right pleasantly she bare the port of a queen." The point, then, is, that such a departure from historical truth, however justifiable in either case, seems more likely to have been original in the play than in the poem: in the one it grew naturally from the purpose of the work and the usual method of the workman; in the other its cause appears to be rather in the force of example: in short, Shakespeare was more apt

to do it, because, artistically speaking, it ought so to be; Daniel, because it had been so done with success. And it is considerable that Daniel pushes this divergence even further than Shakespeare; in which excess we may easily detect the influence of a model: for what proceeds by the reason and laws of art naturally stops with them; but in proceeding by the measure of examples and effects such is not the case; and hence it is that mere imitation is so apt to "overstep the modesty of nature." To all which if we add, what may be safely added, that both this and the other resemblances are such withal as would naturally result from the impressions of the stage, the whole seems to make at least something of probability for the point in question.

There was certainly one and perhaps two other plays in Shakespeare's time on the subject of Richard II. This we learn unmistakably from the *Diary* of Dr. Simon Forman. Under the date of April 30, 1611, he gives a particular account of a play called *Richard II*, which he had just seen at the Globe Theater. The leading events of the play as there stated are as follows: "How Jack Straw was suddenly stabbed at Smithfield Bars by Walworth, the mayor of London, and he and his whole army overthrown: How the duke of Gloucester and others, crossing the king in his humors about the duke of Ireland and Busby, were glad to fly, and raise a host of men; and when Ireland came by night with three hundred men to surprise them, they, being warned thereof, kept the gates fast, and would not suffer him to enter the castle; so he went back with a fly in his ear, and was afterwards slain in battle by the earl of Arundel: That when Gloucester and Arundel came to London with their army the king went forth to meet them, and gave them fair words, promising them pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their army; and after they had done so, having bid them all to a banquet, he betrayed them, and cut off their heads, because they had not the pardon under his hand and seal: How the duke of Lancaster privily contrived to set them all by the ears, and to make the nobility envy the king, and

mislike his government; whereby he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke: And how Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be king; and being told that he should not, but his son should, he hanged the man for his labor, lest he should speak thereof to others."

From this account it is clear the play could not have been Shakespeare's, though performed at the theater for which he had so long been used to write. It should be observed that Forman says nothing distinctly about the deposing of the king; which event he would hardly have failed to make special mention of, had it been represented in the play. This brings us to a strange matter of state that took place in the year 1601. In Lord Bacon's papers concerning "the treason of Robert, earl of Essex," we meet with the following statement, being a part of what was charged against Sir Gilly Merrick: "That the afternoon before the rebellion, Merrick, with a great company of others that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them *The Play of Deposing King Richard the Second.* Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merrick. And not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players that *the play was old,* and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there were forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was. So earnest he was to satisfy his eyes with the sight of that tragedy, which he thought soon after his lordship should bring from the stage to the state."

That this may have been the same play witnessed by Forman ten years later is indeed possible, but appears, to say the least, rather improbable. Whether, granting it not to have been that, it was Shakespeare's *Richard II,* or a third play on the same subject, that has not elsewhere been heard of, is a question not very likely to be solved. Malone conjectured that the "new additions" of 1608 formed a part of the play as originally written, but were left out of the first two quartos from fear of offending the queen, to whose ears the deposing of monarchs was a very

ungrateful theme, especially after the part she had in deposing from both crown and life her enchanting and ill-starred kinswoman, the witty and beautiful Mary of Scotland. Her sensitive jealousy on this score appears in that Hayward all but incurred a prosecution in 1599 for his *First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV*, wherein the deposing of Richard II was set forth. So that, allowing the deposition-scene to have been originally a part of Shakespeare's play, we have here sufficient reason for its being omitted in the printed copy of 1597. Nor do the new additions themselves yield any argument or indication of having been written at a later period than the rest of the play. All which being considered, it does not well appear but that Shakespeare's *Richard II* may have been the play referred to in the state paper quoted above. To this the chief, if not the only objection is, that the one there spoken of is called an "old play"; whereby, however, we need understand no more than that the play had lost the charm of novelty; a thing which, considering the marvelous fertility of the time in dramatic productions, might well enough come about in the course of four or five years. And it is worth remarking withal, that the players could afford to call the play an old one, since this gave them the chance of an extra forty shillings. So that, upon the whole, the objection in hand cannot pass for much. Our own judgment therefore is, though we claim nothing better than fragile probabilities for its basis, that Shakespeare's *Richard II* was written before 1595; that it was the play referred to in the trial of Essex and his accomplices; and that for reasons of state the deposition-scene was withheld from the press till some time after the accession of James I, when all apprehensions on that score were done away.

The leading events, the manners, and all the persons of this drama, except the queen, its whole substance, movement, and interest, are purely historical, with only such heightening of effect, such vividness of coloring, and such vital invigoration as poetry can add without anywise

marring or displacing the truth of history; the Poet having entirely forborne that noble freedom of art in representative character, which elsewhere issued in such everlasting delectations as Faulconbridge and Falstaff. For the materials of *Richard II* Shakespeare need not have gone beyond the pages of Holinshed, and it is clear that he drew directly from this source. In the current of that writer's narrative, the quarrel of Bolingbroke and Mowbray strikes in so abruptly and unexpectedly, is so inexplicable in its origin and so teeming with great results, as to form naturally and of itself the beginning of the manifold national tragedy which ends only with the catastrophe of Richard III. The cause of that quarrel is hardly less obscure in the history than in the drama: it stands out almost as something uncaused, so that there was no need of going behind it; while at the same time it proves the germ of such a vast and varied procession of historical events and heroic passages, as to give it the highest importance. The following abstract of Holinshed's narrative will explain both the nature of the Poet's studies, and the use he made of them.

For some years the violence and weakness of Richard's government had been filling the state more and more with strifes and factions. Of late these contests had mostly resulted in the king's setting himself above the law, his ear being engrossed by upstarts and parasites, who still encouraged him in all sorts of outrages on the rights and liberties of the nation. At length his misgovernment grew to the point that all parties seemed likely to unite against him. In 1398, being the twenty-first year of his reign, the king held a Parliament at Shrewsbury, where sundry of the nobles showed their griefs to those by whom the king was misled, hoping that either they might thereby be induced to counsel him better, or else that he, knowing what evil report went of him, would mend his ways. But this likelihood of amendment was thwarted by a new quarrel that broke out between the dukes of Hereford and Norfolk, who had generally acted together in the preceding

troubles. The issue proved that their confidence in each other had been but the seed-time of a most deadly enmity. During the Parliament at Shrewsbury Hereford accused Norfolk of certain disloyal words uttered in a talk lately had by them as they were riding together between London and Brainford; and, in further proof thereof, he challenged him to the field as a traitor to the king and the realm. The king, having heard the challenge and the reply, had both parties arrested in his name; whereupon the dukes of Lancaster, York, and Surrey undertook as pledges for Hereford; but Norfolk was not suffered to put in pledges, but order was given to have him safely kept at Windsor castle till such time as should be fixed upon for the trial.

The Parliament being dissolved, about six weeks after, on the day appointed, the king came to Windsor with the nobles and prelates, to hear and determine the cause between the two dukes. The appellant and defendant being sent for to come before him, he required them to grow to some agreement, assuring them of his readiness to pardon all that had been said or done amiss on either side; but they answered that it was not possible to have any peace or agreement betwixt them. The king then asked Hereford what it was that he demanded of Norfolk, and why they could not make peace together and become friends. Thereupon a knight stood forth and answered thus in Hereford's name: "Right dear and sovereign lord, here is Henry of Lancaster, duke of Hereford and earl of Derby, who saith, and I say for him, that Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, is a traitor to your royal majesty and your whole realm: likewise, that he hath received eight thousand nobles to pay the soldiers that keep your town of Calais, which he hath not done: furthermore, that he hath been the cause of all the treason contrived in your realm for the space of these eighteen years, and by his false suggestions and malicious counsels hath caused your uncle, the duke of Gloucester, to be murdered: moreover, that he will prove this with his body against the body of

Norfolk within the lists." The king then waxing angry, and asking Hereford if these were his words, he replied,— "Right dear lord, they are my words, and hereof I require right, and the battle against him." Then stood forth another knight, and made answer for the defendant thus: "Right dear and sovereign lord, here is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, who saith, and I say for him, that all which Henry of Lancaster hath said is a lie, and that he both has been and is a traitor against you, your crown, majesty, and realm. This will I prove, as becometh a loyal knight, with my body against his." The king then asked Norfolk if these were his words, and whether he had any more to say; and he answered for himself: "Right dear sir, true it is, that I received so much gold to pay your people of Calais, which I have done; and I avouch that the town is as well kept now as it ever was before, and that no complaint of me has ever been brought to you by any of that town. For the voyage that I made to France about your marriage, I never received any money of you, nor for the voyage that the duke of Aumerle and I made to Almaine, where we spent great treasure. Marry, true it is, that I once laid an ambush to slay the duke of Lancaster, who sitteth there; but he hath pardoned me for that, and there was good peace made betwixt us, for which I yield him hearty thanks. This is my answer; and I am ready to defend myself against my adversary: I beseech you therefore to have the battle against him in upright judgment." Then the king, after taking the advice of his council, caused the parties to be asked again if they would agree and make peace together, but they both flatly refused, Hereford throwing down his gage, and Norfolk taking it up; whereupon the king swore by St. John the Baptist that he would never seek to make peace betwixt them again. The battle was ordered to take place at Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day, being the seventeenth of September, as some say, though writers differ much as to the time.

At the time appointed all the parties, in fine array and

numerously attended, were at Coventry, where a sumptuous scaffold and royal lists were erected for the trial. The day before they should fight, Hereford came to the king to take leave of him; and early the next morning Norfolk did likewise. Hereford then armed himself in his tent, which was set up near the lists; but Norfolk put on his armor in a house between the gate and the barrier of the town. About the hour of prime Hereford made his appearance, mounted on a white courser, his trappings of green and blue velvet, richly embroidered with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work. The constable and marshal demanding of him who he was, he answered, "I am Henry of Lancaster, duke of Hereford, and have come to do my endeavor against Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, as a traitor to God, the king, his realm, and me." Then, having sworn upon the Evangelists that his quarrel was just, he put up his sword, drew down his visor, made a cross on his horse, and with spear in hand entered the lists, dismounted, and sat down in a chair of green velvet, to wait the coming of his adversary. Soon after, the king entered the field in great triumph, accompanied by all the peers of the realm, and having above ten thousand armed men on the ground, lest some fray or tumult should arise among the nobles. When the king was seated, he had proclamation made, forbidding any one to approach or touch the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order the field. Then another herald cried,—"Behold here the duke of Hereford appellant, who has entered the lists to do his endeavor against the duke of Norfolk defendant, on pain to be found false and recreant." Meanwhile, Norfolk was hovering on horseback at the entrance of the lists, his caparisons being of crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees. Having made oath that his quarrel was just, he entered the lists manfully, saying aloud, "God aid him that hath the right:" then, dismounting, he sat down in his chair, which was of crimson velvet, curtained with white and red damask. The marshal, having viewed their spears to see that they were of

equal length, handed one to Hereford, and sent the other to Norfolk by a knight; and thereupon a herald commanded them in the king's behalf to mount, and address themselves to the battle. A trumpet being sounded, Hereford set forward bravely towards his enemy six or seven paces; but Norfolk had not fully started when the king threw down his warder to stop the combat. Their spears were then taken away from them, and they were remanded to their chairs, where they sat two hours, while the king and his counsel deliberated what order was best to be taken concerning them. The order finally hit upon was, that Hereford should within fifteen days go into exile, not to return upon pain of death till the end of ten years, unless he were repealed home by the king; and that Norfolk should likewise avoid the realm, and never return to England, nor approach the borders thereof on pain of death. This sentence being announced, the king called both parties before him, and made them swear they would never willingly meet nor keep company together in any foreign region; which oath they gave, and forthwith went into banishment.

These proceedings were soon followed by a further invasion of the rights and liberties of the people; the king growing more and more reckless in his misgovernment, and in giving effect to the counsels of his creatures and favorites. Meanwhile the duke of Lancaster having died, Richard forthwith seized into his own hands all his estates and revenues, which should have devolved to Hereford; and at the same time revoked the letters-patent before granted, whereby his attorneys might sue for the delivery of whatever possessions might fall to him, thus showing plainly that he meant no less than his utter undoing. Against this hard dealing all ranks of men cried out, and grew to a thorough hatred of the king. Hitherto the duke of York had borne things as patiently as he could, though some of them touched him very near, especially the death of his brother Gloucester, and the banishment of his nephew: but now, seeing that neither law nor equity could stand where

the king's will was bent on any wrong purpose, he considered that the glory of his country must needs decay through the king's lack of wisdom, and his want of such as would faithfully admonish him of his duty. Divers other tyrannical outrages followed in quick succession, such as the forcing of some to lend large sums of money, with no securities but what were revocable at the king's pleasure; the compelling of others to put their hands and seals to blanks, wherein the king's officers might write whatsoever they listed: finally, many old, infirm, and sickly persons were apprehended and put in prison, and might not be discharged, unless they would justify themselves in single combat with their accusers, who for the most part were lusty, young, and valiant.

While such was the state of things in England, the king was certified that a flaming rebellion had broken out in Ireland. Having drawn together with all convenient haste a great power of armed men and archers, in the spring of 1399 he set sail from Milford for that country with two hundred ships, leaving his uncle the duke of York to act as regent in his absence. The duke of Aumerle was to have followed him forthwith with another fleet of an hundred sail; but he did not arrive till about two months after: whether this delay were through his own fault or not, he was greatly suspected of some evil purpose in being so much behind his time. However, what with the valor and the policy of Richard and his men, the wild Irish were soon tamed and reduced to obedience. Meantime divers of the nobility and local magistrates in England, seeing how the realm drew to utter ruin, and was not likely to recover while Richard reigned, devised with great care to send letters to Hereford, promising him all their aid and power, if he would expel Richard, as a man unfit for the office he bore, and take upon himself the government of his native land; all which he was not slow in consenting to. As soon as York was apprised of these designs, he called a council to advise what were best to be done; and their advice was to gather an army at St. Alban's, to resist the

duke in his landing; but how vain was this their counsel appeared in that the most of those who came boldly protested that they would not fight against the duke, whom they knew to be evilly dealt withal. Thereupon the earl of Wiltshire, who was lord treasurer, Bushy, Bagot, and Green, perceiving that the commons would take part with Hereford, slipped away, leaving the regent and the chancellor to make what shift they could: Bagot fled to Chester, and thence into Ireland; the others to Bristol, hoping to be safe there. After hovering some time near the coast, and finding how the people were affected towards him, the duke landed about the first of July in Yorkshire, at a place called Ravenspurg, and with him not more than threescore persons; but he was so well received by the lords, knights, and gentlemen of those parts, that a great number of people were quickly assembled to further his cause. At Doncaster he met the earl of Northumberland and his son Henry Percy, to whom he swore that he would but claim the lands inherited from his father, and in right of his wife; promising, withal, that he would bring the king to good government, and remove from him the creatures who sustained him in his evil courses. Leaving Doncaster with a great army, he came with all speed by Evesham to Berkley; and within three days all the royal castles in those parts were surrendered to him. At Berkley he found the duke of York, who, all his plans of defense having failed, had gone thither to meet the king at his coming from Ireland. The next day he passed onward, still gathering power at every step, towards Bristol, where Wiltshire, Green, and Bushy prepared to make resistance; but in this they were soon defeated, taken prisoners, found guilty of treason, and forthwith beheaded.

All this while the king was detained in Ireland, the seas being so tempestuous and the winds so contrary that he could not even hear any news of what was doing in England; and when, after the lapse of six weeks, he understood how Hereford was carrying all before him, instead of setting forth at once, he still lingered till all his ships should be ready for

the passage; but sent over the earl of Salisbury to gather a power in Wales and Cheshire with all possible speed, that they might be ready against his arrival. The earl, landing at Conway, sent forth letters to the king's friends, to levy their people, and come quickly to assist the king; which they did most willingly, insomuch that within four days an army of forty thousand men were ready to march with the king, if himself had been there in person. But, he not appearing, a report began to prevail that he was dead; which so wrought with the Welchmen and others that Salisbury could barely induce them to wait fourteen days, to see if he would come; and at the end of that time, he not coming, they dispersed and went home. A few days after, the king, with the bishop of Carlisle, the dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, Exeter, and others, landed near Barkloughly castle in Wales; and, learning how matters stood in England, he hastened on towards Conway, where Salisbury had been waiting for him. At first he went forward with good courage; but when he heard how all the castles were already in Hereford's hands, how the nobles and commons on all sides were fully bent to side with the duke against him, and how his trusty friends had lost their heads at Bristol, he became very sorrowful, and, utterly despairing of his own safety, he called his army together, and gave every man leave to go home. The soldiers besought him to be of good cheer, swearing to stand by him unto death; but this did not encourage him at all; and the following night he stole from the army with Carlisle, Surrey, Exeter, Sir Stephen Scroop, and a few others and went to Conway castle, where he found Salisbury, who was resolved to hold himself there, till he should see better times.

When the duke of Lancaster heard of the king's return, he hastened into Wales, and sent Northumberland to the king with four hundred lances and a thousand archers. The earl, having placed his men in ambush, pushed on with a small company to Conway, and by fair promises drew forth the king with a few attendants, and, before he suspected any danger, they were at the place where the am-

bush was laid; so that Richard was now entirely in his power, and there was no way but for him to go with them to Flint castle, which was already at Lancaster's disposal. The duke, being constantly informed of the earl's doings, came thither the next day, and mustered his army in sight of the king, who viewed them from the walls of the castle. Here again the earl was employed to manage affairs with the king. Finally the duke himself came to the castle, all armed, but stayed at the first gate, and sent for the king to come to an interview with him there; whereupon he came forth, with a few attendants, into the lower court of the castle, and sat down in a place prepared for him. As soon as the duke saw him, he showed a reverent duty, bowing his knee, and coming forward, till the king took him by the hand, and lifted him up, saying,—"Dear cousin, ye are welcome;" and he, humbly thanking him, said,—"My sovereign lord and king, the cause of my coming is to have restitution of my person, lands, and heritage, through your favorite license." To which the king answered,—"Dear cousin, I am ready to accomplish your will, so that you may enjoy all that is yours." Then, having drunk wine together, they mounted on horseback, and set out for London; whither they came after riding several days, the king not being even allowed all this while to change his apparel.

Shortly after, the duke sent out writs in the king's name for a Parliament which met September 13, 1399, at Westminster; whereupon many heinous acts of injustice and misgovernment, drawn up and digested into thirty-three articles, were charged upon the king. Then a committee of nobles, prelates, knights, and lawyers, being sent to Richard, got his hand to an instrument acknowledging his unfitness for the kingly office, resigning the crown and all belonging to it, and releasing all his subjects from their allegiance. The signature being given, Lancaster was then brought in presence, and the king, in token of what he had done, took the signet ring from his finger and put it on the duke's, and requested the bishops standing by to

inform the Parliament of his voluntary resignation, and of the good will he bare towards his cousin of Lancaster, to have him for his successor to the throne. The instrument of resignation was afterwards accepted and ratified by both houses of Parliament; and finally a sentence was passed whereby Richard was solemnly deposed, and all men forbidden to pay him any kind of obedience. All which being done, the duke of Lancaster stood forth, and, after making the sign of the cross on his forehead and also on his breast, laid claim to the crown "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Afterwards a conspiracy against King Henry's life was devised mainly by the abbot of Westminster, he being moved thereto, as was reported, chiefly because he had heard the king say many years before, that princes had too little, and priests too much. The abbot, having felt the minds of divers lords, and found them apt for his purpose, among whom were Exeter, Surrey, Aumerle, Salisbury, and the bishop of Carlisle, had them to a feast at his house, where they arranged to hold a tournament at Oxford, to engage the king to be present, and then to slay him suddenly while he was busy with the pastime. An indenture to that effect was signed and sealed by them, whereby they stood bound to each other, and they swore upon the Evangelists to be true and secret even to the point of death. When all things were ready, Exeter went to the king, earnestly desiring him to grace the occasion with his presence; which he readily promised to do, as Exeter was his brother-in-law. Their purpose was to restore the crown to Richard, who was yet alive; but their plot was disclosed to King Henry through the folly or the treachery of Aumerle; and most of the conspirators soon lost their heads for their pains. The knowledge how great danger he had thus escaped doubtless rendered the king more anxious than ever to have Richard put out of the way. He was relieved from this anxiety soon after.

This dry skeleton will show that the Poet followed the chronicler very closely in the events of the drama. Holin-

shed had not the art, (as indeed what modern historian has?) nor did it fall within his purpose, to give a special lifelike portraiture of the persons: yet in respect of these Shakespeare is, to say the least, equally true to history as in the events; still informing the bald diagrams of humanity with vital spirit and efficacy, and thus enabling us not so much to hear or read *about* the men of a former age, as to see them passing before us. Hints to that purpose there are indeed in the narrative; but these for the most part are so slight, and withal so overlaid with other matter, that perhaps no eye but Shakespeare's could have detected them and drawn forth their secret meaning. So that, looking through his eyes, we can now see things in the chronicler that we could by no means have discerned with our own. Thus, by a sort of poetical comparative anatomy, from a few fragments, such as would have escaped any perception less apprehensive and quick than his, he could reconstruct the whole order and complexion of characteristic traits and lineaments. And, which is very remarkable, the laws of fact appear to sit as easy upon him as those of imagination: with the prescribed scope of an unchangeable past he has all the freedom of reason: within the hard stiff lines of historical truth his creative faculties are as unstraitened and uncramped, they move with as much grace, facility, and spirit, as when owning no restraints but such as are self-imposed. Than which perhaps nothing could more forcibly approve the strength and rectitude of his genius. But then, in fact, his freedom here is much the same as in the world of pure fiction, because in either case it is the truth that makes him free.

It is probably on some such ground as this that Coleridge, speaking of *Richard II*, says he "feels no hesitation in placing it as the first and most admirable of Shakespeare's historical plays." For in all the qualities of a work of art, as an exhibition of intense dramatic power working on predetermined materials, it is inferior to several others, and is nowise comparable to the two parts of *Henry IV*. So that it excels the others only in that the

Poet's creative powers are here strictly confined to the work of reproduction; whereas in the others, and especially in *Henry IV*, a part of their task lies in the producing of characters purely imaginary, though at the same time making them the vehicle of a larger moral history than would otherwise consist with the laws of dramatic reason and truth. And, indeed, it is in this sense that Coleridge himself assigns the first place to *Richard II*. And he rightly suggests that a drama is rendered historical, not merely by being made up of historical matter, but by the peculiar relation which that matter bears to the plot. For *Macbeth* has much of historical matter, yet is in no proper sense an historical drama, because the history neither forms nor directs, but only *subserves* the plot. Nor, on the other hand, does the having of much besides historical matter anywise hinder a drama from being properly historical: ideal events and characters do not at all change the nature of the work, provided they be made to serve the truth of history, instead of overruling it. Which brings us to the distinction between *Richard II* and *Henry IV*. Both are in the strictest sense historical plays, the difference between them being that in the former the history makes the plot, but in the latter rather guides and controls it: in the one, history furnishes the whole matter and order of the work; in the other, it furnishes a part, and at the same time molds and governs whatsoever is added by the creative imagination.

Of course Bolingbroke is the moving and controlling spirit of this play, the center and spring-head of the entire action. Every thing waits upon his firm-set, but noiseless potency of will, and is made alive with his most silent, all-pervading, inly-working efficacy of thought and purpose. For, though Richard be much the more prominent character, this is nowise as the mover of things, but only as the receiver of movements caused by another; the effects lighting upon him, while the worker of them is comparatively unseen and unheard. For the main peculiarity of Bolingbroke is that he looks solely to results, and, like a

true artist and a skillful, as he is, the better to secure these, he keeps his designs and processes most carefully hidden: a thorough-paced politician, his policy, however, is emphatically an art, and he is far too deep and subtle therein to make use of any artifice; his agency thus being so stealthy and invisible, his power flowing forth so secretly, that in whatsoever he does, the thing seems to have done itself to his hand, and himself to have had no part in bringing it to pass. How intense his enthusiasm, yet how perfect, and how imperturbable his coolness and composure! so that we might almost ask,—"Was ever breast contained so much, and made so little noise?" And then how pregnant and forcible, always, yet how calm and gentle, and at times how terrible his speech! how easily and unconcernedly the words drop from him, and, therewithal, how pat and home they are to the persons for whom and the circumstances wherein they are spoken! as if his eyes burned itself a passage right straight to the heart of whomsoever he looked upon, and at the same time gave out the light whereby to read whatsoever was written there. To all which add a flaming thirst of power, a most aspiring and mounting ambition, and the result explains much of his character and fortune as developed in the subsequent plays wherein he figures. For the Poet keeps him the same man throughout. So that in this play we have, done to the life, though somewhat in miniature, what is afterwards drawn out and unfolded at full length,—the quick, keen sagacity, the firm, steady, but easy self-control, molding his whole action, and making every thing about him bend and converge to a set purpose;—a character hard and cold indeed to the feelings, but written all over with success; which has no impulsive gushes or starts, but all is study, forecast, design, and calm suiting of means to preappointed ends, every cord and muscle being subdued to the quality of his aim, and pliant to the working of his thought. And this perfect self-command is in great part the true secret of his strange power over others, making them almost as docile and pliant to his purpose as are the

cords and muscles of his own body: so that, as the event proves, he grows great by their feeding, till he can compass food enough without their help, and, if they go to hinder him, can eat them up. The main points of his character are admirably put by Hazlitt, thus: "Patient for occasion, and then steadily availing himself of it; seeing his advantage afar off, but only seizing on it when he has it within his reach; humble, crafty, bold, and aspiring, encroaching by regular but slow degrees, building power on opinion, and cementing opinion by power."

With such an antagonist to ply him, it is no wonder that Richard's ricketty, unknit, jaunty nature soon goes to pieces. He is a man of large powers and good dispositions, but there is no concert, or composition, or reciprocity among them; for which cause he acts in each of them by turns, but never in all of them together: will, understanding, imagination, and conscience are all strong and vigorous in him, yet somehow they never grow to cohesion and unity, to be all in each and each in all; so that, though he often talks shrewdly and acts stoutly, yet he is never truly wise and strong in either. Hence, when he is stripped of power, and can no longer enact the tyrant, he forthwith turns philosopher, poet, and moralist, as if in revenge of his miscarriages as a prince, and to atone for his faults as a man. However, as soon as, in default of other resources, he betakes himself to these latter, whatever is excellent and amiable in his mind and character begins to come out, and henceforth he brings up wonderfully in our good opinion, insomuch that before the close we are fain to forget what he has done and been, and cannot choose but pity the misfortunes that have ennobled and endeared him; though we still have a strong undercurrent of suspicion that he is but flirting with the Muses and the Graces, to beguile the sense and memory of his follies and crimes; as men often fall to a special cherishing of virtuous thoughts and sentiments in order to delude themselves into a persuasion of their being the reverse of what their acts have proved them to be. At all events, his course yields

shrewd argument that a sentimentalist is but a profligate without means, as faction is said to be tyranny out of office. Nevertheless, his redundancy of thought and fancy, though sometimes running into puerility and platitude, sheds a sort of perfusive and unifying eloquence over the whole play.

Coleridge seems to have dwelt with peculiar intentness on the character of Richard, and his statement thereof is proportionably apt and rich. "It is clear," says he, "that Shakespeare never meant to represent Richard as a vulgar debauchee, but a man with a wantonness of spirit in external show, a feminine *friendism*, an intensity of woman-like love of those immediately about him, and a mistaking of the delight of being loved by him for a love of him. The amiable part of his character is brought full upon us by the queen's few words, 'so sweet a guest as my sweet Richard;' and Shakespeare has carefully shown in him an intense love of his country, well knowing how that feeling would, in a pure historic drama, redeem him in the hearts of his audience. Yet even in this love there is something feminine and personal. With this is combined a constant overflow of emotions from a total incapability of controlling them, and thence a waste of that energy, which should have been reserved for actions, in the passion and effort of mere resolves and menaces. The consequence is moral exhaustion, and rapid alternations of unmanly despair and ungrounded hope, every feeling being abandoned for its direct opposite upon the pressure of external accident. And yet when his inward weakness appears to seek refuge in despair, and his exhaustion counterfeits repose, the old habit of kingliness, the effect of flatterers from his infancy, is ever and anon producing in him a sort of wordy courage which only serves to betray more clearly his internal impotence."

COMMENTS

By Shakspearean Scholars

SHAKESPEARE'S KINGS

No! Shakespeare's Kings are not, nor are meant to be, great men: rather, little or quite ordinary humanity, thrust upon greatness, with those pathetic results, the natural self-pity of the weak heightened in them into irresistible appeal to others as the net result of their royal prerogative. One after another, they seem to lie composed in Shakespeare's embalming pages, with just that touch of nature about them, making the whole world akin, which has infused into their tombs at Westminster a rare poetic grace. It is that irony of Kingship, the sense that it is in its happiness child's play, in its sorrows, after all, but children's grief, which gives its finer accent to all the changeful feeling of these wonderful speeches:—the great meekness of the graceful, wild creature, tamed at last,—

"Give Richard leave to live till Richard die! . . ."

And as sometimes happens with children, he attains contentment finally in the merely passive recognition of superior strength, in the naturalness of the result of the great battle as a matter of course, and experiences something of the royal prerogative of poetry to obscure, or at least to attune and soften men's griefs.—Pater.

EXILE

The right assumed by sovereign power to trifle at its will with the happiness of others as a matter of course, or to remit its exercise as a matter of favor, is strikingly

shown in the sentence of banishment so unjustly pronounced on Bolingbroke and Mowbray, and in what Bolingbroke says when four years of his banishment are taken off, with as little reason.

> "How long a time lies in one little word!
> Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
> End in a word: such is the breath of kings."

A more affecting image of the loneliness of a state of exile can hardly be given than by what Bolingbroke afterwards observes of his having "sighed his English breath in foreign clouds"; or than that conveyed in Mowbray's complaint at being banished for life.

> "The language I have learned these forty years,
> My native English, now I must forego;
> And now my tongue's use is to me no more
> Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
> Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
> Or being open, put into his hands
> That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
> I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
> Too far in years to be a pupil now."—

How very beautiful is all this, and at the same time how very *English* too!—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

RICHARD II

His effeminate outward beauty, which wins for him the title of "sweet lovely rose," is matched by a puerile grace of fancy that tinges the facts of life with an unreal, pseudo-poetic glow. Instead of grappling with its stern necessities, he takes an æsthetic delight in the situations which it provides. His whole attitude is that of an onlooker, a dilettante whose will has never been braced to mold and fashion circumstances; he is, as Dowden has summed it up, "an amateur in living, not an artist." Thus, on an occasion which requires the resolute exercise of authority, he is satisfied with making a grandiloquent com-

parison, while he suffers his command to be defied, and is forced to fix a day for the ordeal of battle between the rival lords. But in the lists at Coventry he gives more signal proof of impulsive weakness. Before the combatants can close, he flings down his warder, stops the tourney, and banishes Bolingbroke for six years and Mowbray for life. This act, as Mowbray's son asserts at a later period in *Henry IV*, Part II, was the beginning of all the evils that befell him later:

> "O when the king did throw his warder down,
> His own life hung upon the staff he threw,
> Then threw he himself down."

For Richard, alarmed at the popular manifestations in Bolingbroke's favor, sends to perpetual exile the man whom he loves, and who would have proved faithful to him, while he inflicts a lighter and yet exasperating penalty upon the aspiring lord whom he secretly fears.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

THE QUEEN

The queen, even in the time of prosperity, was oppressed by a "nameless woe," and looked towards the future with a foreboding dread, *i.e.* with a conviction that Richard's unholy actions could lead only to misery; yet she has neither the energy nor the will to prevent that which was in her power. She is the partner of her husband's unkingly extravagance, and, at the death-bed of old Gaunt, listens tacitly to his fruitless warnings, to Richard's insulting speeches, and to his command to seize the revenues and property of the duchy of Lancaster, therefore, she justly shares her consort's fate. Misfortune, however, raises both above their fate, and shows us the sparks of light which slumbered in Richard's originally noble nature. For he is not merely a weakly, shallow, and dissolute voluptuary, he is intelligent, rich in imagination, of strong but too excitable feelings, and of acute judgment (as is proved by

his remarks upon young Bolingbroke, who had been banished); but his lively imagination blinds his judgment, the exuberance of his feelings overpowers his will. . . . He is devotedly fond of his wife, his friends and favorites, but his wife is like a weak and pliant reed, incapable of affording him support, and his friends are common, selfish flatterers, who only encourage him in his weaknesses and take advantage of his favor in the meanest and most selfish manner.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

JOHN OF GAUNT AND THE DUKE OF YORK

The Duke of York is a good sketch, but in his senile bluster of words, and his weak reversal of them when any action is required, and in his soft yielding to fate, he is only a faded representation of what Richard, without his touch of genius, might have been as an old man. Even in his furious demand for his son's death as a pledge of his loyalty to Bolingbroke—a scene which is quite unworthy of Shakespeare—he is another image of the excess into which weakness of will is so often betrayed. His haste, his fury, his exaggerated defiance of natural feeling—how could a father ask the King to slay his son?—are nothing more than weakness desperately trying to convince itself that it is strong, a condition of soul into which Richard falls again and again. His loyalty, which is his religion, is first broken down by the iniquity of the King, yet in principle is retained. Then circumstance steals his principle away, and he joins Bolingbroke. Then he recovers his principle by transferring his loyalty to Bolingbroke. In a word, he is a very old man, and his words and acts are carefully studied from weak old age. The sketch may well be contrasted with that of Gaunt, who is as old a man, but who has not lost his will, his power, or his courage. He stays but a short time, only in two scenes, but we see him as if he were alive before us; one of the old school of Edward III; chivalrous, honorable, fit for the works and the trials of war, as fit as Richard was

unfit for them; of deep experience in life, yet tender; rigid in justice even to blaming the King; honoring his own caste, yet loving the people; knowing his duties to them and pressing those duties on the King; loving his son, yet loving England more. Old and with trembling angers of age, as well as its sorrows; old and dying, but never truer, more valiant, more patriotic, and more sorrowful than in death. As we stand by his deathbed, we see the trouble of the land and presage the doom of Richard.—Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.*

The characters of old John of Gaunt and of his brother York, uncles to the King, the one stern and foreboding, the other honest, good-natured, doing all for the best, and therefore doing nothing, are well kept up. The speech of the former, in praise of England, is one of the most eloquent that ever was penned.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

THE DEATH OF JOHN OF GAUNT

The death scene of John of Gaunt is a dramatic invention, but Shakspeare has made an admirable historical use of it, by putting into the mouth of Lancaster, not only a dying man's prophecy of the ruin that is to follow Richard's riotous misrule, but also one of those magnificent poetic eulogies on England, by which the poet has fostered the national feeling of his countrymen. The misgovernment in Richard's reign grieves the spirit of the dying Lancaster; because remembering the splendor and the strength of his father's reign, he thinks of that small island England, as—

> "This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi-paradise,
> This fortress built by Nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war,
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,

> Which serves it in the office of a wall
> Or as a moat defensive to a house
> Against the envy of less happier lands,
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

The remonstrance and the warnings of his dying uncle are of no avail to stop the headlong course of the king; they serve but to exasperate his royal pride.—Reed, *Lectures on English History as illustrated by Shakspeare.*

BOLINGBROKE

Of a totally reverse character to Richard's was that of Bolingbroke: cold, crafty, determined, persevering, designing, and treacherous; politically plausible, and insolently unjust; an oppressor with a heart of ice,—and there is no tyrant like that;—a demagogue, a traitor, and a violator of his oath. He swore by the tomb of his grandfather, Edward III (an impressive and solemn oath in that age), that he had no design upon the crown; yet, as it were, in the same breath, he assumed the prerogative of royalty, condemning to death the favorites of Richard; and in a few weeks after he deposed and imprisoned his relation and sovereign.—Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

The character of Bolingbroke is less elaborately wrought out, emphasizing by its very severity of outline and color the unsubstantial pageantry of Richard's mind. Every trait tends to heighten the contrast between the two,—a contrast hardly surpassed for subtlety and suggestiveness in the whole range of the Histories. Bolingbroke's astute compliance with the laws is pointedly opposed to Richard's reckless and insane defiance of law. He pursues his ends by constitutional forms, knows how to bide his time, uses violence only to vindicate justice, and controls while appearing to obey. The historical Bolingbroke was not averse from ruder methods. Shakespeare tells us nothing of the plot laid by him in June, 1397, in concert with Mowbray and Gloucester, to seize and imprison Richard, and his

uncles York and Lancaster, and to put the rest of the council to death. His first step towards bringing Gloucester's murder home to the king is the cautious "indirection" of accusing his accomplice Mowbray. His return from banishment has an excuse as well as a pretext in Richard's flagrant confiscation of his inheritance. Once landed, he finds himself at the head of a national uprising which bears him by its own momentum to the throne; and he is already a king in power before he has put off the obeisances of the subject.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

INTERPRETATION OF THE PLAY

The best commentator on the character of Richard would be a great actor; and the same remark applies to other characters in this play. It is scarcely possible, in reading the play to oneself, to appreciate the exact feeling which dictates words that in literal acceptation are at variance with the feeling of the speaker. Henry speaks words of truth and repentance when he purposes to wash off his guilt in the Holy Land, and yet his speech is dictated by politic hypocrisy; precisely as at the commencement of the ensuing play he smoothly opens the council with happy words on the end of civil conflict, while he all the while has letters in his pocket and the messenger waiting his summons, to announce the contumacy of the Percies. The reader, or the spectator, must form his own judgment how far a character is to be understood as willfully deceiving others, or unconsciously deceiving himself; and the poet appears to desire to reduce the positive indications of insincerity to the lowest degree, and leave as much as possible to the sagacity of his audience, recognizing motive in the flow and rhythm of lines which in purport are at entire variance with these motives. Thus the hollow loyalty of the challenger, Bolingbroke, in the first act, is expressed, but not in words; by what he does not say it appears, rather than by what he does; or by what he says as betraying by tone and occasion, that it must be interpreted by

reverse. I am inclined to think that this refinement is sometimes overwrought, even for the spectator, now the actors are gone who enjoyed the author's own instructions, or could dispense with them; but of course we cannot impeach Shakespeare, who wrote for the stage, for not considering a reader. The interpretation of many scenes can only be correctly obtained by the same study that an actor must give of his entire part, and that only an accomplished actor is capable of giving. His rendering and intonation of one scene is governed by those which he knows must follow, but that the reader for the first time is of course ignorant of, and gaining no aid from previous scenes, is unprepared for when they arrive. So refined is the finesse that I believe that, in some instances, the clue to the spirit of the speaker is only obtainable from the impression of the flow and rhythm of his words in actual recitation.

Simply on this account the purport of much of the first act of Richard II is obscure to the reader, and the difficulty is enhanced by the assumption of his familiarity with circumstances that perished for him with the earlier play; and if Richard II is ever to be successfully revived on the stage, I think that a chorus-prologue should recite these —but who shall write it?—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE GAGE

The glove then thrown down was popularly called "a gage" from the French, signifying a pledge, and in *Richard II*, Act IV, Sc. 1, it is so termed by Aumerle:—

> "There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
> That marks thee out for hell."

In the same play it is also called "honor's pawn." Thus Bolingbroke, Act I, Sc. 1, says to Mowbray:—

> "Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
> Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
> And lay aside my high blood's royalty,

> Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
> If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
> As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop."

And further on, Act IV, Sc. 1, one of the lords employs the same phrase:—

> "There is my honor's pawn;
> Engage to the trial, if thou darest."

It is difficult to discover why the glove was recognized as the sign of defiance. Brand suggests that the custom of dropping or sending the glove, "as the signal of a challenge, may have been derived from the circumstance of its being the cover of the hand, and therefore put for the hand itself. The giving of the hand is well known to intimate that the person who does so will not deceive, but stand to his agreement. To shake hands upon it would not be very delicate in an agreement to fight, and, therefore, gloves may possibly have been deputed as substitutes."—Dyer, *Folklore of Shakespeare.*

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD *the Second*
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster,* } *uncles to the King*
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York,* }
HENRY, *surnamed* BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards* KING HENRY IV
DUKE OF AUMERLE, *son to the Duke of York*
THOMAS MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk*
DUKE OF SURREY
EARL OF SALISBURY
LORD BERKLEY
BUSHY, } *servants to King Richard*
BAGOT, }
GREEN, }
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his son*
LORD ROSS
LORD WILLOUGHBY
LORD FITZWATER
Bishop of Carlisle
Abbot of Westminster
Lord Marshal
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP
SIR PIERCE *of Exton*
Captain of a band of Welshmen

QUEEN *to King Richard*
DUCHESS OF YORK
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER
Lady attending on the Queen

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants

SCENE: *England and Wales*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Thomas Mowbray, the Duke of Norfolk, is accused before Richard II by Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, of using for dishonorable purposes money which should have been used for the king's soldiers, and also of high treason. The two nobles are given permission to settle their dispute by arms, but just at the moment when the charge is sounded for them to begin, the king decrees that both shall be exiled, Bolingbroke for six years and Mowbray for life. The king is glad to thus be free of Bolingbroke's presence, for he has feared his popularity with the masses. John of Gaunt, father of Bolingbroke, is taken seriously ill shortly after his son's banishment and sends for Richard.

ACT II

On his death-bed, John of Gaunt accuses the king of being careless of the welfare of his country and people. After Gaunt's death, the angry king seizes his estates. Bolingbroke uses this wrong as an excuse for invading England while the king is absent on a campaign in Ireland. Many of the nobles join him, and to them he says that he has come for his inheritance only.

ACT II

Richard hears of the rebellion and returns from Ireland, but as he is not strong enough to subdue Bolingbroke, he is forced to treat with him at Flint Castle in Wales. Bol-

ingbroke sends word to the king that he is ready to lay his arms and power at the king's feet if the latter will repeal his sentence of banishment and restore his lands. Richard consents to this and the two journey to London together.

ACT IV

But once in London, Bolingbroke confronts Richard with formal charges, forces him to abdicate, and orders him to be imprisoned in the Tower. He himself ascends the throne as Henry IV.

ACT V

Bolingbroke changes his mind and Richard is taken to Pomfret instead of to the Tower. Henry IV pardons the Duke of York's son for his part in a conspiracy against his life. Richard is slain in his prison with the new king's consent, who, to ease his conscience, plans a voyage to the Holy Land.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING RICHARD II.

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD II

ACT FIRST

Scene I

London. King Richard's palace.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honor'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

1. *"Old John of Gaunt";* Gaunt was only fifty-eight years old at the time when the play opens, but Shakespeare refers to him throughout as an old man.—I. G.

2. *"Band"* and *bond* were anciently used in the same sense, both of them being from the verb to *bind.*—Of course Lancaster had on a former occasion pledged himself, had given his *oath and bond,* that his son should appear for combat at the time and place appointed. This was in accordance with ancient custom.—H. N. H.

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Mow. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,

20. *"Bolingbroke";* Henry Plantagenet, eldest son of John of Gaunt, was surnamed Bolingbroke from having been born at the town of that name in Lincolnshire.—H. N. H.

"Many years of happy days befal"; Pope suggested *"May, many";* Tate, *"Now many";* Collier, *"Full many";* others suggest that *"years"* is to be read as a dissyllable. No change is necessary; the emphatic monosyllabic foot at the beginning of the speech is not very remarkable, and may easily be paralleled.—I. G.

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:

26. That is, by the cause you come *on*. Shakespeare often omits the preposition in such cases.—H. N. H.

46. "*My right drawn sword*," that is, my *sword drawn* in a *right* or just cause.—H. N. H.

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;

57. All the quartos have *"doubled."* The first folio has *doubly.*—H. N. H.

65. *"inhabitable";* Theobald suggested *"unhabitable."*—I. G.

Mr. Collier quotes a like instance of the word from Heywood's *General History of Women,* 1624: "Where all the country was scorched by the heat of the sun, and the place almost *inhabitable* for the multitude of serpents." A case still more in point occurs in Holland's *Plutarch:* "Haply by the divine providence so ordering all, that some parts of the world should be *habitable,* others *inhabitable,* according to excessive cold, extreme heat, and a mean temperature of both."—H. N. H.

70. So in the first quarto. All the other old editions have *a* king. But the speaker plainly refers to his present sovereign; so that *the* is manifestly right.—H. N. H.

And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honor's pawn, then stoop:
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse deuise.

Mow. I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I 'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,

74. *Pawn,—pledge.*—C. H. H.

77. *"What I have spoke, or thou canst worse deuise";* this is the reading of Q. 1; Q. 2, *"spoke, or thou canst deuise";* Qq. 3, 4, *"spoke, or what thou canst deuise";* Ff. and Q. 5, *"spoken, or thou canst deuise";* Hanmer conjectured, *"spoke, as what thou hast devised."*—I. G.

87. *"Speak,"* so in the first quarto. The others have *said.* As Bolingbroke apparently refers to what he is going to say, the present tense, *speak,* seems more proper.—H. N. H.

The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,

90. *"Lewd"* was anciently used in the sense of *knavish, wicked.*—H. N. H.

95. *"for these eighteen years";* since the insurrection of Wat Tyler, in 1381.—I. G.

100. This was Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III, and of course uncle to Richard II. Fierce, turbulent and distinguished for cruelty in an age of cruel men, he was arrested for treason in 1397, and his own nephews and brothers concurred in the judgment against him. Upon his arrest he was given into the keeping of Norfolk, who pretended to conduct him to the Tower; but when they reached the Thames, he put him on board a ship, took him to Calais, of which Norfolk was governor, and confined him in the castle. Being ordered to bring his prisoner before Parliament for trial, Norfolk answered that he could not produce the duke, for that, being in the king's prison at Calais, he had there died. Holinshed says "the king sent unto Thomas Mowbraie, to make the duke secretlie awaie." And he further relates, that when Norfolk deferred to execute this order, "the king conceived no small displeasure, and sware that it should cost him his life, if he quickly obeied not his commandment. Being thus in a maner inforced, he called out the duke at midnight, as if he should have taken ship to passe over into England, and caused his servants to cast feather beds upon him, and so smother him to death, or otherwise to strangle him with towels, (as some write.)"—H. N. H.

And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mow. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now, by my scepter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbor nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.

106. This "cries to *me* for justice" finely expresses the sly but stern audacity of Bolingbroke. It is a hint of terror to the King, and works all the more for being so cunningly done that he cannot or dare not resent it as such.—H. N. H.

113. *"Slander of his blood,"* reproach to his ancestry.

116. *"My kingdom's heir,"* so in all the quartos; in the folio, *"our* kingdom's heir."—H. N. H.

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.

131. The earls of Nottingham and Rutland, with several other noblemen and a large retinue of knights and esquires, were sent over to France in 1395, to negotiate a marriage between their sovereign and Isabella, the daughter of the French king, then in her eighth year. The following year, 1396, "the ambassadors," says Holinshed, "went thither againe, and so after that the two kings by sending to and fro were growne to certaine points and covenants of agreement, the earl marshal," (Nottingham,) "by letters of procuration, married the ladie Isabell in name of King Richard, so that from thencefoorth she was called queene of England. Amongst other covenants and articles of this marriage there was a truce accorded, to indure betwixt the two realms of England and France for the tearme of thirtie years." Richard's first wife, daughter of Charles IV, emperor of Germany, and known in history as "the good queen Anne," died at Shene in 1394, "to the great greefe of hir husband, who loved hir intirelie." Nottingham and Rutland were made Dukes of Norfolk and Albemarle or *Aumerle,* about the time of Christmas, 1397.—H. N. H.

132. *"For Gloucester's death,"* etc. In Holinshed, Mowbray ignores this charge. A previous page of his Chronicle (iii. 489) relates that Mowbray had unwillingly, and only under threats, carried out Richard's own order for his death. He had thus "neglected his sworn duty" to his sovereign. According to Mowbray's own account to Bagot, as told by him after Richard's death (*Hol.* iii. 511), he had saved Gloucester's life "for three weeks and more," in defiance of Richard's order and at peril of his life: the murder being finally carried out by persons expressly despatched by Richard "to see it done."—C. H. H.

134. This reads as if Norfolk considered it his *sworn duty* to slay Gloucester, or at least, to obey the King's order to that effect. But perhaps the *"sworn duty"* which he charges himself with neglecting,

For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honorable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last received the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;
Let 's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:

was to shield him from the violence of others. We have seen that he was reported to have caused the Duke to be smothered; but he always denied having any hand in his death.—H. N. H.

142. In the old language of trial by combat, to *appeal* was constantly used in the sense of *to charge* or accuse.

152. All the quartos have gentle*man*, in the singular, which Mr. Collier still retains, on the ground that the king's speech is addressed to Norfolk alone. The first folio has gentle*men;* which is clearly right, since, as Mr. Dyce remarks, the words, "Conclude, and be agreed," prove that the speech is addressed to both the lords alike.—H. N. H.

155. In Shakespeare's time the endings *ian* and *ion* were often used as two syllables. *The Faerie Queene* is full of cases in point.—H. N. H.

Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We 'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age;
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, thrown down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonor's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here;

157. In the old almanacs the best times for blood-letting were set down. The earliest English *almanac* known was for 1386, and has those times carefully noted.—H. N. H.

163. *"When"* was sometimes used as an exclamation of impatience. We have it again in *The Taming of the Shrew,* Act iv. sc. 1: "Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, *when?*"—In all the old copies, the words "obedience bids," follow *when* in the same line, and are repeated in the next line. Which is evidently a mistake, *when* and *again* being meant to mark the two lines as a couplet.—H. N. H.

164. *"There is no boot,"* or it *booteth* not, is as much as to say there is no *help,* resistance would be vain, or *profitless.*—H. N. H.

168. *"Despite of death that lives,"* i. e. that lives, despite of death, etc.—C. H. H.

170. *"Baffled"* in this place signifies abused, reviled, reproached in base terms; which was the ancient signification of the word, as well as to deceive or circumvent.

Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try;
In that I live and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such deep sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height

175. There is an allusion here to the crest of Norfolk, which was a *golden leopard.*

187. So in all the quartos; the folio has *Heaven* for *God* and *foul* for *deep.* In the second line below, the first quarto and folio have *beggar-fear,* the other quartos *beggar-face.*—H. N. H.

189. *"beggar-fear";* so Qq. 1, 5, and Ff. 1, 2; Qq. 2, 3, 4, *"beggar-face";* Ff. 3, 4, *"beggar'd fear";* Hanmer proposed *"haggard fear";* others have suggested, *"bug-bear fear"; "bugbear-face"; "stagger'd fear."*—I. G.

"impeach my height," detract from my high dignity.—C. H. H.

Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honor with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbor, even in Mowbray's face. [*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we can not atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms.

[*Exeunt.*

199. *"Saint Lambert's day";* thus Qq. 1, 5, and Ff.; Qq. 2, 3, 4, *"St. Lambards Day."* This was September 17th.—I. G.

202. *"Atone,"* that is, cannot *reconcile* you, *at-one* you, or make you friends. This sense of the word survives in *atonement*. *Design*, in the next line, bears the classical sense of to *mark* or *point out*. The propriety of the word lies in that *designator* was "a *marshal*, or master of a play or prize, who appointed everyone his place, and adjudged the victory."—H. N. H.

204. *"Lord marshal";* Norfolk was himself Earl Marshal of England; this was therefore a deputy appointed for the occasion: Holinshed tells us that he was Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Capell suggested *"Marshal"* for *"Lord Marshal"* in order to normalize the scansion of the line: otherwise *"marshal"* must be taken as equivalent to a monosyllable, or a monosyllable with an unessential extra syllable before a pause.—I. G.

Scene II.

The Duke of Lancaster's palace.

Enter John of Gaunt with the Duchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,

1. *"Woodstock's blood"*; thus Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4; Ff. 1, 2, 3, read *"Glousters"*; F. 4 and Q. 5, *"Glosters."* The Duke of Gloucester was also called Thomas of Woodstock.—I. G.

7. *"They see,"* so in all the old copies; but generally changed to *he sees* in modern editions. Of course *who* and *they* refer to *heaven*, which is here used as a collective noun.—*Hours* in this line is a dissyllable.—H. N. H.

One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee
Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,

28. Shakespeare uses *model* with great license. Of course it here means not the *model*, as we use the word, but that which is *modelled*, that is, the image.—H. N. H.

37. *"God's,"* so in the quartos; in the folio *God's* was in both cases changed to *Heaven's;* doubtless on account of the statute against the irreverent use of the Sacred Name. The same change was made in the first line of Gaunt's next speech, and in other places of this play.—H. N. H.

Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.
Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defense.
Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more: grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

42. *"To complain"* is here used as a verb active. It is a literal translation of the old French phrase, *we complaindie.*—H. N. H.
47. *"sit"*; so the Ff. and Q. 5; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, *"set."*—I. G.

Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones? 69
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

66. *"Plashy";* the seat of Thomas of Woodstock, as Lord High Constable, near Dunmow, in Essex.—I. G.

68. In the ancient English castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenterhooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. The *offices* were the rooms designed for keeping the various stores of provisions. They were always situate within the house, on the ground floor, and nearly adjoining each other. When dinner had been set on the board by the sewers, the proper officers attended in each of these offices. Sometimes, on occasions of great festivity, these offices were all thrown open to all comers to eat and drink at their pleasure. The duchess therefore laments that, in consequence of the murder of her husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end; the walls are unfurnished, the lodging rooms empty, and the *offices* unpeopled.—H. N. H.

70. *"hear there";* so Q. 2; Q. 1 reads *"cheere there."*—I. G.

In all modern editions until Mr. Collier's this is printed *cheer,* following Malone, who says that the quarto of 1597 has *hear,* and all the other copies *cheer.* The truth is, they all have *hear,* thus leaving no authority for *cheer* but one of Malone's mistakes.—H. N. H.

Scene III

The lists at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and oth-

1. *"Aumerle."* The official actors in this scene are thus spoken of by Holinshed: "The duke of Aumarle that daie, being high constable of England, and the duke of Surrie marshall, placed themselves betwixt them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered the listes with a great companie of men apparelled in silk sendall, imbrodered with silver, both richlie and curiouslie, everie man having a tipped staffe to keep the field in order."—Aumerle was the oldest son of the duke of York, and was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. Norfolk was by inheritance earl marshal of England; but, being one of the parties in the combat, of course he could not serve in that office. Surrey, who acted as marshal in his stead, was half-brother to the king, being the son of Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland. While serving in that office he is addressed as *Marshal,* or *Lord Marshal;* and in the old copies the prefix to his speeches is *Mar.:* for which cause the Poet has generally been thought to have made a slight mistake in representing the lord marshal on this occasion as another person than the duke of Surrey.—H. N. H.

6. *"Bushy, Bagot, Green."* Sir John Bushy, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1394; Sir Henry Green, son of a judge of the Court

ers. When they are set, enter Mowbray in arms, defendant, with a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valor!
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in armor, with a Herald.

of Queen's Bench; Sir William Bagot, sometime Sheriff of Leicestershire.—C. H. H.

20. *"and my succeeding issue"*; so. Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4; the Ff. and Q. 5, *"and his succeeding issue."*—I. G.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what 's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valor,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:

35. The Duke of Hereford, being the appellant, entered the lists first, according to the historians.—H. N. H.

43. *"daring-hardy"*; Theobald's emendation of the Qq. and Ff., Q. 1, *"daring, hardy"*; Qq. 2, 3, 4, *"daring, hardie"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"daring hardie"*; Q. 5 and Ff. 3, 4, *"daring hardy."*

For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear:
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

57. *"My blood"*; my kinsman.—C. H. H.

58. *"thee dead"*; Qq. 1, 2, *"the dead."*—I. G.

64. *"cousin."* Aumerle, as son of the Duke of York (with John of Gaunt the only surviving son of Edward III), was cousin to both Richard and Bolingbroke.—C. H. H.

67, 68. *"at English feasts," . . . "The daintiest last"*; referring to the English custom of having sweets as the last course at a dinner.—I. G.

Doth with a twofold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armor with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Even in the lusty havior of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live!

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!

Mow. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:

75. *"Waxen"* and *waxy* were sometimes used in the sense of *soft, pliable, yielding.*—H. N. H.

84. *"innocency";* the Qq. and Ff. *"innocence,"* changed by Capell to *"innocency."*—I. G.

As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valor couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself.
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending but the signal to begin.

95. To *"jest,"* in old language, sometimes signified *to play a part in a masque.* Thus in the old play of Hieronymo:

> "He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,
> To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest."*

And accordingly a masque is performed.

101. *"The right";* so in the first quarto: in the other old copies *thy* right.—H. N. H.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [*A charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.
[*A long flourish.*
Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbors' sword;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride

118. Thus in Holinshed: "The duke of Norfolke was not fullie set forward, when the king cast down his warder and the heralds cried, Ho, ho." Likewise Daniel, relating the same thing in his *Civil Wars:*

"When, lo! the King chang'd suddenly his mind,
Casts down his warder, to arrest them there."

The *warder* was a kind of truncheon or staff used in presiding at such trials, and the combat was to *go on* or *stop,* according as the president threw this *up* or *down.*—H. N. H.

122. *"While we return,"* until we inform.—C. H. H.

"A long flourish." This represents, somewhat awkwardly, the historical interval of two hours during which the council deliberated. —C. H. H.

127. *"For";* because.—C. H. H.

128. *"Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' sword";* Q. 1, *"cruell"* for *"civil";* Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, *"sword";* the Ff. and Q. 5, *"swords";* Theobald conjectured *"neighbour"* for *"neighbours'."*—I. G.

129. This and the four noble lines following are not in the folio.—H. N. H.

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly slow hours shall not determinate

131. *"Set on you,"* set you on.—C. H. H.
136. *"wrathful iron arms";* Q. 1 reads *"harsh resounding arms."*
138. *"kindred's";* Qq. 1, 2, read *"kinreds."*
140. *"upon pain of life";* the reading of Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4; the Ff. and Q. 5, *"upon pain of death."*—I. G.
150. *"Sly slow hours,"* so in all the old copies. Pope very un-

The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of 'never to return'
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have enjailed my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my jailer to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,

warrantably changed *sly slow* to *fly slow*, yet in his *Essay on Man* he has the line, "All sly slow things with circumspective eye." Did he make the change in order to hide his unoriginality? Even this is a better excuse than those can allege, who have admitted his change.—H. N. H.

156. As Shakespeare has before used *model* for the thing modelled, that is, the *copy*, so here he uses *"merit"* for the thing *merited*, that is, the *reward*. This interchange of the subjective and the objective is quite frequent with him, as in his use of *fears* for the things or persons *feared*.—H. N. H.

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands,
Swear by the duty that you owe to God— 180
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and God!
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear. 191

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—

174. *"Compassionate"* is here used in the sense of *complaining.* No other instance of the word in this sense has been found.—H. N. H.

179. *"Lay on our sword . . . swear."* To swear by a sword was equivalent to swearing by the cross.—C. H. H.

181. *"Our part therein we banish."* Richard releases them from their duty to him as subjects.—C. H. H.

193. *"so far";* the Qq. and F. 1, *"so fare";* Ff. 2, 3, and Q. 5, *"so farre";* F. 4, *"so far."*—I. G.

That is, "So far *I speak to you,* as to mine enemy," an elliptical way of speaking by no means uncommon. Ritson well observes that "Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend.*"—H. N. H.

By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
Mow. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.
[*Exit.*
K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away. [*To Boling.*] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,

210–212. In Holinshed this reduction of Bolingbroke's sentence takes place subsequently on his taking leave of the king at Eltham.—C. H. H.

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,

230. "*His*" (*i. e.* Time's), no wrinkle wrought by Time in his course. —C. H. H.

234. That is, thy tongue was party to the verdict given.—H. N. H.

239. This and the three following lines are wanting in the folio.—H. N. H.

241. "*A partial slander,*" that is, the reproach of partiality.—H. N. H.

I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King Richard and train.*
Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

268. This speech and the next, down to "and sets it light," are unaccountably left out of the folio.—H. N. H.

Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honor
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:

275. *"The eye of heaven"* seems to have been a favorite figure with poets for *the sun.* Thus in the Faerie Queene:

> "From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
> And layd her stole aside: Her angels face,
> As *the great eye of heaven,* shyned bright,
> And made a sunshine in the shady place;
> Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace."
> —H. N. H.

276. *"wise man";* written as one word in the first two Quartos, and evidently pronounced with the accent on the first syllable.—I. G.

279. Shakespeare probably remembered Euphues' exhortation to Botonio to take his exile patiently: "Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian; but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accompt him banished, that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and same moone shined: whereby he noted that *every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.*"—H. N. H.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I 'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

289. That is, *strewed* with rushes; the strewings with which the king's *presence-chamber* was then usually carpeted.—H. N. H.

307. The departure of the two Dukes is thus recorded by Holinshed: "The Duke of Norfolke departed sorrowfullie out of the realme into Almaine, and at the last came to Venice, where he for thought and melancholie deceased. The duke of Hereford tooke his

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The court.

Enter the King, with Bagot and Green at one door; and the Duke of Aumerle at another.

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

jornie over into Calis, and from thence went into France, where he remained. A woonder it was to see what number of people ran after him in everie towne and street where he came, before he tooke the sea, lamenting and bewailing his departure, as who would saie, that when he departed the onelie shield, defense and comfort of the commonwealth was vaded and gone."—H. N. H.

1. The king here addresses Green and Bagot, who, we may suppose, have been talking to him of Bolingbroke's "courtship to the common people," at the time of his departure. Yes, says Richard, we did observe it.—H. N. H.

6. "*None for me,*" that is, none on my part. *For* is commonly changed to *by* without any authority till the second folio.—H. N. H.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. 'Farewell:'
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
Observed his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well

23. *"Bagot here and Green";* omitted in Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4; inserted in the Ff. and Q. 5.—I. G.

24. *"his courtship to the common people."* Holinshed speaks of the universal grief at Bolingbroke's departure, and of the multitudes who "ran after him in every town and street where he came," but does not suggest that Bolingbroke "courted them."—C. H. H.

And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;'
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss. 41

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforced to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold 50
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

33. *Curtseying,* the act of reverence now confined to women, was anciently practiced by men.

51. So in Holinshed: "The common brute [rumor] ran, that the king had set to farme the realme of England unto Sir William Scroope earle of Wiltshire, and then treasurer of England, to Sir John Bushie, Sir William Bagot, and Sir Henrie Greene, knights." And again: "Manie blanke charters were devised, and brought into the citie, which manie of the substantiall and wealthie citizens were faine to seale, to their great charge, as in the end appeared.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately! 60
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!

All. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

And the like charters were sent abroad into all shires within the realme, whereby great grudge and murmuring arose among the people: for when they were so sealed, the king's officers wrote in the same what liked them, as well for charging the parties with paiment of monie, as otherwise."—H. N. H.

58. *"Ely House";* the Bishop of Ely's palace in Holborn. "Ely-Place" marks its site.—I. G.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Ely House.

Enter John of Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York, &c.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;

1. Gaunt's death took place Feb. 3, 1399.—C. H. H.

3. *Edmund, Duke of York,* was the fifth son of Edward III, and was born in 1441 at Langley near St. Albans; from whence he had his surname. He is described as being "of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business; easily prevailed upon to lie still and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion."—H. N. H.

10. *"To glose,"* to insinuate, to lie, to flatter.—H. N. H.

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,
Lascivious meters, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—
So it be new, there 's no respect how vile—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard.
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired

18. *"of whose taste the wise are fond"*; Q. 1 reads *"of whose taste the wise are found"*; Q. 2, *"of whose state the wise are found"*; Qq. 3, 4, 5 and Ff. read *"of his state: then there are found"*; F. 1, *"sound"*; the reading in the text was first suggested by Collier.—I. G.

21. The Poet has charged the times of Richard II with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in his own time, and much lamented by the wisest of our ancestors.—H. N. H.

28. In the Poet's time *"wit"* was continually used for *understanding*.—H. N. H.

And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry

40–55. *"This royal throne . . . Jewry";* with the exception of line 50, this passage is quoted more or less correctly in *England's Parnassus* (1600), but is attributed by mistake to Michael Drayton.—I. G.

41. *"Earth"*—domain, native abode.—C. H. H.

52. *"Fear'd by their breed,"* that is, by *reason* of their breed. The folio reads thus: "Fear'd by their breed, and famous *for* their birth."—H. N. H.

Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard and Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is 't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

60. *"Pelting";* Shakespeare has this word several times in the sense of *paltry.* This use of the word was not uncommon. Thus in Bishop Hall's *Contemplations:* "But for thee (Judas) to tender a trade of so invaluable a commodity to these *pelting petty* chapmen, for thirty poor silverlings, it was no less base than wicked."—H. N. H.

73–93. These famous lines suggest comparison with the word play of Ajax upon his name in Sophocles' drama.—I. G.

And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,

84. In answer to the king's question Coleridge comments thus: "Yes, on a death bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and therefore as appropriately to the Drama, as by gesticulations, looks, or tones. This belongs to human nature as such, independently of associations and habits from any particular rank of life or mode of employment."—H. N. H.

86. *"Kill my name in me," i. e.* by banishing his heir.—C. H. H.

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But, for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And thou—

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,

102. *"incaged"*; the reading of Ff. 1, 2; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4 read *"inraged"*; Q. 5 reads *"encaged"*; Ff. 3, 4 read *"ingaged."*—I. G.

107. *"Possessed"* is here used in two senses; the first meaning possessed *of the crown*, the other possessed *with an evil spirit*, that is, *mad*.—H. N. H.

113. *"thou now, not king"*; Theobald's emendation of the Qq. and Ff.; Qq. 1, 2, 3 read *"thou now not, not king"*; Q. 4 reads *"thou now not, nor king"*; the Ff. and Q. 5 read *"thou and not king."*—I. G.

115. *"and thou—"* King Richard. *"A lunatic,"* etc. Q. 1, *"And thou"* King. *"A lunatike"*; Q. 2, *"And thou."* King. *"A lunatick"*; Qq. 3, 4 read *"And thou."* King. *"Ah lunaticke"*; the Ff. and Q. 5, *"And—"* Rich. *"And thou,"* *"a lunaticke"*; Warburton, *"And thou —"* K. Rich. *"And thou, a lunatick."*—I. G.

Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused:
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honor have.
[*Exit, borne off by his Attendants.*

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;

126. *"Like the pelican";* Richard has *"tapped"* the blood of his race, and thus, in a sense, his own. Hence the comparison.—H. N. H.

139. Thus in Milton's *Calasterion:* "No, says he, *let them die of*

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing! all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument; 149
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,

the sullens, and try who will pity them." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Spanish Curate,* Act. iii. sc. 2: "Let women die o' th' sullens too; 'Tis natural; but be sure their daughters be of age first." These quotations were needless, but that a question has been raised whether it should not be *fulness* in the text.—H. N. H.

145. *"Right, you say true";* Richard effects to misunderstand York's unconscious equivoque.—C. H. H.

154. *"Must be,"* that is, our pilgrimage *is yet to come.*—H. N. H.

156. *"Kerns"* were Irish light-armed foot soldiers. Thus, also, in Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland: "Kerne* signifieth (as noble men of deepe judgment informed me) a *shower of hell,* because

Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,

they are taken for no better than for rakehels, or the divels blackegard." And in *2 Henry VI,* Act. iii. sc. 1, York, relating the adventures of Cade in Ireland, says,—"Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty *kerne,* hath he conversed with the enemy, and undiscover'd come to me again."—H. N. H.

157. Alluding to the idea that no venomous reptiles live in Ireland. —H. N. H.

168. The matter referred to is thus related by Holinshed: "At his comming into France, King Charles received him gentlie, in so much that he had obteined in marriage the onelie daughter of the duke of Berrie, uncle to the French king, if King Richard had not beene a let in that matter, who, being thereof certified, sent the earle of Salisburie with all speed into France, both to surmize by untrue suggestion heinous offenses against him, and also to require the French king that in no wise he would suffer his cousine to be matched in marriage with him that was so manifest an offendor.' The honest historian justly adds,—"This was a pestilent kind of proceeding against that nobleman then being in a forren countrie.' —H. N. H.

Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won;
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what 's the matter?

York. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?

177. That is, when he was of thy age.—H. N. H.

Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.

York. I 'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there 's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.
[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see this business. To-morrow next

202. *"the letters patents that he hath,"* etc. Richard had granted to both the banished dukes letters patent entitling them to claim by attorney any feudal inheritance which should fall due to them,—this formal claim for its surrender being technically known as "suing their livery." It involved an act of homage to the king as suzerain.—C. H. H.

204. On the death of every person who held by knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's; but if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, that is, *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him. To *deny his offer'd homage* was to refuse the homage by which he was to hold his lands. The *attorneys-general* here meant were not the officers of the crown, but Bolingbroke's own attorneys, authorized to represent him *generally*, according to the scope of the letters-patent.—H. N. H.

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just and always loved us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, and Bagot.*

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him a royal prince and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers: and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise

245. *"'Gainst us, our lives";* Vaughan conjectured *"Against ourselves";* Collier MS., *"'Gainst us, our wives."*—I. G.

246. *"Pill'd."* i. e., *spoiled, plundered. Pillage* and *pilfer* are from the same original as *pill.* Thus Dr. South: "The Church is every one's prey, and the shepherds are *pilled* and polled and fleeced by none more than by their own flocks."—H. N. H.

247. Pope proposed the omission of *"quite"* in order to improve the scansion of the line. It has been suggested that Shakespeare may have written *"The gentleman and nobles hath he fined."* Sidney Walker re-arranged the passage thus:—

"The commons hath he pill'd
With grievous taxes, and quite lost their hearts;
The nobles hath he fined for ancient quarrels."

The text as it stands is better than the readings which result from these emendations.—I. G.

250. Stow records that Richard II "compelled all the religious gentlemen, and commons, to set their seales to *blankes,* to the end he might, if it pleased him, oppress them severally, or all at once."—H. N. H.

252. *"Wars have,"* etc.; Rowe's emendation; Qq. 1, 2, and the Ff. read *"Wars hath,"* etc.; Capell conjectured *"War hath,"* etc.—I. G.

253. "The allusion here is to the treaty which Richard made with Charles VI of France in the year 1393."—I. G.

That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

254. The Ff. omit *"noble";* but there are many similar quasi-Alexandrines in the play.—I. G.

266. *"Strike"* is here used in a nautical sense: *to strike* sail is to *lower* a sail.—H. N. H.

North. Then thus: I have from le Port Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,
. 280
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay

277. *"Then thus: I have from le Port Blanc."* The first Q. reads:—

"Then thus, I have from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittaine," etc.

Dr. Wright notes that as the Qq. have "le Port Blan," and Holinshed "le Porte Blanc," he adopts the reading "le Port Blanc," which is the name of a small port in the department of Côtes du Nord, near Tréguier.—I. G.

279. Malone, having Holinshed before him, assumed that a line has been lost, and introduced the following words after *"Cobham"*:—

"The son of Richard Earl of Arundel."—I. G.

283. *"Sir John Ramston"*; according to Holinshed "Sir Thomas," not *"Sir John."*

284. *"Quoint"*; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4 read *"Coines."*—I. G.

289. *"they stay the first departing,"* etc. This motive is invented. According to Holinshed they landed four months after Richard's departure.—C. H. H.

The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Windsor Castle

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the king,

292. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called "to *imp* a hawk." It is often used metaphorically, as in this instance. The word is said to come from the Saxon *impan,* to graft, or inoculate. Milton has it in one of his sonnets: "To *imp* their serpent wings."—H. N. H.

296. *"Ravenspurgh,"* an old port and haven on the north of the Humber mouth, destroyed by the advance of the sea in the course of the sixteenth century.—C. H. H.

Sc. 2. Windsor Castle. The place intended is conjectural; but Holinshed says that Richard left his queen at Windsor.—H. C. H.

To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,

3. *"Life-harming,"* so in the first two quartos: in the third and fourth quartos *half-harming:* in the first folio *self-harming.*—H. N. H.

18. *"perspectives";* "at the right Honourable the Lord Gerards at Gerards Bromley, there are the pictures of Henry the Great of France and his Queen, both upon the same indented board, which if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but, if obliquely, of one side you see the King's, and on the other the Queene's picture"; Plot's *Natural History of Staffordshire* (quoted by Staunton).—I. G.

More than your lord's departure weep not: more 's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope he is:
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

31. *"though"*; Q. 1 reads *"thought"*; *"on thinking on"*; Ff. 3, 4 read *"one thinking, on"*; Collier MS., *"unthinking on"*; *"no thought"*; Lettsom conjectured *"no thing."*—I. G.

37. The meaning seems to be, that either nothing has caused her grief, or else there really is somewhat in the nothing she grieves about."—H. N. H.

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurgh.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And all the rest revolted faction traitors?
Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,

57. *"all the rest"*; the reading of Q. 1; Qq. 2, 3, 4, 5 and Ff. 1, 2 read *"the rest of the"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"the rest of that"*; Pope, *"all of that."* *"revolted"*; Qq. 3, 4 read *"revolting"*; *"faction"*; Daniel conjectured *"factious."*—I. G.

58. *"The Earl of Worcester"*; Thomas Percy, Steward of the King's household: he was brother to the Earl of Northumberland.—I. G.

59. *"his staff,"* his official staff, as Steward of the Household.—C. H. H.

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is 't, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts
And bring away the armor that is there.
[*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs

101. *"untruth,"* disloyalty.—C. H. H.

102. The Poet may have confounded the death of Arundel, who was *beheaded,* with that of Gloucester, who was said to have been *smothered.*—In the next line the first quarto has *no* posts; the other quartos, *two* posts; the folio, simply *posts.*—H. N. H.

105. This is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen, his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind.—H. N. H.

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin,
I 'll
Dispose of you.
Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley.
I should to Plashy too;
But time will not permit: all is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt York and Queen.*
Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all unpossible.

119. We have already (in note to l. 3 of sc. i of this Act) given some account of York, as known in history. Coleridge thus remarks upon the Poet's delineation of him: "There is scarcely any thing in Shakespeare in its degree more admirably drawn than York's character;—his religious loyalty struggling with a deep grief and indignation at the king's follies; his adherence to his word and faith, once given, in spite of all, even the most natural, feelings. You see in him the weakness of old age, and the overwhelmingness of circumstances, for a time surmounting his sense of duty,—the junction of both exhibited in his boldness in words and feebleness in immediate act; and then again his effort to retrieve himself in abstract loyalty, even at the heavy price of the loss of his son. This species of accidental and adventitious weakness is brought into parallel with Richard's continually increasing energy of thought, and as constantly diminishing power of acting;—and thus it is Richard that breathes a harmony and a relation into all the characters of the play."—H. N. H.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.
Bagot. And that 's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.
Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Wilds in Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger in Gloucestershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

9. *"Cotswold"*; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4 read *"Cotshall"*; the Ff. and Q. 5 read *"Coltshold."*—I. G.

Enter Henry Percy

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office and dispersed
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolved when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd
Shall be your love and labor's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labor to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkeley.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.
Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honor out:
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

70. That is, my answer is *to a message addressed* to Lancaster.

75. "How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables and registers, or forbidden to be born by their posteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could show at large." (Camden's *Remains.*)—H. N. H.

77. "*Glorious,*" so the first quarto: the other old copies change *gracious* to *glorious* and omit *regent.*—H. N. H.

79. "*Absent time,*" time of the king's absence.—C. H. H.

80. "*Self-born,*" borne in your own cause, not your sovereign's.—C. H. H.

Enter York attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.
My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more 'why?'—why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself

100. The Clarendon Press editors suggest that this passage bears considerable resemblance to the speech of Nestor (*Iliad,* vii. 157). (Hall's translation of *Homer* was published in 1581,)—I. G.
"As when brave Gaunt," etc.—the incident is imagined.—C. H. H.

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,

116. *"Indifferent,"* impartial.—C. H. H.

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And labor'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

128. "*Wrongs*" is probably here used for *wrongers*.—C. H. H.

138. Thus Baret, "The heyre is bound; the heyre ought, or it is the heyre's part to defend; *it standeth him upon;* or is in his charge. *Incumbit defensio mortis hæredi.*" Likewise in Hooker's *Answer to Travers*, § 20: "The weightier the cause, the more it *stood him upon* to take good heed that nothing were rashly done or spoken in it."—H. N. H.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.
Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
York. It may be I will go with you: but yet I 'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

164. *"Bristol"*; the reading of Q. 5; all the rest Qq. and Ff., *"Bristow."*—I. G.

Scene IV

A camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;

8. Thus Holinshed: "In this yeare (1399) in a manner throughout all the realme of England, *old baie trees withered,* and afterwards, contrarie to all men's thinking, grew greene againe, a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknowne event." It appears from Lupton's *Booke of Notable Things* that this was esteemed ominous: "Neyther falling sickness, neyther devyll, wyll infest or hurt one in that place where a *bay tree* is. The Romaynes call it the plant of the good angel."—These prodigies are thus set forth by Daniel, *Civil Wars,* Book i. stan. 113–14:

> "Whilst in this wide-spread volume of the skies,
> The book of Providence, disclosed stood
> Warnings of wrath, foregoing miseries,
> In lines of fire, and characters of blood;
> There fearful forms in dreadful flames arise,
> Amazing comets, threat'ning monarchs might,
> And new-seen stars, unknown unto the night:
> Red fiery dragons in the air do fly,
> And burning meteors, pointed streaming lights;
> Bright stars in midst of day appear in sky
> Prodigious monsters, ghastly fearful sights."—H. N. H.

The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their king is dead.
[*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.
[*Exit.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Bristol. Before the castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love

Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over

20. *"clouds."* That sighs turn into clouds is a recurring fancy in Shakespeare's earlier work.—C. H. H.

23. To *"dispark"* signifies to divest a park of its name and character, by destroying the enclosures, and the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood) and the beasts of the chase therein; laying it open.—H. N. H.

24. *"household coat,"* my arms blazoned in the stained glass.—C. H. H.

25. The *"imprese"* was a device or motto. When colored glass was in use, it was common for a man to have his coat of arms annealed in his windows; and Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1588, says,—"The arms of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed or set."—The mode of degrading a false knight is thus set forth in the *Faerie Queene*, Book v. can. 3, stan. 37, showing how Sir Artegall's iron page, Talus, served Braggadochio:

> "First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent;
> Then from him reft his sheld, and it renverst,
> And blotted out his armes with falsehood blent;
> And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst;
> And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst."
> —H. N. H.

To execution and the hand of death.
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.
Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatched.
[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners.*
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

43. *"To fight with Glendower and his complices."* This appears to blend two distinct occasions of hostility between Henry and Glendower, as reported by Holinshed. (1) Glendower "served King Richard at Flint Castle, when he was taken by Henry Duke of Lancaster"; (2) he "made war against . . . Lord Grey [Sept. 1400]. . . . The king, advertised of such rebellious exploits, enterprised by the said Owen and his unruly complices, determined to chastise them," etc. Shakespeare's "fighting Glendower" seems to be a reminiscence of (2) transferred to the date and circumstances of (1). Theobald, however, doubted the genuineness of this isolated allusion; and Mr. Stone thinks these lines introduced a "lost or omitted portion of the play" in which Glendower's attack on Lord Grey was presented as warfare on Richard's behalf.—C. H. H.

Scene II

The coast of Wales. A castle in view.
Drums: flourish and colors. Enter King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favors with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;

1. *"Barkloughly";* the name was derived from Holinshed, where it was undoubtedly a copyist's or printer's error for *"Hertlowli," i. e.* Harlech.—I. G.

14. Alluding to the old idea that spiders were venomous.—I. G.

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succor and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;

26. *"Rebellion's arms,"* so the first two quartos; the other old copies "rebellious arms."—H. N. H.

29. This and the three following lines are wanting in the folio. Such an omission must evidently render the next speech very unapt. And at the end of Aumerle's speech all the quartos have "great in substance, and in *power*"; the folio has *friends* for *powers*.—H. N. H.

40. *"boldly"*; Collier's conjecture; Q. 1, *"bouldy"*; Q. 2, *"bloudy"*; Qq. 3, 4, 5, and Ff., *"bloody."*—I. G.

Nothing can be plainer than that *boldly* is put in opposition to *trembling* in the last line of this glorious passage."—H. N. H.

But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue

49. The folio wants this line.—H. N. H.

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state:
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favorites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

70. *"Twelve thousand."* According to Holinshed, forty thousand. —C. H. H.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!
K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepared:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We 'll serve Him too and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.
K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offense!
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

117. *"Yew"* is called *"double-fatal,"* because of the poisonous quality of the leaves, and on account of the wood being used for instruments of death. It has been supposed that *yews* were anciently planted in churchyards not only to defend the church from the wind, but on account of their use in making *bows;* while their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to the cattle in that sacred enclosure.—H. N. H.

134. *"Offense,"* wanting in all the quartos, was added in the first folio probably to complete the measure.—H. N. H.

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Aye, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let 's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:

140. *"Graved";* the verb is not peculiar to Shakespeare. George Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions,* makes the duke of Suffolk say,—"and my hedles body, vouchsafe to se it *graved.*"—In the preceding line the folio has *hand* instead of *wound,* the reading of all the quartos, and apt for the rhyme.—H. N. H.

153. "A *small model,* or *module,*" for they were the same in *portion* or *quantity* of a thing.—H. N. H.

156. *"sad stories of the death of kings";* Shakespeare was probably thinking of the *Mirror for Magistrates* with its "tragedies" of *English* princes, Richard among the earliest of them.—I. G.

How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable, and humor'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your head and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?
My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their

158. Meaning of course, "the ghosts *of those* they have depos'd." —H. N. H.

160–163. Douce plausibly suggested that this image was suggested to Shakespeare by the seventh print in the *Imagines Mortis*, where *"a King is represented sitting on his throne, sword in hand, with courtiers round him, while from his crown rises a grinning skeleton."* —I. G.

178. So in the quartos: the folio omits *sit and*, and inserts *present* before *woes*. There can be little doubt as to which is the best reading. —H. N. H.

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chidest me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

182. This line is wanting in the folio.—The meaning of the second line after apparently is, that to *die fighting* is to return the evil that we suffer.—H. N. H.

185. *"Fearing dying,"* to die fearing.—C. H. H.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
[*To Aumerle.*
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I 'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I 'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none: let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

209. *"Go to Flint castle."* Holinshed makes Richard fly first to Conway. To induce him to place himself in Bolingbroke's power by advancing to Flint was the original object of Northumberland's cajolery, reproduced in the next scene.—C. H. H.

212. *"To ear the land,"* is to *till* it, to *plough* it; from the Saxon. So in All's Well that Ends Well: "He that *ears* my land, spares my team."—H. N. H.

Scene III

Wales. Before Flint castle.

Enter, with drum and colors, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Attendants, and forces.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say 'King Richard': alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.
North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should,
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

13. *"taking the head,"* cutting off the title (with a play upon the sense, "acting wilfully, presuming").—C. H. H.

Boling. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lords,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd
And lands restored again be freely granted:
If not, I 'll use the advantage of my power

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let 's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I 'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

52. "Tatter'd battlements," that is, *"ragged* battlements." The first two quartos have *totter'd,* the other old copies *tatter'd.* Modern editions generally retain *totter'd,* explaining it to mean *tottering,* the passive for the active. But Mr. Collier observes that in the old writers *tattered* was commonly spelled *tottered.*—H. N. H.

56. "Shock," so in the first quarto; all the other old copies have *smoke* for *shock.*—H. N. H.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To North.*
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,

72. The following colloquy with Northumberland is founded upon one reported by Holinshed at an earlier point of the history, viz. while Richard was still at Conway. Northumberland, despatched thither to entice him to Flint, used similar "words of sooth," and expressly declared that Bolingbroke "would be ready to come to him on his knees."—C. H. H.

Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms

94. The common explanation of this line is, that Shakespeare uses *testament* in its legal sense; and that Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may see what is there written in his favor. But Mr. Whiter, in his *Specimen of a Commentary,* quotes a similar line from the old play, Jeronimo,—"Then I unclasp the purple *leaves* of war"; and he adds,—"Whatever be the *direct* meaning of the words in question, I am persuaded that the idea of a book with a purple covering suggested this combination of words to the mind of our Poet."—H. N. H.

97. That is, England's flowery face, the flowery surface of England. The same mode of expression is used in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "Opening the cherry of her lips," that is, her cherry lips.—H. N. H.

Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honorable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase ourselves, cousins, do we not,
[*To Aumerle.*

105. *"the honorable tomb";* the tomb of Edward III in Westminster Abbey.—I. G.

117. *"barbed,"* equipped with armor (a corruption of "barded").—C. H. H.

To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my lord; let 's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.
K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I 'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I 'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,

136. *"Sooth"* is *sweet* as well as *true*. Here it means *sweetness* or *softness*. Thus *to soothe* still means to calm and sweeten the mind.—H. N. H.

149. Richard's expense in regard to dress was very extraordinary.

My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My scepter for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, and obscure grave;
Or I 'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We 'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,

"He had one coate which he caused to be made for him of gold and stones, valued at 3000 marks" (*Holinshed*).—H. N. H.

156. *"Some way of common trade,"* that is, some way of frequent resort, a common course; as, at present, a road of much traffic, frequent resort.—H. N. H.

What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says aye.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistering Phæton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing. [*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard and his attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.
[*He kneels down.*
My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:

175. *"make a leg,"* express assent by bowing with one leg drawn back.—C. H. H.

176. *"Base court,"* that is, in the lower hall of the castle.—H. N. H.

Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I 'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

195. *"Thus high," i. e.* as Richard's head, which he must be supposed to point to.—C. H. H.

209. The following is given by Stowe from the manuscript of a person who was present: "The duke, with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the king's horses; and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth: the king was set on one, and the earle of Salisburie on the other; and thus the duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Gloucester's sonne (that loved him but little, for he had put their father to death), who led him straight to the castle."—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Langley. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we 'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam, we 'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we 'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?
Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat;
And what I want it boots not to complain.

4–5. *"rubs, . . . bias."* The queen plays on the technical senses of these terms in bowls; where they meant, respectively, the diversion of a bowl from its course by a sudden obstacle, and the oblique bent impressed upon a bowl by a weight let into one side.—C. H. H.

11. *"joy";* Rowe's emendation; Qq. and Ff., *"griefe."*—I. G.

Lady. Madam, I 'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They 'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*
Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

22. *"And I could sing"*; Pope's emendation; *"weep,"* has been generally adopted, but the Cambridge editors adhere to the reading of the Qq. and Ff. They explain that "the Queen speaks with an emphasis on *"sing."* "And I could even sing for joy if thy troubles were only such as weeping could alleviate, and then I could not ask you to weep for me."—I. G.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke;
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,

46. The regular, symmetrical beds of a garden were called "*knots*." Thus in Milton's description of Eden:—

> "Flowers worthy Paradise, which not nice art
> In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon
> Pour'd forth."—H. N. H.

59. "*In sap and blood*," so the first quarto; the other old copies have "*with* sap and blood." The second *we* in two lines before is wanting in all the old copies, but is evidently required by the sense.—H. N. H.

With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then the king shall be deposed?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and deposed
'Tis doubt he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking! [*Coming forward.*
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?

63. So in all the quartos: the first folio inserts *all* before *superfluous*. The *pause* seems better in itself than the word, besides having better authority.—Three lines after, the folio has "waste *and* idle hours."—Coleridge thus comments on this charming scene: "See here the skill and judgment of our Poet in giving reality and individual life, by introduction of accidents in his historic plays, and thereby making them dramas, and not histories. How beautiful an islet of repose—a melancholy repose indeed—is this scene with the Gardener and his Servant! And how truly affecting and realizing is the very horse Barbary, in the scene with the Groom in the last act!"—H. N. H.

72. Malone's explanation of this passage is probably right. "The Poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine forte et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid on their stomach."—H. N. H.

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you will find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that are so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,

Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*

104. So in the first quarto: the other old copies have *drop* instead of *fall.* Shakespeare often uses *fall* transitively, as in Othello, Act iv. sc. 1: "Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile." And in A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v. sc. 1: "And, as she fled, her mantle she did *fall.*"—H. N. H.

105. *"Rue"* was often called *herb* of grace, and sometimes *herbgrace* for brevity.—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Westminster Hall.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and another Lord, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who performed
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue

Sc. 1. This scene combines proceedings of two distinct parliaments: the deposition of Richard having taken place on September 30, 1399, in a parliament previously summoned in his name; the examination of Bagot, on October 16, in a new parliament summoned by the new king. Richard was not himself present on either occasion.—C. H. H.

Westminster Hall. The rebuilding of *Westminster Hall,* which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,
I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honor soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valor stand on sympathy,

21. Poetry and even common speech, still retains traces of the old notion that men's fortunes were signified or governed by the stars under which they were born, the fairest and brightest stars belonging to the rich and great.—H. N. H.

25. *"manual seal of death,"* death-warrant.—C. H. H.

33. *"Sympathy"*; that is, on equality of blood or rank. By the old

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honor is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou darest.

Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;

laws of chivalry a man was not bound to fight, with an adversary of lower rank, because a nobler life might not be staked in duel against a baser. *Sympathy* being an affection incident at once to two subjects, implies likeness or equality of nature; and hence the Poet transferred the term to equality of blood.—H. N. H.

52. That is, I lay upon the earth the weight of my challenge. To *task the earth* seems to have been a sort of flash phrase for throwing down a gage. Steevens quoted a line in illustration from Warner's Albion's England, 1586: "Lo! here my gage, (he *terr'd* his glove,) thou know'st the victor's meed." The first quarto has *task*, the others *take*.—This speech and the next are wanting in the folio. —H. N. H.

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honor's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I 'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonorable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
In proof whereof, there is my honor's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.

55. *"sun to sun";* Capell's emendation of *"sinne to sinne"* of the Qq.—I. G.

The meaning is, from sun*rise* to sun*set*.—H. N. H.

57. *"sets me,"* challenges me; properly said of challenging to a match by staking (at cards, dice, etc.).—C. H. H.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honor.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories: when he 's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

78. *"New world,"* that is, in this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey has just called him a boy.—H. N. H.

90. The matter of this scene is given by Holinshed in substance thus: There was much ado in this parliament about the murder of the late duke of Gloucester. Sir William Bagot, then a prisoner in the Tower, disclosed many secrets to which he was privy; and, being brought to the bar, he testified that touching Gloucester's death there was no man to whom King Richard was so much beholden as to Aumerle, for that he had specially set his hand to fulfil the king's pleasure therein: besides, that he had heard Aumerle say he had rather than twenty thousand pounds that Hereford were dead; not for any fear he had of him, but for the trouble he was like to cause in the realm. Thereupon Aumerle rose up and said that the things alleged touching himself were utterly false, as he would prove with his body in whatever manner should be thought fit. A few days later Lord Fitzwater rose up and said, that whereas Aumerle had excused himself of Gloucester's death, he was in truth the very cause of it; and he then threw down his hood as a gage to prove it with his body. And twenty other lords threw down their hoods as pledges to prove the same. Then Aumerle threw down his hood to try it against Fitzwater, as having lied in that he had charged him with. The duke of Surrey also stood up, affirming that what Fitzwater had said was false; and therewith he threw down his hood. Then, it having been alleged on Norfolk's authority that Aumerle had sent two of his servants to Calais to

Car. That honorable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Car. As surely as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:

murder Gloucester, Aumerle said that if Norfolk affirm it, he lied, at the same time throwing down another hood which he borrowed. All these gages were delivered to the constable and marshal, and the parties put under arrest. Some while after, Fitzwater prayed to have a time and place appointed for his appeal against Aumerle; and the king said he would send for Norfolk to return, and at his coming the matter should be tried. There the quarrel rested, it being known soon after that Norfolk had died in exile.—H. N. H.

102. So in the first quarto: the other old copies have *sure* for *surely*.—H. N. H.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

Boling. In God's name, I 'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king? 121
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined 130
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,

114–149. Carlisle's speech was actually delivered, according to Holinshed, after Richard had abdicated and Henry been proclaimed king. His subsequent arrest for treason becomes therefore in Shakespeare's version a more violent act.—C. H. H.

129. *"Forfend,"* so in all quartos: the folio has *forbid.* Knight prefers *forfend* for the strange reason that it is "the less common word."—H. N. H.

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy;
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe!'

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

148. *"Prevent it, resist it";* Pope proposed *"prevent, resist it";* others scan *"resist"* by apocope (*'sist*); the natural movement of the line suggests:—

"prevént it, | resist it, | —lét | it nót | be so."—I. G.

152. *"My Lord of Westminster,"* the Abbot of Westminster. According to Holinshed he was confined in the abbey of St. Alban's.—C. H. H.

154–318. This part of the "deposition scene" appeared for the first time in the Q. of 1608. In the earlier editions line 319 reads: *"Let it be so, and lo on Wednesday next We solemnly proclaim."*—I. G.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*
Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with Richard, and Officers bearing the regalia.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favors of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry 'all hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?
York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,

165. *"Limbs":* so in the quartos; in folio, *knee.*—C. H. H.

The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here cousin;
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Aye, no; no, aye; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that has all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up folly? Gentle Northumberland,

207. *"Ba!m," i. e. the oil of his anointing.* He has before said,—"Not all the water of the rough, rude sea can wash the *balm* from an anointed king."—H. N. H.

215 *"that swear"; i. e.* "of those that swear"; Ff. and Q. 5, *"are made."*—I. G.

If thy offenses were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given to me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd: alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,

And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.
[*Exit an attendant.*

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell!

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I 'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that 's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck

270. *"torment'st"*; Rowe's emendation of Qq. 3, 4, 5 and Ff., *"torments."*—I. G.

277. Richard's prodigality is thus described by Holinshed: "He kept the greatest port, and mainteined the most plentifull house that ever any king in England did either before his time or since. For there resorted dailie to his court above ten thousand persons that had meat and drinke there allowed them. In his kitchen were three hundred servitors, and everie other office was furnished after

So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let 's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;

the like rate. Of ladies, chamberers, and landerers, there were above three hundred at the least. And in gorgious and costlie apparell they exceeded all measure; not one of them that kept within the bounds of his degree. Yeomen and groomes were clothed in silkes, with cloth of graine and skarlet, over sumptuous ye may be sure for their estates."—H. N. H.

281. This line and the four preceding words, "was this the face," were added in the folio.—H. N. H.

281–288. A reminiscence of Marlowe's famous lines in Faustus: *"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,"* etc.—I. G.

There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king.
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I 'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. 'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe 's to come; the children yet unborn

316. "*Convey*" and its derivatives were often used with reference to cheats, jugglers, thieves and pick pockets.—H. N. H.

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; and I 'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

London. A street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter Richard and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew, 9
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

Sc. 1. The scene is imaginary. Richard after performing his abdication in the Tower was conveyed thence to Pomfret by way of Leeds Castle, in Kent. He and Isabelle never met after his departure for Ireland.—C. H. H.

2. Tradition assigns the building of the most ancient part of the Tower to Julius Cæsar. It is here called *ill-erected,* because erected for ill purposes: thus referred to by Gray:

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed."—H. N. H.

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honor, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favor'd grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden. Learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind

11. *"Model"* anciently signified, according to the dictionaries, "the *platform* or form of any thing." And *map* is used for *picture*. In *The Rape of Lucrece* Shakespeare calls sleep "the *map* of death."—H. N. H.

'The model where old Troy did stand," the bare shell of greatness, like the ruined site of Troy.—C. H. H.

13. *"Inn"* does not probably here mean a house of public entertainment, but a *dwelling* or *lodging* generally; in which sense the word was anciently used.—H. N. H.

20. *"Sworn brother"* alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who in the age of adventure bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together.—H. C. H.

Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke deposed
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead, and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

44. *"Tale,"* so in all the quartos: in the folio *"fall* of me." The superiority of *tale* is evident.—H. N. H.

Enter Northumberland and others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked men converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.

Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Aye, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.

North. That were some love but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I 'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:

80. *"Hallowmas,"* Allhallows, November 1. In Shakespeare's time (O. S.) this was ten days nearer to the winter solstice than at present.—C. H. H.

84. The quartos give this speech to the king.—C. H. H.

88. *"Better far off than near, be ne'er the near," i. e.* "better to be far apart than to be near, and yet never the nearer."—I. G.

That is, "never the *nearer*." His meaning seems to be,—Since we must be separated, better have much space between us than little. So, we shall be less likely to brood over our loss.—H. N. H.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The Duke of York's palace.

Enter York and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops

1. *"Duchess."* The first wife of Edmund, duke of York, was Isabella, daughter of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon. He married her in 1372, and had by her the duke of Aumerle, and all his other children. In introducing her the Poet has departed widely from history; for she died in 1394, four or five years before the events related in the present play. After her death York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had three other husbands.—H. N. H.

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus; 'I thank you, countrymen:'
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theater, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!'

28. So in all quartos: in the folio *gentle* is wanting.—H. N. H.

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles.
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honor I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now;
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new made king.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:

36. "The painting of this description," says Dryden, "is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it in any other language."—H. N. H.

41. "The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter were deprived of their dukedoms by an act of Henry's first parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of *Rutland,* Kent, and Huntingdon" (*Holinshed*).—H. N. H.

God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who see it:
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some band, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

52. "*Hold those justs and triumphs?*," *i. e.* are they still to come off?—C. H. H.

56. "*What seal is that*," etc. The seal was attached by a loop to the document, and could thus emerge when the document itself was safely hidden.—C. H. H.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.*
Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy, what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.
[*Exit Servant.*
Now, by mine honor, by my life, by my troth.
I will appeach the villain.
Duch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!
York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We 'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him,

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son,
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

91. *"teeming date,"* time of child-bearing.—C. H. H.

98. *"interchangeably,"* mutually, each binding himself by his signature to be faithful to all the rest. Holinshed speaks of only six conspirators; the agreement being thence "a sextipartite indenture" (iii. 515).—C. H. H.

I 'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away,
be gone! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Windsor Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

117. In the events of this fine scene the Poet follows the narrative of Holinshed very closely, save in the part of the Duchess; a breach of history that is amply justified by the addition of spirit and interest which it is made to yield: "The earle of Rutland, departing from Westminster to see his father, as he sat at dinner, had his counterpane of the indenture of the confederacie in his bosome. The father, espieing it, would needs see what it was: and though the sonne humblie denied to shew it, the father, being more earnest to see it, by force tooke it out of his bosome; and, perceiving the contents thereof, in a great rage caused his horsses to be sadled out of hand, and, spitefullie reprooving his sonne of treason, for whom he was become suretie in open parlement, he incontinentlie mounted on horssebacke to ride towards Windsore to the king, to declare unto him the malicious intent of his complices. The earle of Rutland, seeing in what danger he stood, tooke his horsse and rode another waie to Windsore in post, so that he got thither before his father; and when he was alighted at the castell gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saieing that he must needs deliver the keies to the king. When he came before the king's presence, he kneeled down, beseeching him of mercie and forgiveness, and, declaring the whole matter unto him, obteined pardon. Therewith came his father, and, being let in, delivered the indenture which he had taken from his sonne, unto the king."—H. N. K.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy, 10
Takes on the point of honor to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favor; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years 21

10. *"Which,"* a loose Elizabethan usage of the relative without definite antecedent. Pope needlessly substituted "while."—C. H. H.

18. *"a favor,"* a token of the mistress in whose honor he fought.—C. H. H.

21. So in the first quarto, and in the folio. The other quartos have "some *sparkles* of *a* better hope"; which, though greatly inferior in force and spirit, is generally retained in modern editions,—partly, perhaps, to avoid a verse of twelve syllables, than which scarce any irregularity is more common with the Poet.—This reference to Prince Hal of Eastcheap memory, though quite unwarranted by historical fact, serves very happily to link the present play on to the one that follows. Prince Henry was but twelve years old when his father took the crown; so that what is here said of him could not be true. We learn from Holinshed that Richard took the prince along with him to Ireland, "and here for some valiant act that he did,

May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
So wildly?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. [*Exeunt Percy and Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter 'till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

or some other favourable respect which the king bare to the lord Henrie, sonne to the duke of Hereford, he made him knight." And afterwards, when he learned "how the duke of Lancaster was landed in England, and that the lords, gentlemen, and commons assembled themselves to take his part, he forthwith caused the lord Henrie, sonne to the said duke of Lancaster, and the lord Humfrie, sonne to the duke of Glocester, to be shut up fast in the castell of Trimme." And again, that in the first parliament summoned by Bolingbroke, "the lord Henrie, the king's eldest sonne, claimed to beare before the king the principall sword called Curtana, and had his sute granted"; and that, being "alreadie created prince of Wales, duke of Cornewall, and earle of Chester, he was also instituted duke of Aquitaine."—H. N. H.

York [*Within*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I 'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no cause to fear.
York [*Within*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!

43. *"secure, foolhardy king"*; Qq. *"secure foole hardy king"*; F. 4, *"secure foul-hardy king."*—I. G.

45. *"Enter York."* In Holinshed's account, Aumerle has already obtained pardon before York enters. The Duchess of York's ride, and the tragi-comic encounter of plea and counterplea which follows, is Shakespeare's addition, a strangely injudicious one.—C. H. H.

O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honor with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honor lives when his dishonor dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonor lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man 's put to death.
Duch. [*Within*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.'
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

66. "Digressing," degenerate.—C. H. H.

80. The old ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid is here alluded to. The reader may find it in *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.*

More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love loving not itself none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear? 90
Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face; 100
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly and would be denied;

88. *"Love loving not itself,"* etc.; *i. e.* "love which is indifferent to the claims of kindred can be loving to none."—I. G.

89. *"What dost thou make here,"* that is, what dost thou *do* here?

We pray with heart and soul and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say, 'Stand up;' 111
Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardonne moi.' 119

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,

119. Johnson says of this passage, "The whole passage is such as I could well wish away."—H. N. H.

124. *To chop and change* is still a common idiom.—H. N. H.

Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle farewell: and, cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

137. The brother-in-law meant was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon, half-brother to Richard II, who had married the Lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.—H. N. H.

144. The reading of Q. 5; the other editions omit "*too.*"—I. G.

Scene IV

The same.

Enter Exton and Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
Was it not so?
Ser. These were his very words.
Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;'

7. The first two quartos have *wishtly,* which is generally changed to *wistfully* in modern editions. The other quartos and the folio have *wistly,* which Mr. Dyce says "is undoubtedly the right reading." The word is from *wis,* to know, to understand.—Here, again, Daniel's poem has some resemblances closer than could well have been altogether accidental:

> "But yet complains so far, that men might deem
> He would 'twere done, and that he thought it good;
> And wish'd that some would so his life esteem,
> *As rid him of those fears wherein he stood:*
> *And therewith eyes a knight that then was by*
> *Who soon could learn his lesson by his eye.*
> The man, he knew, was one that willingly
> For one good look would hazard soul and all,
> An instrument for any villainy,
> That needed no commission more at all."—H. N. H.

Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let 's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Pomfret Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I 'll hammer it out.
My brain I 'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humors like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the world itself
Against the word:
As thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again,

11. To *rid* and to *despatch* were formerly synonymous. Thus Baret's *Alvearie*, 1576: "To *ridde* or *dispatche* himself of any man." —"To *dispatche* or *ridde* one quickly."—H. N. H.

9. *"this little world";* alluding to the conception of man as a "microcosm," *i. e.* "an abstract or model of the world."—I. G.

14. *"The Word"* means *Holy Writ.*—H. N. H.

'It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing. Music do I hear?

[*Music.*

Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,

17. *"Needle,"* pronounced "neeld."—C. H. H.
21. *"Ragged,"* rugged.—C. H. H.
31. *"person";* so Q. 1; the rest *"prison."*—I. G.
In our early theaters, three or four characters were sometimes represented by *one person.*—H. N. H.

When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string:
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my fingers, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

46. *"To check"* in all quartos; in the folio, *hear*.—H. N. H.

60. In Shakespeare's time clocks had miniature automatons to strike the hour. They were called *"Jack of the clock"* and are often referred to by old writers.—H. N. H.

66. *Brooch* is also considered an ornament, in the abstract.

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, traveling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

68. The humor of the royal sufferer, as shown in this sprightly retort, is very gentle and graceful. Boswell thinks there is some allusion intended to the pieces of coin called *royal* and *noble*. In this passage with the Groom there is enough to prove that Bolingbroke has *not* "depos'd his intellect": if his mind be too much framed and filled with moral and sentimental embroidery, here are such flashes of manhood as secure him both our sympathy and our respect.—H. N. H.

"The cheapest of us," etc. The coins "royal" and "noble" were worth respectively ten shillings, and twenty groats or 6s. 8d. The "royal" was thence worth ten groats more than the "noble." Hence the quibble. Richard says in effect: "I, who am really worth less than you even, am made by you (who call me "royal") ten groats dearer than I make you (in calling you "noble").—C. H. H.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd, and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*
Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the Keeper.*
Keep. Help, help, help!

94. "*Jauncing*" means *hard-riding*. It comes from the French jaucer.—H. N. H.

Enter Exton and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching an axe from a servant and killing him.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valor as of royal blood:
Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I 'll bear:
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

119. This whole representation of Richard's death is according to Holinshed. The oldest authority for it is in Caxton's additions to *Hygden's Polychronicon,* and in a manuscript in the *Royal Library of Paris.* The story is now pretty much exploded; but it was generally believed in the Poet's time, which belief was reason enough why he should follow it. There are two other accounts that are thought to be more deserving of credit than this; the one

Scene VI

Windsor castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords, and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

representing him to have died of voluntary, the other of compulsory starvation. Holinshed notices both of these, and gives the following from Thomas of Walsingham, who was living at the time: "When he heard that the complots and attempts of such his favorers, as sought his restitution and their owne advancement, were annihilated, and the cheefe agents shamefullie executed, he took such conceit at these misfortunes, and was so beaten out of hart, that wilfullie he starved himselfe, and so died in Pomfret castell on S. Valentines daie; a happie daie for him, for it was the beginning of his ease, and the ending of his paine." We subjoin the account as it stands in Holinshed. "King Henrie, sitting on a daie at his table, said, 'Have I no faithfull freend which will deliver me of him whose life will be my death?' This saieng was much noted of them which were present, and especiallie of one called sir Piers of Exton. This knight incontinentlie departed with eight strong persons in his companie, and came to Pomfret, commanding the esquier that was accustomed to take the assaie before king Richard to doo so no more. King Richard sat downe to dinner, and was served without courtesie or assaie, whereupon, much marvelling at the sudden change, he demanded of the esquier why he did not his dutie. 'Sir,' said he, ' I am otherwise commanded by sir Piers of Exton, which is newlie come from king Henrie.' When king Richard heard that word, he tooke the kerving knife in his hand, and strake the esquier on the head, saieng, 'The divell take Henrie of Lancaster and thee togither.' And with that word sir Piers entred the chamber with eight tall men, everie of them having a bill in his hand. King Richard, perceiving this, put the table from him, and, stepping to the foremost man, wrung the bill out of his hands, and so valiantlie defended himself, that he slue foure of those that thus came to assaile him. Sir Piers, being halfe dismaied herewith, lept into the chaire where

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,

king Richard was wont to sit, while the other foure persons fought with him, and chased him about the chamber. And in conclusion, comming by the chaire where sir Piers stood, he was felled with a stroke of a pollax, which sir Piers gave him upon the head, and therewith rid him out of life. It is said that sir Piers of Exton, after he had thus slaine him, wept right bitterlie, as one stricken with the pricke of a giltie conscience, for murthering him whome he had so long time obeied as king."—H. N. H.

8. *"Oxford"*; apparently an oversight for "Spencer" (*i. e.* the Earl of Gloucester), the name given by Holinshed, and thence substituted in Ff.—C. H. H.

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honor in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with persons bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

24. The bishop of Carlisle was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his see, the pope, at the king's instance, translated him to a bishoprick *in partibus infidelium;* and the only preferment he could ever after obtain was a rectory in Gloucestershire.—H. N. H.

35. *"Slander";* so in the first quarto; in all the other old copies *slaughter,* which makes odd work with *upon my head.*—H. N. H.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
But neither my good word nor princely favor:
With Cain go wander thorough shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent:
I 'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand: 50
March sadly after; grace my mournings here;
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

44. Holinshed yields nothing from which the Poet could have taken a hint for this passage. The matter is thus put by Daniel:

> "First, he for whom thou dost this villany,
> Though pleas'd therewith, will not avouch thy fact,
> But let the weight of thine own infamy
> Fall on thee unsupported and unback'd:
> Then all men else will loathe thy treachery,
> And thou thyself abhor thy proper act.
> So th'wolf, in hope the lion's grace to win,
> Betraying other beasts, lost his own skin."

It need scarce be said that such a resemblance cannot well be accounted for but by supposing that either the two poets had some common source, or else borrowed from each other.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abide, undergo; V. vi. 22.

Absent time, time of absence; II. iii. 79.

Accomplish'd, equipped; II. i. 177.

Advice; "upon good a.," after due consideration; I. iii. 233.

Advised, deliberate; I. iii. 188.

Affects, affections; I. iv. 30.

Against, in anticipation; III. iv. 28.

Allow, acknowledge; V. ii. 40.

Amazed, confused; V. ii. 85.

Amazing, causing fear; I. iii. 81.

Antic, buffoon; III. ii. 162.

Apparent, evident; I. i. 13; IV. i. 124.

Appeach, impeach; V. ii. 79.

Appeal, formal challenge; I. i. 4.

Appeal'd, charged against me; I. i. 142.

Appellant, accuser, impeacher; I. i. 34.

Apprehension, imagination; I. iii. 300.

Apprenticehood, apprenticeship; I. 271.

Approve, prove; I. iii. 112.

Apricocks (Quarto 1, "Aphricokes"; Quarto 2, "Aphricocks," Johnson "apricots") the common early English form of "apricot" (the "precocious" or early-ripe fruit); III. iv. 29.

Argument, subject; I. i. 12.

Ask, require; II. i. 159.

Atone, reconcile; I. i. 202.

Attach, arrest; II. iii. 156.

Attainder, staining, disgrace; IV. i. 24.

Attending, awaiting; I. iii. 116.

Awful, full of awe; III. iii. 76.

Ay (regularly written as "I"), used with a play upon "I"; IV. i. 201.

Baffled, "originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" (Nares); hence to use contemptuously; I. i. 170.

Balm, consecrated oil used in anointing a King; III. ii. 55.

Band, bond, formerly used in both senses; I. i. 2.

Barbed, armed and harnessed; III. iii. 117.

Barely, merely; II. i. 226.

Base court, outer or lower courtyard of a castle; III. iii. 176.

Bay; "to the bay," *i. e.* "to the last extremity" (a metaphor from hunting); II. iii. 128.

Beadsmen, almsmen whose duty it was to pray for their patrons; III. ii. 116.

Beguile, deceive; IV. i. 281.

Beholding, beholden; IV. i. 160.

Benevolences, taxes; nominally, gratuities (pronounced "benevolence"); II. i. 250.

Beshrew thee, a mild form of imprecation; III. ii. 204.

Betid, happened; V. i. 42.

Bias (technical term in bowls), "applied alike to the construction or form of the bowl imparting an oblique motion, the oblique line in which it runs, and the kind of impetus given to cause it to run obliquely"; III. iv. 5.

Bills, a kind of pike or halbert, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen; III. ii. 118.

Blank charters, *"carte blanche"*; I. iv. 48.

Blanks, blank charters; II. i. 250.

Bleed, to let blood; alluding to the old practice of bleeding a patient in cases of fever; spring and summer were supposed to be the only proper time for doing so; I. i. 157.

Bold, boldly; I. iii. 3.

Bonnet, covering for the head, hat; I. iv. 31.

Boot, "there is no b.," profit, advantage; I. i. 164.

Boots, avails; III. iv. 18.

Boundeth, reboundeth; I. ii. 58.

Boy, used contemptuously; IV. i. 65.

Brands, burning logs of wood; V. i. 46.

Braving, defying; II. iii. 112.

Breath, breathing space, a little time; III. ii. 164.

Bring, conduct, accompany; I. iii. 304.

Broking pawn, the state of being pawned (almost equivalent to "pawnbroker"); II. i. 293.

Brooch, ornament (worn in the hat); V. v. 66.

Brooks, likes; III. ii. 2.

But, except; IV. i. 123.

But now, just now, a moment ago; III. ii. 76.

Buzz'd, whispered; II. i. 26.

By, by reason of; II. i. 52; concerning; II. i. 213.

By this, by this time; II. iii. 16.

Call in, revoke; II. i. 202.

Career, onset, the horse's charge in a tournament or combat; I. ii. 49.

Careful, full of care and sorrow; II. ii. 75.

Care-tuned, tuned by cares; III. ii. 92.

Charge, expense; II. i. 159.

Check, reprove (Folio 2. and Quarto 5, *"heare"*); V. v. 46.

Cheerly, cheerfully, gladly; I. iii. 66.

Chopping, changing (*i. e.* the senses of words); V. iii. 124.

Clap, hastily thrust; III. ii. 114.

Clean, completely; III. i. 10.

Climate, country, region; IV. i. 130.

Cloister thee, shut thyself up in a cloister; V. i. 23.

Close, "at the close" (so Quarto 1; Quartos 2, 3, 4, "at the glose"; Folios, Quarto 5, "is the close"), the harmonious chords which end a piece of music; II. i. 12.

Coat, coat of arms; III. i. 24.

Come; "the cause you c."= the c. on which you c.; I. i. 26.

Comfortable, affording comfort; II. ii. 76.

Commend, give over; III. iii. 116.

Commends, greetings; III. i. 38.
Companion, fellow; I. iii. 93.
Compare between, draw comparisons; II. i. 185.
Compassionate, full of pity for one self; I. iii. 174.
Complain, bewail; III. iv. 18.
Complices, accomplices; II. iii. 165.
Composition, constitution; II. i. 73.
Conceit, fancy, conception; II. ii. 33.
Conclude, come to a final arrangement; I. i. 156.
Conduct, escort; IV. i. 157.
Conjuration, adjuration; III. ii. 23.
Consorted, confederate; V. iii. 138.
Converts, turns, changes; V. i. 66.
Convey, a cant term for "steal"; IV. i. 316.
Conveyers, thieves; IV. i. 317.
Cormorant, glutton; II. i. 38.
Correction, chastisement; IV. i. 77.
Cousin, nephew; I. ii. 46.
Crossly, adversely; II. iv. 24.
Cunning, devised with skill; I. iii. 163.
Current, sterling, has currency; I. iii. 231.

Dead, death-like, deadly; IV. i. 10.
Dear; "d. account," heavy debt; I. i. 130; "d. exile," exile grieving the heart; I. iii. 151.
Dearer, better, more worthy; I. iii. 156.
Deceivable, deceptive; II. iii. 84.
Defend, forbid; I. iii. 18.
Degenerate, false to his noble rank; I. i. 144.
Deliver, utter, speak; III. ii. 92.
Depose, put under oath, take a deposition; I. iii. 30.
Design, point out; I. i. 203.
Despised, despicable; II. iii. 95.
Determinate, limit; I. iii. 150.
Difference, quarrel, contention; I. i. 201.
Digressing, transgressing; V. iii. 66.
Discomfortable, giving no comfort, discouraging; III. ii. 36.
Dispark'd, divested of its enclosures; III. i. 23.
Dissolve, loose, undo; II. ii. 71.
Distaff-women, spinners; III. ii. 118.
Divine, prophesy, foretell; III. iv. 79.
Double-fatal, doubly fatal (bows were made of the wood of the yew, while its berries were used as poison); III. ii. 117.
Double tongue, forked tongue; III. ii. 21.
Doubt, doubtful; I. iv. 20.
Dress'd, dug up, tilled; III. iv. 56.
Dust; "a dust," a particle of dust (Quarto 5, "the dust"); II. iii. 91.

Eager, sharp, biting; I. i. 49.
Ear, plough; III. ii. 212.
Embassage, message; III. iv. 93.
Enfranchisement, restoration to his rights as a free subject; III. iii. 114.
Enjailed, imprisoned; I. iii. 166.
England, trisyllabic; IV. i. 17.
Entertain, harbor, feel; II. ii. 4.
Entreated, treated; III. i. 37.

Envy, malicious enmity; II. i. 49.
Events, results; II. i. 214.
Exactly, expressly, in exact and distinct terms; I. i. 140.
Except, object to; I. i. 72.
Exclaims, exclamations; I. ii. 2.
Expedience, expedition; II. i. 287.
Expedient, expeditious; I. iv. 39.
Extinct, extinguished; I. iii. 222.
Extremity, extreme misery; II. ii. 72.

Fair, clear, fine; I. i. 41; becoming; I. i. 54.
Fall, let fall; III. iv. 104.
Fantastic, imaginary; I. iii. 299.
Favors, countenances, faces; IV. i. 168.
Fearful, full of fear; III. ii. 110.
Fell, fierce, cruel; I. iii. 302.
Female, small and delicate; III. ii. 114.
Foil, gold or silver leaf used as a background for setting transparent gems to set off their luster; I. iii. 266.
Fondly, foolishly; IV. i. 72.
For, as; II. iii. 114.
Foreign passages, a pilgrimage in foreign countries; I. iii. 272.
Forfend, forbid (Folios and Quarto 5, "forbid"); IV. i. 129.
For me, by me, on my part; I. iv. 6.
Free, direct; II. iii. 136.

Gage, pledge; IV. i. 25.
Gallant, young fellow; V. iii. 15.
Gelded, cruelly deprived; II. i. 237.
Glistering, glistening, shining; III. iii. 178.
Glose, speak insincerely; II. i. 10.
Gnarling, snarling, growling; I. iii. 292.
"God for His mercy," I pray God for His mercy; II. ii. 98; V. ii. 75.
Graved, buried; III. ii. 140.
Great, swelling with emotion; II. i. 228.
Griefs, sad tales; V. i. 43.

"Hallowmas or short'st of day," November 1st, the beginning of winter; in Shakespeare's time ten days nearer to the winter solstice than now; V. i. 80.
Happily, haply, perhaps; V. ii. 22.
Happy, fortunate; III. i. 9.
Hard-favor'd, ugly; V. i. 14.
Hardly, with difficulty; II. iv. 2.
Haste, "in h. whereof," "to do so speedily"; I. i. 150.
Hateful, full of hate; II. ii. 138.
Haught, haughty, proud; IV. i. 254.
Havior, carriage, deportment; I. iii. 77.
Heart-blood, heart's blood (the reading of Quarto 5); IV. i. 28.
Height, high degree; I. i. 189.
High-stomach'd, haughty, warlike; I. i. 18.
His, its; IV. i. 267.
Hold out, "h.o. my horse," *i. e.* if my horse hold out; II. i. 300.
Holp = holpen, helped; V. v. 61.
Hours, dissyllabic; I. ii. 7.
Humors, dispositions or moods (due to the four essential fluids of the body, which, according as each predominated, produced severally the *sanguine*,

choleric, melancholy, or *phlegmatic* temperament); V. v. 10.

Idly, indifferently; V. ii. 25.

Ill-erected, built under bad auspices, or to an evil end; V. i. 2.

Immortal title, title of immortality; I. i. 24.

Imp, piece out; technically, "to supply new feathers to a maimed wing" (a term of falconry); II. i. 292.

Impeach, detract from; I. i. 189.

Imprese, impress, heraldic device; III. i. 25.

Incontinent, immediately; V. vi. 48.

Indifferent, indulgent; II. iii. 116.

Infection, pollution; II. i. 44.

Inhabitable, not habitable, not affording an habitation; I. i. 65.

Inherit, put in possession; I. i. 85.

Inherits, possesses; II. i. 83.

Injurious, pernicious, hurtful; I. i. 91.

Interchangeably, in return; I. i. 146; mutually; V. ii. 98.

"Jack o' the Clock," a figure striking the bell in the old clocks; V. v. 60.

Jade, a worthless horse; III. iii. 179.

Jauncing, riding hard, "fretting the horse to make him prance"; V. v. 94.

Jest, to take part in a game, or play; I. iii. 95.

Journeyman, a workman hired by the day; I. iii. 274.

Kerns, Irish foot-soldiers; II. i. 156.

Kin, relatives by blood; IV. i. 141.

Kind, manner; II. iii. 143; relatives by race; IV. i. 141.

Knots, flower-beds laid out in intricate patterns; III. iv. 46.

Large; "at large," in detail, diffusely; III. i. 41.

Lean-look'd, lean looking; II. iv. 11.

Learn, teach; IV. i. 120.

Leave, leave off; V. ii. 4.

Lecture, lesson for the instruction of others; IV. i. 232.

Lendings, money held in trust; I. i. 89.

Length, "of l.," long; IV. i. 11.

Less; "less happier," an emphatic form of "less happy" (*cp.* "more happier"); II. i. 49.

Lewd, base, vile; I. i. 90.

Liberal, free, unrestrained; II. i. 229.

Lief, gladly; V. ii. 49.

Lies; "full as many lies," giving you the lie as many times; IV. i. 53.

Light, alight; I. i. 82.

Light, lightly; I. iii. 293.

Like, likely; V. ii. 90.

Lingers, causes to linger, lengthens; II. ii. 72.

Listen'd, listened to; II. i. 9.

Livery; "sue livery"=to apply for the delivery of a freehold into the possession of its heir; II. i. 203.

Lodge, lay low; III. iii. 162.

Lodgings, chambers; I. ii. 68.

"Long-parted mother with," mother long parted from; III. ii. 8.

Love; "love and labor's"=love's and labor's; II. iii. 62.

Maid-pale, virgin-white; III. iii. 98.

Maim, deep injury; I. iii. 156.

Manage, measures of control; I. iv. 39; "wanting m. of," lacking ability to control; III. iii. 179.

Manage, handle; III. ii. 118.

Manors, estates (Quarto 3, "manners"); IV. i. 212.

"Manual seal of death," death warrant; IV. i. 25.

Map, picture, image; V. i. 12.

Marry, an expletive = "by Mary"; I. iv. 16.

Measure, a courtly dance; I. iii. 291.

Merit, reward, recompense; I. iii. 156.

Misbegotten, "of a bad origin"; I. i. 33.

Mistook, mistaken; III. ii. 174.

Mock, ridicule; II. i. 85.

Mockery, counterfeit; IV. i. 260.

Model, copy, image; I. ii. 28; "small m. of the barren earth," the grave; III. ii. 153.

Moe, more; II. i. 239.

Mortal, deadly; III. ii. 21.

Motive, instrument; I. i. 193.

Moving, moving others to pity; V. i. 47.

Myself, my own person; I. i. 145.

Native, hereditary; III. ii. 25.

Near = nearer; III. ii. 64.

Neighbor nearness, near kinship; I. i. 119.

Neuter, neutral; II. iii. 159.

New world, new state of things; IV. i. 78.

Nicely, subtly, delicately, fantastically; II. i. 84.

Noble, gold coin worth 6s. 8d., twenty groats (a groat = 4d.); with play upon "royal"; V. v. 67.

Noisome, noxious; III. iv. 38.

None, not one of them; V. ii. 99.

Obscene, odious, repulsive; IV. i. 131.

Occident, west; III. iii. 67.

Office, service; II. ii. 137.

Offices, domestic offices, *i. e.* kitchens, pantries, cellars; I. ii. 69.

Order ta'en, arrangements made; V. i. 53.

Other's = the other's; I. i. 22.

Out-dared, defied, cowed; I. i. 190.

Overweening, overbearing, presumptuous; I. i. 147.

Owes, owns; IV. i. 185.

Oyster-wench, a woman who sells oysters; I. iv. 31.

Pale, inclosure; III. iv. 40.

Paper, letters; I. iii. 250.

"Pardonne moi," = excuse me; a polite way of declining a request; V. iii. 119.

Parle, parley; I. i. 192.

Part, part from; III. i. 3.

Part forthwith, depart at once, immediately; V. i. 70.

Partialize, make partial; I. i. 120.

Partial slander, the slander of partiality; I. iii. 241.

Party, side (Folios and Quarto 5, "faction"); III. ii. 203; part; III. iii. 115.

Party-verdict, assent; I. iii. 234.

Passengers, passers-by; V. iii. 9.

Peaceful, undisturbed; III. ii. 125.

Pelican, an allusion to the medieval belief that the bird Pelecanus fed its young with its own blood; II. i. 126.

PELTING, petty; II. i. 60.
PERUSED, scanned; III. iii. 53.
PERSPECTIVES, *v.* Note; II. ii. 18.
PILL'D, pillaged, plundered; II. i. 246.
PINES, afflicts; V. i. 77.
PITIFUL, compassionate; V. ii. 103.
PLAINING, complaining; I. iii. 175.
PLATED, clothed in armor; I. iii. 28.
PLUME-PLUCK'D, humbled; IV. i. 108.
POINTS; "at all p.," fully, completely; I. iii. 2.
POMFRET, the common pronunciation of Pontefract Castle; V. i. 52.
POMPOUS, magnificent; IV. i. 250.
POORLY, dejectedly; III. iii. 128.
POSSESSED, seized with madness; II. i. 108.
POST, go with speed; I. i. 56.
POST; "in post," in haste; II. i. 296.
POSTERN (Quartos 3, 4, "small posterne"), small gate; V. v. 17.
POWER, army, forces; II. ii. 46.
PRECEDENT, proof; II. i. 130.
PRESAGES, forebodings; II. ii. 142.
PRESENCE, presence-chamber; I. iii. 289; IV. i. 62.
PRESENTLY, at once, immediately; II. ii. 91.
PRESS'D, forced into military service; III. ii. 58.
PRESS'D TO DEATH; referring to the old custom of putting to death by piling weights upon the chest; III. iv. 72.
PROCESS; "tediousness and p."= "tedious process"; II. iii. 12.
PROFANE, be profaned by; I. iii. 59; commit sacrilege; III. iii. 81.
PROFIT, material advantage, prosperity; IV. i. 225.
PROOF, impenetrability; "a term particularly applied to defensive arms tried and found impenetrable"; I. iii. 73.
PROPERTY, "his p.," its specific quality; III. ii. 135.
PROPORTIONABLE, proportionate; II. ii. 125.
PURCHASE, acquire, win; I. iii. 282.

QUIT, requite; "to q. their griefs" ="to requite their tragic tales" (to pay back, to cap); V. i. 43.

RAGED, enraged; II. i. 70.
RAGGED, rugged, rough (Clark MS. *"rugged"*); V. v. 21.
RAPIER, a small sword used in thrusting; IV. i. 40.
RAVENSPURGH, a seaport in Yorkshire, situated between Hull and Bridlington, gradually destroyed by the sea in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; II. i. 296.
RAW, untutored; II. iii. 42.
RAZED OUT, erased; III. i. 25.
RECEIPT; "that receipt I had," *i. e.* that money which I received; I. i. 126.
RECREANT, false to his faith; I. i. 144.
REDOUBLED, quadrisyllabic; I. iii. 80.
REDOUBTED, formidable; III. iii. 198.
REFUGE, find comfort for (Quarto 5, "refuse that"); V. v. 26.
REGARD, approval; "with wit's r." =against that which understanding approves; II. i. 28.
REGENERATE, born anew; I. iii. 70.

Regreet, address, salute; I. iii. 67; greet again; I. iii. 186.

Religious house, house of a religious order, a convent; V. i. 23.

Remain, stay; I. iii. 250.

Remainder; "upon r.," on account of the balance; I. i. 130.

Remember, remind; I. iii. 269.

Repeals, recalls from exile; II. ii. 49.

Respect, thought, matter; II. i. 25.

Respect'st, carest, dost mind; II. i. 131.

Retired, withdrawn; II. ii. 46.

Return, announce to, make answer; I. iii. 122.

Reversion, right of future possession; I. iv. 35.

Ribs, walls; III. iii. 32.

Rid, destroy; V. iv. 11.

Rounds, encircles; III. ii. 161.

Roundly, unceremoniously; II. i. 122.

Royal, gold coin worth 10 shillings; with play upon "noble"; V. v. 67.

Rub, technical term in the game of bowls; an impediment that might divert the ball from its course; III. iv. 4.

Rue, the herb of grace, standing proverbially for "ruth"; III. iv. 105.

Rug-headed, having shaggy hair; II. i. 156.

Sacrament, "take the s.," take an oath; IV. i. 328.

Sad, grave; V. v. 70.

Safeguard, guard, protect; I. ii. 35.

Scoffing; "s. his state," *i. e.* scoffing at his state; III. ii. 163.

Scruples, doubts; V. v. 13.

Seal, attached to a document by a loop of parchment; V. ii. 56.

Secure, unsuspicious, over-confident; V. iii. 43.

Securely, carelessly; II. i. 266.

Security, carelessness; III. ii. 34.

See, see to, attend to; II. i. 217.

Self and vain conceit, vain self-conceit; III. ii. 166.

"Self-born" (the reading of Folios 3, 4; otherwise "borne"; Vaughan conjectured *"stiff-borne"*) = "native, home-sprung," or (perhaps) "borne for oneself," *i. e.* "borne selfishly"; II. iii. 80.

Self-mould, self-same m.; I. ii. 23.

Senseless, addressed to a senseless object; III. ii. 23.

Sets, "who sets me else?" who else sets me a stake; a term used in playing dice; IV. i. 57.

Several, separate; V. iii. 140.

Shall, will; III. iv. 67.

Sheer, clear, pure; V. iii. 61.

Shook off, shaken off; IV. i. 163.

Shrewd, evil, mischievous; III. ii. 59.

Signories, estates, manors; III. i. 22.

Signs of war, armor; II. ii. 74.

Silly, simple; V. v. 25.

Sit, press, weigh; II. i. 265.

Six and seven, used proverbially for confusion; II. ii. 122.

Slander (so Quarto 1; all rest, "slaughter"), that will cause reproach; V. vi. 35.

So, providing; II. ii. 101.

So it be, if it only be; II. i. 25.

Solicit, move, stir; I. ii. 2.

Sometime, once; IV. i. 169.
Sometimes=sometime, formerly; I. ii. 54.
Soon-believing, easily, readily, believing; I. i. 101.
Sore, heavily; II. i. 265.
Sort, company, set; IV. i. 246.
Sour, bitter; IV. i. 241.
Spent, passed, gone; I. iii. 211.
Spirit, monosyllabic; I. iii. 70.
Sprightfully, with great spirit; I. iii. 3.
Spy, espy; II. i. 271.
Staggers, causes to stagger, strikes to the earth; V. v. 110.
State, constitution; IV. i. 225.
State of law, legal status; II. i. 114.
Stay, wait for; II. i. 289.
Still, always; II. i. 22.
Still-breeding, ever breeding; V. v. 8.
Straight, straightway; IV. i. 265.
Stranger, strange, foreign; I. iii. 143.
Strew'd, strewn, according to the custom of the time, with rushes. Queen Elizabeth was the last sovereign whose presence-chamber was strewn in this fashion; I. iii. 289.
Strike, *i. e.* furl our sails; II. i. 266.
Subject, inferior (Quarto 5, "subjects"); IV. i. 128.
Subjected, made a subject; III. ii. 176.
Suggest, prompt, incite; I. i. 101.
Suggested, tempted; III. iv. 75.
Sullen, gloomy; V. vi. 48.
Sullens, moroseness; II. i. 139.
Supple, pliant, bending; I. iv. 33.
Supportance, support; III. iv. 32.
Swear, "s. on our sword," *i. e.* swear by the cross, the hilt of the sword being in the form of a cross; I. iii. 180.
Sworn, bound by oath ("sworn brother," an allusion to the *fratres jurati* of chivalry); V. i. 20.
Sympathize, enter into, share the feeling of; V. i. 46.
Sympathy, "stand on s.," insist on equality of rank and blood; IV. i. 33.

Tall, large, strong; II. i. 286.
Tend, attend; IV. i. 199.
Tender, young; II. iii. 42.
Tendering, holding dear, taking care of; I. i. 32.
Thin, thin-haired; III. ii. 112.
Tied, obliged; I. i. 63.
Timeless, untimely; IV. i. 5.
To be, at being; V. i. 31.
Toil'd, worn out, wearied; IV. i. 96.
Too much, much too; II. ii. 1.
"Torn their souls," perjured themselves by treason; III. iii. 83.
Trade, traffic, intercourse; (Theobald conjectures "tread," unnecessarily; "trade" is ultimately from the same word); III. iii. 156.
Tradition, old custom; III. ii. 173.
Travel, journey; I. iii. 262.
Triumph day, day of the tournament; V. ii. 66.
Triumphs, tournaments; V. ii. 52.
Troop, company; IV. i. 231.
Troth, faith; V. ii. 78.
Turn me, turn (reflexive); I. iii. 176.

Unavoided, unavoidable; II. i. 268.

UNDEAF, free from deafness; II. i. 16.
UNDERBEARING, enduring, bearing; I. iv. 29.
UNFELT, expressed only by words; II. iii. 61.
UNFURNISH'D, bare, untapestried; I. ii. 68.
UNGRACIOUS, graceless, wicked; II. iii. 89.
UNHAPPIED, made wretched, depraved; III. i. 10.
UNPOSSIBLE; (the reading of Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4; Folios and Quarto 5, "impossible"), impossible; II. ii. 126.
UNREVERENT, irreverent; II. i. 123.
UNSTAID, thoughtless, giddy-headed; II. i. 2.
UNTHRIFTS, spendthrifts, good-for-nothings; II. iii. 122.
UNTHRIFTY, good for nothing; V. iii. 1.
UNTUNED, untuneful, harsh; I. iii. 134.
URGING, enforcing by way of argument; III. i. 4.

VANTAGE, advantage; V. iii. 132.
VENGE, avenge; I. ii. 36.
VERGE, "compass about the king's court, which extended for twelve miles round"; II. i. 102.

WAIL, bewail; III. ii. 178.
WANTONS, "play the w.," trifle, dally; III. iii. 164.
WARDER, staff borne by the King as presiding over the combat; I. iii. 118.
WAS, had become; I. iii. 274.
WASTE, "destruction of houses, wood, or other produce of land, done by the tenant to the prejudice of the freeholder"; II. i. 103.
WAXEN, soft, penetrable (used proleptically); I. iii. 75.
WHAT, whatever; II. i. 242.
WHEN . . . WHEN? an exclamation of impatience; I. i. 162.
WHERE, whereas; III. ii. 185.
WHILE, until; I. iii. 122.
WHITE-BEARDS, white-bearded men (Folios and Quarto 5 read, *"white-beares"*); III. ii. 112.
WHO, used as an indefinite pronoun; V. iv. 8.
"WHY, so!" an expression of unwilling acquiescence; II. ii. 87.
WISTLY (Quartos 1, 2, "wishtly"), attentively, fixedly, perhaps influenced in its usage by a supposed connection with *wish* (*cp.* "wistful"); V. iv. 7.
WITHOUT, from out; V. ii. 56.
WORTH, worthiness, excellence; I. i. 107.
WORTHY, well-merited, deserved; V. i. 68.
WROUGHT WITH, joined with in effecting; IV. i. 4.

YEARN'D, grieved (Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, "ernd"; Folios and Quarto 5, "yern'd"; "ernd" or "ermd"=grieved, confused with "yearn'd"=desired); V. v. 76.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What is the character of a purely historical drama as exemplified in *Richard II?*

2. What did Shakespeare probably draw on for his material?

3. Were there other plays on the subject of Richard II?

4. What characteristics has this play in common with Marlowe's *Edward II?*

5. What is the historic period of the play?

6. What curious incident in Shakespeare's own time happened over the production of a play which is supposed to have been his *Richard II?*

7. Why does the quarrel of Bolingbroke and Norfolk constitute a strong dramatic beginning for this play? What was probably the true secret of the rupture between these two noblemen?

8. What can be said of Bolingbroke's behavior throughout? Contrast his character with Richard's.

9. What constitutes the radical weakness of Richard as a king? As a man? How do his personal weaknesses affect his relation to the people?

10. What questions of political philosophy does this play suggest? What is the nature of the Poet's dramatic utilization of them?

ACT I

11. With what incident does the play open?

12. What is Bolingbroke's accusation of Norfolk?

13. What is the underlying reason of Richard's attempt to reconcile the two?

14. What especially alarms Richard in Bolingbroke's reference to his uncle Gloucester's death?

15. Who was the Queen to whom Mowbray refers in line 131, scene i?

16. What are the results of the meeting at the lists in Coventry?

17. Compare the official power of getting people out of the way in those days, by exile and murder, with what is countenanced in civilized government to-day?

18. How is Richard's character shown by his manner of dealing with the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk?

19. How did the people express themselves upon Bolingbroke's departure for his exile?

20. What does Richard do to replenish the English revenues? What feeling does this cause among the people?

21. How does Richard receive the news of Gaunt's illness? What does he plan to do upon the occasion of Gaunt's possible death?

ACT II

22. Describe Richard's behavior to the dying Gaunt.

23. With what folly does York charge Richard in his talk with Gaunt?

24. To what action does York refer in scene i, line 168, when he says "nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke about his marriage"?

25. What does York say to Richard about the latter's intention to seize Hereford's lands?

26. What lords denounce Richard's confiscation of Hereford's property? What do they conspire to do?

27. To what influences does Northumberland attribute the King's wrongdoing?

28. Who has a foreboding of evil in scene ii?

29. On what campaign does the King go at this juncture?

30. What news comes to the Queen concerning Bolingbroke?

31. What does Coleridge say of the Poet's delineation of York?

32. How does York receive Bolingbroke?

33. What does Bolingbroke swear is the reason for his return?

34. Whom does Bolingbroke mention as some of the parasites about the king?

35. What purpose does the scene between Salisbury and the Captain serve?

ACT III

36. What influence did the parasitic courtiers have over Richard, judging from Bolingbroke's opening lines in this act?

37. What two historical events did Shakespeare combine when he causes Bolingbroke to say, "Come, lords, away, to fight with Glendower and his complices"?

38. Where does scene ii find King Richard?

39. What is the tenor of Richard's discourse in face of the ill tidings brought him?

40. Describe what takes place at Flint Castle.

41. Does the procedure of Bolingbroke have any justification?

42. What is the character of Richard's discourse to Northumberland in scene iii?

43. What is the dramatic purpose, and what the dramatic effect, of the scene in the Duke of York's garden (scene iv)? Cite some of its beauties.

ACT IV

44. What two incidents are combined in one, in scene i?

45. What was the issue of the quarrel in Parliament be-

tween Aumerle and Surrey on the one side, and Fitzwater and other Lords on the other?

46. What news does York bring Bolingbroke in scene i?

47. What attitude does Carlisle take following this message to Bolingbroke? Of what is the close of his discourse prophetic?

48. What charge is brought against Carlisle for this speech?

49. What reflection does Bolingbroke make upon the Lords who are under arrest to await the trial of their dispute?

50. What is the dramatic character of Richard's expression of feeling when he is brought before the Parliament?

51. What is to be said of Northumberland's pressure of the King to read the accusations against him?

52. How does Bolingbroke's remonstrance with Northumberland on this occasion speak for his personal feeling?

53. What is the dramatic effect of the looking-glass incident?

54. What is said of Richard's extravagance in his mode of living?

55. What is the import of the final lines between the Abbot, the Bishop, and Aumerle?

ACT V

56. What was the fact of Richard's parting from Isabelle? What is the dramatic purpose of presenting it as in the play?

57. Where does Bolingbroke have Richard conveyed instead of to the tower?

58. What is the description of Richard's entry into London? What is the dramatic effect of it?

59. What does York discover that Aumerle purposes? What is his action upon it? The Duchess's? What is the Chronicle account of this incident? What is the outcome of it? What is its dramatic value?

60. Of what political moment might Henry's action towards Aumerle prove to himself?

61. What is the substance of Richard's reflections in scene v?

62. Describe the dramatic effect of Richard's scene with the Groom. What is its purpose?

63. What are the historical accounts of Richard's death? What is the dramatic effect of it in the scene in the play?

64. How did Daniel in his poem moralize the matter of the King's murder? Comment on Henry's part in it, together with his behavior incident upon its accomplishment by Exton?

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

The Tragedy of King Richard the Third was first printed in 1597, with the following title page:—"The Tragedy of | King Richard the Third. | Containing, | His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: | the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: | his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course | of his detested life, and most deserved death. | As it hath been lately Acted by the | Right honourable the Lord Chamber- | laine his servants. | AT LONDON | Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, | dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the | Sign of the Angell. | 1597. | "

This Edition, known as Q. 1, was reprinted more or less correctly in subsequent Quartos issued in the years 1598 (Q. 2), 1602 (Q. 3), 1605 (Q. 4), 1612 (Q. 5), 1622 (Q. 6), 1629 (Q. 7), 1634 (Q. 8); each of these issues followed its immediate predecessor, except in the case of the 1612–edition, which was printed from the Quarto of 1602: in the second and subsequent Quartos the name of the author (*By* William Shakespeare) was added.

The First and Second Folios give the title of the play as follows:—

"The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field."

THE TEXT

The textual problems connected with *Richard the Third* are of a complicated nature, owing to the many differences

between the Quarto version and that of the Folio. The main differences may be grouped under the following heads:—(1) The Folio contains nearly 200 lines which are not found in the Quarto,[1] while the Quarto contains at least one notable passage not found in the Folio (IV, ii. 103–120); (2) it gives alterations of the Quarto, which could not have been intended by Shakespeare;[2] (3) in a great many cases it removes (*a*) gross and obvious metrical defects,[3] (*b*) imaginary metrical irregularities of the Quarto;[4] (4) it introduces a number of alterations to avoid repeating the same word;[5] (5) it often modifies "certain terms of phrase and use of words," which had evidently become obsolete, *e.g. which* is changed to *that; betwixt* to *between; thou wert* to *thou wast; yea* to *I* (*aye*); *moe* to *more*, or *other; you* to *thou;* (6) there are besides certain minute verbal changes in the Folio, the reason for which is not so clear as in the previous cases, but probably

[1] *Viz.*:—I. ii. 16, 25, 155–167; iii. 116, 167–169; iv. 36, 37, 69–72, 115, 116, 222, 266–269, 273, 275; II. i. 67; ii. 89–100, 123–140; III. i. 172–174; iii. 7, 8, 15; iv. 104–107; v. 7, 103–105; vii. 5, 6, 37, 98, 99, 120, 127, 144–153, 202, 245; IV. i. 2–6, 37, 98–104; iv. 20, 21, 28, 32, 53, 103, 159, 172, 179, 221–234, 276, 277, 288–342, 400; V. iii. 27, 28, 43.

[2] *E. g.* "*Unmannered dog, standst thou when I command*" (I. ii. 39).
"*Or let me die, to look on earth no more*" (II. iv. 65).

[3] *E. g.* "*And when my uncle told me so he wept,*
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father" (II. ii. 23–25).

Cp. the Quarto version:—

"*And when he told me so, he wept*
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek
And bade me rely on him as on my father."

[4] *E. g.* "*I do remember me, Henry the Sixth,*" instead of "*As I remember, Henry the Sixth*" (IV. ii. 98); (*i. e. Henery the Sixth*).

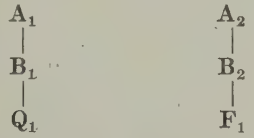
[5] *E. g.* "*Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and in stumbling* (Ff., *falling*)
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard" (I. iv. 18).
"*By heaven my heart* (Ff., *soul*) *is purged from grudging hate*
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love" (II. i. 9).

in most instances they are due to euphony; [1] (7) the stage-directions in the Folio are fuller and more accurate than those in the Quarto.

WHICH IS THE BEST AUTHORITY?

Critics are divided on this point, some championing the cause of the Quartos, others of the Folios; the chief representatives of the former party are the Cambridge Editors; of the latter James Spedding, Delius, Daniel, etc.

(i.) According to the Cambridge Editors some such scheme as the following will best account for the phenomena of the text:—



Where A_1 is the Author's original MS.; B_1 a transcript by another hand with some accidental omissions and, of course, slips of the pen. From this transcript was printed the Quarto of 1597, while A_2 is the Author's original MS. revised by himself, with corrections and additions, interlinear, marginal, and on inserted leaves; B_2 a copy of this revised MS., made by another hand, probably after the death of the Author, and perhaps a very short time before 1623. From B_2 the Folio text was printed; the writer of B_2 had perhaps occasionally recourse to the Quarto of 1602 to supplement passages which, by its being frayed or stained, had become illegible in A_2 (*v.* page x., Camb. ed.).

"Assuming the truth of this hypothesis," the Cambridge Editors conclude, "the object of an Editor must be to give

[1] *E. g.* "*To bring* (Ff., *bear*) *this tidings to the bloody King*," IV. iii. 22.
"*The imperial metal circling now thy brow*" (Ff., *head*); IV. iv. 382.

in the text as near an approximation as possible to A_2, rejecting from F_1 all that is due to the unknown writer of B_2 and supplying its place from Q_1, which, errors of pen and press apart, certainly came from the hand of Shakespeare. In the construction of our text we have steadily borne this principle in mind, only deviating from it in a few instances where we have retained the expanded version of the Folio in preference to the briefer version of the Quarto, even when we incline to think that the earlier form is more terse, and therefore not likely to have been altered by its author. . . . Cæteris paribus, we have adopted the reading of the Quarto."

(ii.) James Spedding, in an exhaustive essay on the subject,[1] contested this view, maintaining "that the text of the Folio (errors being corrected or allowed for) represents the result of Shakespeare's own latest version, and approaches nearest to the form in which he wished it to stand," that the First Quarto was printed without preparation for the press or superintendence by himself, and that he began to prepare a corrected and amended copy, but had not leisure to complete this new version.[2]

Delius anticipated Spedding in his inquiry[3] and came to an even more determined conclusion as regards the superiority of the Folio; according to him a nameless corrector had tampered with the original MS. before it went to the printer in 1597, while the true text appears in the Folio version.

Mr. Daniel (*Facsimile Reprint of Q.* 1) is also in favor of the Folio "as the basis of the text"; after a careful analysis of the early Quartos he comes to the conclusion that the Folio version was printed from a copy of Q. 6, altered "in accordance with the theatrical MS. which the transcriber had before him."

[1] *On the corrected edition of Richard III, pp.* 1–75, *New Shakspere Society's Transactions,* 1875–6.

[2] *Ibid. v.* p. 190, where Spedding summed up his views, after considering Mr. Pickersgill's objections (pp. 77–124).

[3] *v.* German Shakespeare Society's Year Book, Vol. VII.

(iii.) Surveying all the evidence, the present writer thinks it possible to take a somewhat neutral position; the partisanship of the two schools seems too determined in its devotion to the one text or the other. Whatever may be the history of the First Quarto it certainly goes back to the author's MS., probably abridged for acting purposes; but on the whole it is a careless piece of printing; whatever may be the history of the First Folio version, one can certainly trace in it the touch of a hand other than Shakespeare's;[1] the editor did his work with insufficient caution, though comparatively few changes for the worse are intentionally his; he probably had a Third or Sixth Quarto collated with an unabridged MS., ordering an untrustworthy assistant to correct the printed copy, and to add the omitted passages; subsequently he probably read through the whole, amending here and there, and not troubling to consult the MS. too often. Hence the genuineness of most of the added passages, and the doubtful character of so many of the smaller changes.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

Authorities are agreed in assigning *Richard III* to 1594 or thereabouts, relying mainly on the internal evidence of style, especially the manifest influence of Marlowe; in considering this influence it must be borne in mind that the play belongs naturally to the group of history plays dealing with the House of York, and links itself intimately to *2 Henry VI*, and *3 Henry VI*. Noteworthy Marlowan characteristics are the following:—(*a*) Richard, like Tam-

[1] *E. g.* *"My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence 'tis she*
That tempts him to this harsh extremity" (I. i. 64).
Q. 1. *"That tempers him to this extremity."*
Q. 2. *"That tempts him to this extremity."*
Q. 3. *"That temps him to this extremity."*
Spedding held there is nothing to choose between the two lines, but there seems all the difference in the world between the Folio and Quarto reading.

berlaine, or Faustus, or Barabas, monopolizes the whole action of the Drama; (*b*) the characters of this play of passion seem intended, for the most part, merely to set off the hero's "ideal villainy"; (*c*) the absence of evolution of character in the hero; (*d*) the hero's consciousness and avowal of his villainy; (*e*) the tone of the play is often lyrical or epical rather than dramatic (*e.g.* the lamentation of the women, II. ii.; IV. i.); (*f*) blank verse is used throughout, while prose and the lyrical forms found in the earlier plays are conspicuously absent. The play of Richard III was evidently Shakespeare's experiment—his only experiment—in the Marlowan method of tragedy, but in one respect, at least, Shakespeare shows himself no blind follower of Marlowe; he weaves Nemesis into the play and shows its consummation in Richard's fall, hence the significance of Margaret's fateful presence, haunting the scenes like some prophetic Chorus of ancient Drama.

In John Weever's *Epigrammes*, printed in 1599, but written in 1595, the 22nd Epigram, addressed *Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare*, mention is made of *Romeo* and *Richard* as well-known characters, and the reference is evidently to *Richard III*, and not to *Richard II*.[1] Possibly, too, the wooing of Estrild in the the old play of *Locrine* is imitated, as Mr. Fleay (*Shakespeare Manual*) has suggested, from *Richard III*, I. ii.; *Locrine* was first printed in 1595.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Sir Thomas More's *Life of Richard the Third*, incorporated by Hall & Holinshed in their histories, is the ultimate source of the play. Shakespeare evidently used the second edition of Holinshed, copying a mistake which occurs only in that edition. The wooing of Queen Anne, as well as Queen Margaret's part, are, however, purely imaginary (*cp.* Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, II. 60–117).

Possibly Shakespeare borrowed a few hints from an

[1] *"Romeo, Richard; more, whose names I know not."*

earlier play written before 1588, and published in 1594,—*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third*," [1] etc. To Dr. Legge's Latin play (acted at Cambridge before 1583) he certainly owed nothing.

There were several other plays on this subject, probably one, wholly or in part, by Ben Jonson (*vide* Henslowe's *Diary*, June 22, 1602), called *Richard Crookback*, and another, now lost, perhaps more intimately connected with Shakespeare's.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of *Richard III*, as analyzed by Mr. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Society Trans.* 1877–79), covers eleven days represented on the stage; with intervals. The total *dramatic* time is probably within one month.

Day 1. Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Interval.*
Day 2. Act I. Sc. iii., iv.; Act. II. Sc. i., ii.
Day 3. Act II. Sc. iii. *Interval;* for the journey to Ludlow.
Day 4. Act II. Sc. iv.
Day 5. Act III. Sc. i.
Day 6. Act III. Sc. ii.–vii.
Day 7. Act IV. Sc. i.
Day 8. Act IV. Sc. ii.–v. *Interval;* Richard's march to Salisbury.
Day 9. Act V. Sc. i. *Interval;* Richard's march from Salisbury to Leicester.
Day 10. Act V. Sc. ii., and first half of Sc. iii.
Day 11. Act V., second half of Sc. iii.
Day 11. Act V., second half of Sc. iii., and Sc. iv., v.

The *historic* time is from about the date of Henry VI's obsequies, May 1471 to the Battle of Bosworth Field, 22nd August 1485.

[1] Reprinted by *Shakespeare Society*, 1844, from the only perfect copy extant.—*N. B.*—In the old play we find *"A horse, a horse, a fresh horse,"* also, Richard's reference to the ghosts of his victims "crying for revenge." The same Society printed *Richard's Vision*, a seventeenth century poem founded on Shakespeare's play, containing an interesting reference thereto.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The earliest notice we have of this play is an entry in the Stationers' Register by Andrew Wise, dated October 20, 1597, and running thus: *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third, with the death of the Duke of Clarence.* The same year was published a quarto pamphlet of forty-seven leaves, the title-page reading as follows: "*The Tragedy of King Richard the Third; containing his treacherous plots against his brother Clarence, the pitiful murder of his innocent nephews, his tyrannical usurpation, with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death:* As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. At London: Printed by Valentine Simms for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Angel. 1597." In this edition the author's name was not given. The play was issued again in 1598, the title-page being the same, except the addition,—"By William Shakespeare," and the substitution of Thomas Creede for Valentine Simms. There was a third issue by the same publisher in 1602; which, though merely a reprint of the former, claimed in the title-page to be "newly augmented." By another entry at the Stationers', bearing date June 27, 1603, it appears that Wise transferred his right in the play to Matthew Law, who published a fourth edition in 1605, and a fifth in 1613. Three other issues of the same text are also known to have been made in quarto, the several dates being 1624, 1629, and 1634; and there is some reason to think that an edition was put forth in 1622, though no copy of that date is known to be extant.

Of these eight editions, all except the first two purport to be "newly augmented;" which, as the text was the same in them all, would seem to infer that the publishers understood the play to have received certain additions, and wanted to have it thought that their copies included them. Accordingly, in the folio of 1623 we have the text not only augmented, but in a multitude of cases slightly altered, thus showing that the play had been carefully revised by the author. The additions, amounting in all to more than a hundred and eighty lines, and in one place to fifty-five, will be pointed out in our notes, as they occur.—In the folio the heading of the play is,—*The Tragedy of Richard the Third, with the Landing of Earl Richmond, and the Battle at Bosworth Field;* and its running title is,—*The Life and Death of Richard the Third.* And the text is there set forth with reasonable care and accuracy, the divisions of acts and scenes being duly marked.

The evidences of revisal presented in the folio will doubtless be held a sufficient reason for adhering mainly to the text as there printed: in doing which we shall in many cases depart, as Knight, Collier, and Verplanck have done, from the text commonly received; this having been made up from the two copies, apparently on no steadier or better principle than editorial caprice. Malone, indeed, assigns, as the reason of his proceeding herein, that "the alterations were made, not by Shakespeare, but by the players;" but as he still keeps flying off every little while from the line to which this reason would bind him, we are apt to doubt whether he fully believed it himself. Steevens, on the other hand, thought the folio gave the better text; wherein he was certainly right, though his motive probably was, as usual, to contradict Malone. To point out all the variations of the folio from the quartos, would encumber our pages overmuch with notes. In a few instances single lines, omitted apparently by accident in the folio, are retained, as being needful, or at least helpful, to the sense. And in Act iv. sc. 2, a most spirited and characteristic

piece of dialogue is wanting in the folio: why it should have been omitted is inconceivable; and the matter is such that no modern editor would think of leaving it out. As going to prove that the changes of the folio were made by Shakespeare himself, besides that the additions bear the stamp of no mind but his, it may be observed that those changes often consist but in the substitution of an epithet, of purpose, manifestly, to avoid a too frequent recurrence of the same word; which is just what one would naturally do in a cool review of what he had struck out in the full glow of inspiration. So that there need be no question about taking the folio as the standard text, and using the quartos to ascertain and rectify this, instead of using this as an occasional resort, to clear up what is dark, or fill out what is wanting in those.

The great popularity of *King Richard III* is amply shown in the number of editions called for, wherein it surpasses any other of the Poet's dramas. And the three later issues in quarto prove it to have been in good demand in a separate form some time after the folio collection had appeared. It was also honored above any of its fellows by the notice of contemporary writers: it is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia;* Fuller, in his *Church History*, and Milton, in one of his political eruptions, refer to it as being already well known: and in Bishop Corbet's *Iter Boreale*, 1617, we have a quaint description of the author's host at Bosworth, which is exceedingly curious as witnessing both what an impression the play had made in the popular mind, and how thoroughly the character of Richard had become identified with Burbage, the great original performer of it:

> "Mine host was full of ale and history;
> And in the morning, when he brought us nigh
> Where the two Roses join'd, you would suppo
> Chaucer ne'er made the Romaunt of the Rose.
> Hear him: 'See you yon wood? there Richard lay
> With his whole army. Look the other way,
> And, lo! where Richmond in a bed of gorse
> Encamp'd himself all night, and all his force:

Upon this hill they met.'—Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell.
Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play;
Which I might guess by marking up the ghosts,
And policies not incident to hosts;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,
Where he mistook a player for a king:
For when he would have said, 'King Richard died,'
And call'd, 'A horse! a horse!' he Burbage cried."

As to when the play was written, we have no certain external notice of an earlier date than the first entry in the Stationers' Register. Touching this point, however, an inference of some probability has been gathered from a passage in Weever's *Epigrams*, which, it would seem, must have been written in 1595, though not published till 1599. The writer is professedly enumerating the "issue" of "honey-tongued Shakespeare:"

"Rose-cheek'd Adonis, with his amber tresses,
Fair fire-hot Venus charming him to love her;
Chaste Lucretia, virgin-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquin seeking still to prove her;
Romeo, *Richard*, more whose names I know not;
Their sugar'd tongues and power-attractive beauty
Say they are saints, although that saints they show not."

In this stupid euphuism we cannot be certain whether the author is referring to the *Richard III* or the *Richard II* of Shakespeare; for, though the epithet sugar'd would seem to point out the latter, nothing can be argued thence here, the writer is so little used to keep any sort of terms between the phrase and the matter. To the best of our judgment, the internal evidence of the play makes strongly for as early a date as 1593 or 1594: the general style, though rising somewhat above that of the *Second and Third Parts of Henry VI*, is strictly continuous with it; while the history and the characterization show it to have been written with the scenes of those dramas fresh in the author's mind. In Clarence's account of his dream, and in Tyrrel's description of the murder of the young princes,

Shakespeare is out in his plenitude of poetical wealth; and the character of the hero is indeed a marvel of sustained vigor and concentrated activity: nevertheless, as a whole, the play evinces considerably less maturity of power, than *King Richard II:* in several cases there is great insubordination of the details to the general plan; as, for instance, in Richard's wooing of lady Anne and of Queen Elizabeth, which have an excess of dialogical epigram, showing indeed a prodigious fertility of resource, but betraying withal a sort of mental incontinence; and where we quite miss that watchful judgment which, in the Poet's later dramas, tempers all the parts and elements into artistic symmetry and proportion.

It is certain that the history of Richard III had been made the subject of stage performance several years before it fell into Shakespeare's hands. A Latin drama, written by one Dr. Legge, was acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, some time before 1583. Sir John Harrington, in his *Apology for Poetry*, 1591, refers to this play, as one which would "have moved Phalaris the tyrant, and terrified all tyrannous-minded men." Besides, there was an English play on the same subject, entered at the Stationers', June 19, 1594, and published the same year, with a title-page running thus: *The True Tragedy of Richard the Third; wherein is shown the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example to all wicked women; and, lastly, the conjunction and joining of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and York.* Mr. Collier says "it was evidently written several years before it came from the press." As it is unlike any other relic of the kind, some account of it probably will not be deemed out of place. The following is an abridgment of the one given by Mr. Collier:

The opening consists of a singular dialogue between Truth and Poetry; after which, the ghost of Clarence having passed over the stage, and made a short speech in its passage, Truth proceeds to deliver the argument of

the play. Thus much by way of introduction; whereupon the drama itself begins with a scene representing the death of Edward IV. Thenceforth the story is most clumsily conducted, with characters ill-sustained, and with a total disregard of dates, facts, and places, Shore's wife playing a conspicuous part, and the representation being drawn out long after the battle of Bosworth Field. Richard having been killed, Report enters, and holds a dialogue with a Page, to give information of divers things not exhibited. Then follows a long scene between Richmond, his mother, and the Princess Elizabeth; after which two Messengers come in, and reel off what is to be done and who is to reign, all the way from Richard to Queen Elizabeth, the whole winding up with an elaborate panegyric on the latter. As to the composition of this unique performance, it is written partly in prose and partly in heavy blank-verse, duly interspersed with ten-syllable rhyming couplets and stanzas, and with specimens of the long fourteen-syllable meter.

There are but two instances wherein Shakespeare has with any likelihood been traced to the *True Tragedy;* and in those the resemblance is not such as to infer any more knowledge of the old play than might well enough have been caught in the hearing. Other resemblances there are indeed, but only such as would naturally result from using a common authority; as where Richard opens his breast so freely to the Page concerning the fittest person to be employed about the murdering of the princes. In all other points, whether of conception or of execution, the two plays will bear no comparison; and, save in the way of historical account, one almost had need to ask pardon for naming them together.

The closeness of connection between this play and *The Third Part of Henry VI* is so evident as to leave no occasion for tracing it out. At the very opening of the one we have Richard flouting and snarling in soliloquy at the "stately triumphs" and "mirthful comic shows," with which, at the close of the other, King Edward had pro-

posed to celebrate the final and full establishment of his cause. And it was fitting, no doubt, that on Richard's first appearance as a dramatic hero, we should overhear him at his old practice of ruminating aloud, and thus familiarizing his thoughts in solitude with the villainy which he has in purpose to act. Of course everybody knows that Colley Cibber, being seized with a fit of progress, took upon him to reform Shakespeare's *King Richard III* into fitness for the uses of the stage; and that, as the play in its original shape was too long for representation, his mode of retrenching it within the proper compass was, in part, by transporting into it a scene or two from the foregoing play. From which we may conclude that Cibber saw there was such a continuity of matter and style in the two plays as might well enough admit of their being drawn into one; though, as would seem, he did not perceive the absurdity of setting the catastrophe of one play at the beginning of another. How his mind should have been so taken up with that continuity as to overlook this absurdity, is a question for those to meet, who maintain, with Malone, that the two plays were not originally by the same hand. For the scene where Richard murders Henry in the Tower is among those parts of the preceding play, which, as was shown near the close of the sixth volume, were least altered from their original state.

Historically considered, the play in hand embraces a period of more than fourteen years, from the death of Henry, May, 1471, till the fall of Richard, August, 1585. Half of this period, however, is despatched in the first act; the funeral of Henry, the marriage of Richard with lady Anne, and the death of Clarence being represented as occurring all about the same time, whereas in fact they were separated by considerable intervals, and the latter did not take place till February, 1478. And there is a similar abridgment, or rather overleaping of time between the first act and the second, as the latter opens with the sickness of Edward, his seeming reconciliation of the peers, and his death, all which took place in April, 1483, thus

leaving but two years and four months for the rest of the play. This drawing together of the scattered events seems eminently judicious: for the plan of the drama required no use to be made of them but as subsidiary to the hero's character; and it does not appear how the Poet could have ordered them better, so as to develop in the most forcible manner his idea of that extraordinary man. So that the selection and grouping of the secondary incidents are strictly regulated by the paramount law of the work; and, certainly, they are made to tell with masterly effect in furtherance of the author's purpose.

After the death of Edward IV the events of the drama are disposed for the most part in the order of their actual occurrence. Thenceforward the representation in all its main points is founded directly on the narrative of Sir Thomas More, as it had been given at full length in the *Chronicles* of Hall and Holinshed; the drama being perhaps as true to the history as were practicable or desirable in a work so different in its nature and use. Perhaps it should be observed, however, that More's narrative only comes down to the revolt of Buckingham; after which the account given by Hall, and copied by Holinshed, was made up from other sources. So that More's *History* furnished the basis of the most characteristic passages of the play. What esteem his narrative was held in at that time is testified by Sir John Harrington, in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, thus: "The best part of our *Chronicles*, in all men's opinion, is that of Richard the Third, written, as I have heard, by Morton, but as most suppose, by Sir Thomas More."

Since Shakespeare's time, much has been written to explode the current history of Richard, and to lessen, if not remove, the abhorrence in which his memory had come to be held. The Poet has not been left without his share of criticism and censure for the alleged blackening of his dramatic hero. This attempt at reforming public opinion was led off by Sir George Buck, whose *History of Richard III* was published in 1646. The general drift of his book

is thus indicated by Fuller in his *Church History*, who is himself high authority on the matters in question: "He eveneth Richard's shoulders, smootheth his back, planeth his teeth, maketh him in all points a comely and beautiful person. Nor stoppeth he here, but, proceeding from his naturals to his morals, maketh him as virtuous as handsome; concealing most, denying some, defending others of his foulest acts, wherewith in all ages since he standeth charged on record. For mine own part, I confess it no heresy to maintain a paradox in history; nor am I such an enemy to wit as not to allow it leave harmlessly to disport itself for its own content, and the delight of others. But when men do it cordially, in sober sadness, to pervert people's judgments, and therein go against all received records, I say that singularity is the least fault that can be laid to such men's charges. Besides, there are some birds, sea-pies by name, who cannot rise except it be by flying against the wind; as some hope to achieve their advancement by being contrary and paradoxical to all before them."

Something more than a century later, the same work was resumed and carried on with great acuteness and ingenuity by Horace Walpole in his *Historic Doubts*, which, however, in the opinion of Campbell, "are themselves subject to doubts." Also, Carte, Laing, and, in our own day, Caroline A. Halsted have put their hands to the same work. Still the old judgment seems likely to stand, the main substance thereof not having been much shaken yet. Dr. Lingard has carried to the subject his usual candor and research, and, after despatching the strong points urged on the other side, winds up his account of Richard thus: "Writers have indeed in modern times attempted to prove his innocence; but their arguments are rather ingenious than conclusive, and dwindle into groundless conjectures when confronted with the evidence which may be arrayed against them." Of course the killing of the two princes formed the backbone of the guilt laid at his door. That they did actually disappear, is tolerably certain; that upon

him fell whatsoever advantage could grow from their death, is equally so; and it is for those who deny the cause uniformly assigned at the time and long after for their disappearance, to tell us how and by whom they were put out of the way. And Sharon Turner, who is perhaps the severest of all sifters of historical fictions and fables, is constrained to admit the murder of his nephews, however he may seem to succeed in washing off his other blood-stains; and so long as this remains, the scouring of others, if it diminish his crimes, will hardly lighten his criminality.

But even if Shakespeare's representation were proved to be essentially untrue to Richard as he was in himself and in his life, still this would nowise touch the standing of the work as a dramatic reproduction of historical matter. For the Poet's vindication on this score, it sufficeth that his Richard, so far at least as regards the moral complexion of the man, is substantially the Richard of the chroniclers, and of all the historical authorities that were received and studied in his time. Besides, to satisfy the nice scruples and queries of historic doubters and dialecticians, is no part of the poet's business: his concern is not with truth in her abstract essence, but with truth in her operative form; and to pursue the former were to anatomize history, not to represent it. For instance, in the case in hand, whether Richard were in fact guilty of such and such crimes, matters little or none; it being enough that he was generally believed to be so, and that this belief was the mother-principle of those national events whereon the drama turns. That Richard was a prince of abundant head; that his government was in the main wise and just; that he was sober in counsel, brave in the field, and far-sighted in both; all this only renders it the harder to account for that general desertion which left him almost naked to his foes, but by such a wide-spread impression of his criminality as no puttings-forth of intellect could surmount. Thus his fall, so sudden and so complete, was mainly in virtue of what he was thought to be. And forasmuch as the character generally set upon him at the time,

if not the essential truth regarding him, was the stuff out of which were spun his overthrow, and the consequent opening of a new social and political era, thus being the truth that was operative; such, therefore, was the only character that would cohere or consist with the circumstances, and hence the only one that was capable of dramatic development.

Touching the moral complexion of Shakespeare's *Richard*, as thus explained, enough, we trust, will be found in our notes to bear out the delineation. The incidents whereby his character in this respect transpires are nearly all taken from the historians, with only such quickening and heightening as it is the prerogative of poetry to lend, even when most tied to the conditions of actual events. Intellectually, however, his proportions, as they had need to be, are drawn much beyond the conferrings of history, or perhaps of nature. For to have set forth such a moral physiognomy in dramatic form, with only his actual endowment of mind, would scarce consist with so much of pleasure in his skill, as was required to countervail the horror of his crimes. Such a measure of depravity, stripped of the disguise which it necessarily keeps up in real life, might indeed be valuable as truth, but would not do at all as poetry. And this may aptly suggest the different laws of history and art, which we know not how to state better than that the method of the one is to please because it instructs, of the other to instruct because it pleases. The forms of poetry, it scarce need be said, are properly relished, not as being fitted to facts, which is the case with science, but as they fit the mind. Nor does this infer any defect of real instructiveness in art; for whatsoever pleasure springs in virtue of such fitness and congeniality with our better nature must needs carry refreshment and invigoration in its touch.

Practically no man ever understood this matter better than Shakespeare; nor, perhaps, has his understanding thereof been better shown anywhere than in the case of Richard. The lines of his guilt, as traced in history, are

considerably deepened in the play, and its features charged with boisterous life, making, all together, a fearful picture, and such as, without counterpoising attractions, would be apt to shock and revolt the beholder. But his intellectuality is idealized so far and in such sort from the Poet's own stock, as to season the impression of his moral deformity with the largest and most various mental entertainment. If he be all villain, he is an all-accomplished one; and any painful sense of his villainy is spirited away by his thronging diversions of thought, his unflagging gayety of spirits, his prompt, piercing, versatile wit. Nay, his very crimes do but beget occasion for these enchantments, while every demand seems in effect to replenish his stock; and thus in his character the hateful is so compensated by the admirable, that we are more than reconciled to his company.

The point in review is well illustrated in Richard's wooing and winning of lady Anne, where the rays of his character are all gathered, as it were, into a focus. Now, whatever may have been the real facts in the case, it is certain that Richard was at the time generally believed by the Lancastrians to have had a hand in killing both Henry VI and Edward his son. It is also certain that within two years after their death Richard was married to Edward's widow, who must in all reason be supposed to have shared in the common belief of her party. How they felt on the subject may well appear in that the late king was revered by them as a martyr, and his tomb hallowed as the abode of miraculous efficacies; for which cause Richard afterwards had his bones removed to a more secluded place. On Richard's part the chief motive to the marriage was, no doubt, to come at a share in the immense estates of the lady's father. For as Clarence, having married the elder daughter, grasped at the whole; and as Richard proposed by taking the younger to succeed to a part; hence arose that fierce strife between them, whence grew the general persuasion that Richard was somehow the cause of his brother's death. Perhaps, as indicating the man-

ner and spirit of their contest, it should be mentioned that Clarence, to thwart the aim of Richard, at first had the lady concealed from his pursuit several months in the disguise of a cook-maid; and that, when at last the former saw he could not prevent the marriage, he swore that the latter "should not part the livelihood with him."

So that the Poet is nowise answerable for this difficulty: it was in the history; and the best he could do was to furnish such a solution of it as would stand with the conditions of dramatic effect; to produce which effect it must perforce be brought within the terms of historical reason and probability. Before solving the difficulty, however, Shakespeare greatly augments it by the suppression of time; heightening the exigency, as if on purpose that he may proportionably heighten the intellectuality that is to meet it. Richard begins and finishes his courtship of the lady over the very coffin of the royal saint whose death she is mourning, and whom he is supposed to have murdered. Yet his triumph, such is the Poet's management, seems owing not to any special vice or defect in her, but simply to his persuasive art and fascinations of wit, so put in play as to disconcert all her powers, and steal from her the very will and spirit, of resistance. His towering audacity, which, springing from entire confidence that his genius will back him up and bear him out, succeeds in part by the very effrontery of its attempts; his flexibility and suppleness of thought, turning himself indifferently to all occasions, forms, and modes of address; his perfect self-possession and presence of mind, never at loss for a shift, nor betrayed into a misstep, nor surprised into a pause; his wily dissimulation, and more wily frankness, silencing her charges by pleading guilty to them, parrying her blows by inviting them, and disarming her hatred by owning its justice;—such are the parts of the sly, subtle, unfearing, remorseless Richard, that are wrought out in his courtship of lady Anne.

This scene indeed is far from being the best, or even among the best, in the play, and is thus pitched upon, as

combining a remarkable variety of characteristic points, and as happily exemplifying the Poet's method of diverting off the offensiveness of Richard's acts by the entertainment of his gifts. In these respects we have a repetition of the scene afterwards, when he in like manner triumphs over the fears and scruples of Elizabeth; where the same difficulty recurring draws on a similar procedure, history being again responsible for the one, and Shakespeare for the other. And surely the Poet was not without a purpose in so ordering the drama, that in our first impression of the full-grown Richard his thought-swarming head should have the start of his bloody hand: which order, by the way, is quite reversed in Cibber's patchwork preparation of the play, where, the murder of the sainted Henry coming first, admiration of Richard's intellect is of course forestalled by abhorrence of his cruelty. By the opening soliloquy, so startling in its abruptness, and so crammed to the utmost with poetry and thought, our minds are duly preëngaged to the man's active, fertile, scheming brain: our first impression is of one, unrelenting indeed, and incapable of fear, but who looks long and well before he strikes, and never does the latter, till he is sure of working his will thereby. And the organic law of the drama plainly requires that this or some such initiative be given to the penetrating and imperturbable sagacity which presides over all other elements in the hero's character, and every where pioneers to his purpose, and in the strength of which he still gains his real ends by feigning others, and conquers by seeming to yield. And thus, in the original arrangement of the play, our feelings are from the first properly toned and set to the scope and measure of the terrible as distinguished from the horrible; the reverse of which takes place in the Cibberian improvement.

One of the authors of that singularly thoughtful and suggestive book, *Guesses at Truth*, has a piece of criticism on *Richard*, which, whether altogether just or not, the reader will doubtless thank us for producing here. "Slow

and reluctant as I am," says he, "to think that any thing can be erroneous in Shakespeare, whom Nature had wedded, so to say, for better, for worse, and whom she admitted into all the hidden recesses of her heart, still I cannot help thinking that even he, notwithstanding the firm grasp with which he is wont to hold the reins of his solar chariot, as it circles the world, beholding and bringing out every form of life in it, has somewhat exaggerated the diabolical element in the soliloquies of *Richard the Third*." Then, after quoting parts of the two soliloquies near the close of the foregoing play and at the opening of this, he adds,—"If we compare the way in which Iago's plot is first sown, and springs up and gradually grows and ripens in his brain, with Richard's downright enunciation of his projected series of crimes from the first, we may discern the contrast between the youth and the mature manhood of the mightiest intellect that ever lived upon earth,—a contrast almost equally observable in the difference between the diction and meter of the two plays. There are several things in Richard's position, which justify a great difference in the representation of his inward being. His rank and station pampered a more audacious will. The civil wars had familiarized him with crimes of lawless violence, and the wildest revolutions of fortune. Above all, his deformity,—which Shakespeare received from a tradition he did not think of questioning, and which he purposely brings forward so prominently in both the speeches quoted,—seemed to separate and cut him off from sympathy and communion with his kind, and to be a plea for thinking that, as he was a monster in body, he might also be a monster in heart and conduct. In fact, it is a common result of a natural malformation to awaken and irritate a morbid self-consciousness, by making a person continually and painfully sensible of his inferiority to his fellows. Still I cannot but think that Shakespeare would have made a somewhat different use even of this motive, if he had rewritten the play in the maturity of his intellect. Would not Richard then, like Edmund and Iago,

have palliated and excused his crimes to himself, and sophisticated and played tricks with his conscience? Would he not have denied and avowed his wickedness, almost in the same breath, and made the ever-waxing darkness of his purposes, like that of night, at once conceal and betray their hideous enformity?"

These queries certainly go right to the spot, and the most we should venture in answer to them, is to start a few cross-queries; premising that when, in reference to the same point, this acute and ingenious writer says,—"It is as contrary to nature for a man to anatomize his heart and soul thus, as it would be to make him dissect his own body,"—his speech surely is stronger than the subject may well bear. May it not, then, be a natural result of Richard's inordinate, dare-devil intellectuality, that he should inspect and scrutinize himself with the same cold, passionless impartiality as he would another person, or as another would him? And might he not, in the strength of his God-defying pride of intellect, grow and harden into a habit of facing his blackest purposes as unflinchingly as he does his unsightly person, and even take pleasure in exaggerating and overpainting their wickedness to himself, as serving to set off and magnify in his own view the art and spirit which, he feels assured, will carry him safe and victorious through them? And does not his most distinctive and individual feature, as compared with Edmund and Iago stand mainly in this, that intellectual pride is in a more exclusive and operative manner the constituent of his character, and the principle of his action? It should be observed that the question here is not, whether the portrait as a whole be not one of superhuman audacity, and running to a height of guilt where no man could sustain himself in being; but whether the speeches under consideration be not in perfect keeping with the idea of his character as transpiring in his action throughout the play. For in whatsoever he does, no less than in what he there says, it is manifest that his hypocrisy is without the least shade of self-delusion. The most constant, the most versa-

tile, the most perfect of actors, he is never a whit deceived or taken in by his own acting: he has, in consummation, the art to conceal his art from others; and because this is the very thing he chiefly glories in, therefore he takes care that it may never become in any degree a secret unto himself. Moral obliquity so played as to pass for moral rectitude is to him the test and measure of intellectual strength and dexterity; for the which cause he delights to practice it, and, what is more, to contemplate himself while practicing it, and even while designing it. And herein Richard is distinguished from and far above all real-life actors, where it is scarce possible but that hypocrisy and self-deceit should slide into each other; whence it is that hypocrites still end by turning fanatics, and *vice versa*, as every day's observation amply testifies.

But this is making Richard out an improbable character? Perhaps it is so: and our purpose was not so much to vindicate the soliloquies, as to suggest whether the charge so pertinently started touching them will not hold equally against the whole delineation. If we be right in thinking that the speeches in question strictly cohere with his general action, it follows that both are in fault, or neither: so that if the Poet be here in error, he is at the least consistently so; though in this case consistency be no jewel. Instead, therefore, of rejoicing the fine criticism quoted above, we should rather incline to extend it in some sort over the substance and body of the play; in the very conception of which we seem to have somewhat of the mistake, so incident to youthful genius, of seeking for excellence rather by transcending nature, or forcing her into a better path, than by falling heartily in, and going smoothly along, with her.—That we have not spoken altogether without book, may be seen by the choice observations of Coleridge. "Pride of intellect," says he, "is the characteristic of Richard, carried to the extent of even boasting to his own mind of his villainy, whilst others are present to feed his pride of superiority. Shakespeare here develops, in a tone of sublime morality, the dreadful con-

sequences of placing the moral in subordination to the mere intellectual being. In Richard there is a predominance of irony, accompanied with apparently blunt manners to those immediately about him, but formalized into a more set hypocrisy towards the people as represented by their magistrates."

It is plain that such a man as Richard must either cease to be himself, or else must be "himself alone." Isolation, virtual or actual, is his vital air, the breath, the necessary condition, of his life. One of his character without his position would have to find solitude; Richard, by his position, has the alternative of creating it: the former must needs be where none others are; the latter, where all others are, in effect, as though they were not. For society is in its nature a complection of mutualities and reciprocal influences, and every rule pertaining to it works both ways: it is a partnership of individualities, some of them subordinate, indeed, and some superior, yet not in such sort but as to presuppose a net-work of ties running and recurring from each to each, so that no one can urge a right without inferring a duty, or claim a bond without owning himself bound. But Richard's individuality can abide no partner, either as equal, or as second, or in any other degree. For partnership is of members the same in kind, differing only in degree; but whoever would move where Richard moves, must do so as of another kind. There is no sharing any thing with him, in however unequal portions; no acting with him, as original and self-moving agents, but only from him, as the objects and passive recipients of his activity: such is the form and scope of his individuality, that other men's cannot stand in mere subordination to it, but must either crush it, or fly from it, or be absorbed into it; and the moment any one goes to act otherwise than as a limb of his person or organ of his will, there is a virtual declaration of war between them, and the issue must hang on a trial of strength or of statagem.

Hence comes it that there is, properly speaking, no inter-

action between Richard and the other persons of the drama. He is the all-in-all of the play, the soul of every thing that is done, the theme of every thing that is said: there is scarce a thought, or feeling, or purpose expressed, but what is either from him, or in some way concerning him, he being the author, the subject, or the occasion of it. And herein is this play chiefly distinguished from all the others, and, certainly, as a work of art, not distinguished for the better, that the entire action, in all its parts and stages, so far at least as it has any human origin or purpose, both springs from the hero as its source, and determines in him as its end. So that the drama is not properly a composition of coöperative characters, mutually developing and developed; but the prolonged yet hurried outcome of a single character, to which all the other persons serve but as exponents and conductors; as if he were a volume of electrical activity, disclosing himself by means of others, and quenching their active powers at the very moment of doing so. Observe, we say the other persons, not characters; for however much their forms meet the eye, their inward being is for the most part held in abeyance and kept from transpiring by the virtual ubiquity of the hero.

All which may go far to account for the great and lasting popularity of this play on the stage. There being no one to share with the hero the action and interest of the piece, this of course renders it all the better for theatrical starring; for which reason most of the great actors have naturally been fond of appearing in it, and play-goers of seeing them in it. Besides, the hero is himself essentially an actor, though an actor of many parts, sometimes one after another, and sometimes all of them together; and the fact that his character is much of it assumed, and carried through as a matter of art, probably makes it somewhat easier for another to assume it. At all events, the difficulty, one would suppose, must be much less in proportion to the stage-effect, than in reproducing the deep

tragic passions of Lear and Othello, as they burst from the original founts of nature.

This want of dramatic balance and equipoise resulted naturally, no doubt, from the subject, and, however detracting from the play as a work of art, may be considered one of its excellences as a representation of history. For by reason of this unartistic disproportion, the play sets forth with the more awful emphasis the malignant working of that tyranny, where a single person arrogates to himself the life of a whole people, and makes all their thoughts, feelings, aims, interests, rights, and affections, serve but as the sporting-ground of his overmastering and remorseless will;—a state of things which is sure to produce, if indeed it do not rather presuppose, a thorough disorganization of society.

Richard's all-controlling energy of purpose, his thorough mastery of himself and every thing about him, has its strongest exhibition in the catastrophe. He cannot indeed prolong his life, but he makes his death serve in the highest degree the end for which he has lived; dying in a perfect transport and ecstasy of heroism, insomuch that we may truly say, "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." Nay, he may even be said to compel his own death, when a higher Power than man's has cut off all other means of honor and triumph. Herein, too, the Poet followed history; but in the prerogatives of his art he found a way, which history knew not of, to satisfy the moral feelings, representing him as in Hands that can afford to let him defy all the powers of human avengement. Inaccessible to earthly strokes, or accessible to them only in a way that adds to his earthly honor, yet this dreadful impunity is recompensed in the agonies of an embosomed hell; and our moral nature reaps a stern satisfaction in the retributions which are rendered vocal and articulate by the ghosts that are made to haunt his sleeping moments. For even so God sometimes apparently chooses to vindicate His law by taking the punishment di-

rectly and exclusively into His own hands. And, surely, His vengeance is never so terrible, as when subordinate ministries are thus dispensed with.

The only considerable exception to what we have been saying is Queen Margaret, whose individuality shoulders itself in face to face with Richard's, her passionate impulse wrestling evenly with his deliberate purpose, and her ferocious temper being provoked into larger and hotter eruptions by all attempts at restraint or intimidation. This, to be sure, is partly because she can do nothing; while at the same time her tongue is all the more able and eager to blast, forasmuch as she has no hand to strike. Long suffering has deepened her fierceness into sublimity: at once vindictive and broken-hearted, her part runs into a most impressive blending of the terrible and the pathetic. Walpole, in his *Historic Doubts*, remarks, that in this play the Poet "seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which Queen Margaret had vented against them." Might it not as well be said that her woes are deduced from the curse formerly laid upon her by the duke of York? We can perceive no deduction in either case: each seems but to have a foresight of future woe to the other as the proper consequence of past or present crimes. The truth is, Margaret's curses do but proclaim those moral retributions of which God is the author, and nature His minister; and perhaps the only way her former character could be carried on into these scenes was by making her seek indemnity for her woes in ringing changes upon theirs.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

RICHARD III

In no other play of Shakespeare's, we may surely say, is the leading character so absolutely predominant as here. He absorbs almost the whole of the interest, and it is a triumph of Shakespeare's art that he makes us, in spite of everything, follow him with sympathy. This is partly because several of his victims are so worthless that their fate seems well deserved. Anne's weakness deprives her of our sympathy, and Richard's crime loses something of its horror when we see how lightly it is forgiven by the one who ought to take it most to heart. In spite of all his iniquities, he has wit and courage on his side—a wit which sometimes rises to Mephistophelean humor, a courage which does not fail him even in the moment of disaster, but sheds a glory over his fall which is lacking to the triumph of his coldly correct opponent. However false and hypocritical he may be towards others, he is no hypocrite to himself. He is chemically free from self-delusion, even applying to himself the most derogatory terms; and this candor in the depths of his nature appeals to us. It must be said for him, too, that threats and curses recoil from him innocuous, that neither hatred nor violence nor superior force can dash his courage. Strength of character is such a rare quality that it arouses sympathy even in a criminal. If Richard's reign had lasted longer, he would perhaps have figured in history as a ruler of the type of Louis XI: crafty, always wearing his religion on his sleeve, but far-seeing and resolute. As a matter of fact, in history as in the drama, his whole time was occupied in defending himself in the position to which he had fought his way, like a bloodthirsty beast of prey. His

figure stands before us as his contemporaries have drawn it: small and wiry, the right shoulder higher than the left, wearing his rich brown hair long in order to conceal this malformation, biting his under-lip, always restless, always with his hand on his dagger-hilt, sliding it up and down in its sheath, without entirely drawing it. Shakespeare has suceeded in throwing a halo of poetry around this tiger in human shape.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

Pride of intellect is the characteristic of Richard, carried to the extent of even boasting to his own mind of his villany, whilst others are present to feed his pride of superiority; as in his first speech, Act II. Sc. 1. Shakspere here, as in all his great parts, developes in a tone of sublime morality the dreadful consequences of placing the moral in subordination to the mere intellectual being. In Richard there is a predominance of irony, accompanied with apparently blunt manners to those immediately about him, but formalized into a more set hypocrisy towards the people as represented by their magistrates.—Coleridge, *Lectures on Shakspere.*

The deformity of Richard is a circumstance as essential to the rancor of his passion as the blackness of Othello—it wounds his pride and irritates his spite, and stirs his rankling revenge. He hankers for the crown with a diseased imagination that dwells upon the very metallic symbol of royalty itself as personal ornament compensating for natural personal defects. Hence he dwells on the very name of it, and the indications are absolute that after his success his costume is to be completed by constantly wearing it—and the trait is akin to the affection for rich attire ascribed to him by history, and not unusual with the deformed. So again his opening soliloquy refers with bitterness to the disadvantage he stands at with the gay and the fair, while his pretended indifference is belied by persevering reparation to his vanity in the influence he exerts upon them.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

The Richard of Shakespear is towering and lofty; equally impetuous and commanding; haughty, violent, and subtle; bold and treacherous; confident in his strength as well as in his cunning; raised high by his birth, and higher by his talents and his crimes; a royal usurper, a princely hypocrite, a tyrant, and a murderer of the house of Plantagenet.

> "But I was born so high:
> Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
> And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun."

The idea conveyed in these lines (which are indeed omitted in the miserable medley acted for Richard III) is never lost sight of by Shakespear, and should not be out of the actor's mind for a moment. The restless and sanguinary Richard is not a man striving to be great, but to be greater than he is; conscious of his strength of will, his power of intellect, his daring courage, his elevated station; and making use of these advantages to commit unheard-of crimes, and to shield himself from remorse and infamy.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

The entire play may be said to be the exhibition of the one central character of Richard; all subordinate persons are created that he may wreak his will upon them. This is quite in the manner of Marlowe. Like Marlowe also is the fierce energy of the central character, untempered by moral restraints, the heaping up of violent deeds, the absence of all reserve or mystery in the characterization, the broad and bold touches, the demoniac force, and the intensity of the whole. There is something sublime and terrible in so great and fierce a human energy as that of Richard, concentrated within one withered and distorted body. This is the evil offspring and flower of the long and cruel civil wars—this distorted creature, a hater and scorner of man, an absolute cynic, loveless and alone, disregarding all human bonds and human affections, yet full of intellect, of fire, of power. The figure of Queen Mar-

garet, prophesying destruction to her adversaries, and bitterly rejoicing in the fulfilment of her prophecies, is introduced without historical warrant, but in a manner most impressive. The accumulated crimes of civil war are at last atoned for, and the evil which culminates in Richard falls with Richard from its bad eminence. The loveless solitude, haunted by terrible visions of his victims, on the night before his last battle, almost overmasters his resolution; but the stir and movement of the morning reanimates him, and he dies in a paroxysm of the rage of battle.—Dowden, *Shakspere* in the *Literature Primers*.

ANNE

Anne, whom he [Richard] woos at the beginning of the play, excites less contempt than pity in her frail womanliness, which is without all moral support. She hates and marries; she curses her who shall be the wife of the man who killed her first husband, and she subjects herself to this curse; afterwards as a wife she is leagued with his enemies against him. Thus, says the poet of the "Ghost of Richard,"

> Women's griefs, nor loves, are dyed in grain,
> For either's color time or men can stain.

Not often has a task been ventured upon like that of the poet in this instance. He produces a scene full of improbability, the principal part in which is played by this Anne, whose character is prepared or delineated in no other scene, in the most unnatural situation. Vanity, self-complacency, and weakness have all to be displayed at once; it is the part of the matron of Ephesus in the tragedy, though it is neither incredible nor forced. We must at the same time bear in view that the murder of her relatives admits of excuse as among the unavoidable evils of war and defense. We must take into account the extraordinary degree of dissimulation, which deceives even experienced men; and for this reason the artist who is to play Rich-

ard must woo rather as an actor than as a lover, but must yet go to the very limits of deception even as regards the initiated spectator. We have further to consider how the part of repentance and atonement becomes a valiant soldier, and how pardonable is the womanly weakness which delights in the idea of endeavoring to support and save such a penitent. We must remember that the unwonted mildness of the tyrant is far more effective than the gentleness of the weak; and in the historical examples of our own day we have seen how tender feminine characters have been united to the most brutal, in the consciousness of at any rate restraining the human barbarity at home.—Gervinus, *Shakspeare Commentaries.*

RICHMOND

The race of Henry IV is ultimately quite rooted out; of the house of York, with the exception of the childless Richard,[1] there survives but one daughter of Edward IV, to connect the old with the new era. This had to be. The deliverer and founder of the new era had necessarily to be of a different blood; yet his title had, at the same time, in some measure to mediate between the past and the future. Such was the case with Henry, duke of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII, and the husband of Elizabeth, the above-named daughter of Edward IV—of the House of Lancaster (Gaunt), it is true, but not a descendant of Henry IV. He appears a gentle, pious youth, not a distinguished or eminent person. For the age is so demoralized that it not only cannot offer any resistance to the tyrant Richard, but is also unable to provide a deliverer from within itself. Very justly, therefore, Henry considers himself "God's captain," and does not center his hope in himself, in the prevailing circumstances or in the strength of his army; it is simply his consciousness that it is the will of God that gives him the energy he exhibits

[1] His son, whom Shakespeare does not mention, died one year before him.

in the great enterprise. He is the man whom God sent, whom the age required, and who alone was entitled to act; the invisible hand, which ever guides the course of history, maintains and protects him. How beautifully the poet has contrived to express this is shown in that scene of the fifth act, so frequently censured, in which appear the ghosts of those members of the royal family whom Richard had murdered.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

MARGARET OF ANJOU

The second idea of the drama comes in (Act I. Sc. iii) with the presence of Margaret, the incarnate Fury of the Civil Wars, who has been their incessant urger, and is now the Pythoness of their punishment. "Small joy have I," cries Elizabeth, "in being England's queen." And Margaret, her first entrance into the action, mutters from the background—

> And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him.

She is a terrible figure, the Fate and Fury together of the play. She does nothing for its movement; she is outside of that. But she broods above its action, with hands outstretched in cursing. Worn, like "a wrinkled witch," her tongue edged with bitter fire, with all the venom of the Civil Wars bubbling in her heart; grey-haired, tall, with the habit of command, she has not been, like Richard, without love or exiled from human nature. But all she loved are dead. She has outlived humanity, and passed into an elemental Power, hopeless, pitiless, joyless save for the joy of vengeance. It is not till she finds the Duchess of York and Edward's queen sunk in their hopeless pain that she feels herself at one, even for a moment, with any human creature. She sits down and curses with them, but soon leaves them, as one removed; towering over them as she flings back on them her parting curse, incensed that she has been even for that moment at one with their feeble

wrath. Her eloquence is that of primeval sorrow and hate. Her curses have the intensity of an immortal's passion.

"O, well skilled in curses," cries the Queen Elizabeth, "teach me how to curse." "Life is her shame," Margaret says, but she will not die till she has vengeance. 'Tis the only thing which brings a smile to her withered lips. And her vengeance is felt, like an actual presence in the air, by all who die. Shakespeare takes pains to mark that out. She is not only Margaret and hate to them, but the spirit through whom divine justice works its wrath upon them. And when she sees the end, she passes away, still alive, like one who cannot die; departs in an awful joy—

> These English woes will make me smile in France.

—Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.*

Margaret, in bold defiance of history, but with fine dramatic effect, is introduced again in the gorgeous and polluted court of Edward the Fourth. There she stalks around the seat of her former greatness, like a terrible phantom of departed majesty, uncrowned, unsceptred, desolate, powerless—or like a vampire thirsting for blood —or like a grim prophetess of evil, imprecating that ruin on the head of her enemies, which she lived to see realized. The scene following the murder of the princes in the Tower, in which Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York sit down on the ground bewailing their desolation, and Margaret suddenly appears from behind them, like the very personification of woe, and seats herself beside them revelling in their despair, is, in the general conception and effect, grand and appalling.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

THE PRINCES

The figures of the two boy princes, Edward's sons, stand in the strongest contrast to Richard. The eldest child already shows greatness of soul, a kingly spirit, with

a deep feeling for the import of historic achievement. The fact that Julius Cæsar built the Tower, he says, even were it not registered, ought to live from age to age. He is full of the thought that while Cæsar's "valor did enrich his wit," yet it was his wit "that made his valor live," and he exclaims with enthusiasm, "Death makes no conquest of this conqueror." The younger brother is childishly witty, imaginative, full of boyish mockery for his uncle's grimness, and eager to play with his dagger and sword. In a very few touches Shakespeare has endowed these young brothers with the most exquisite grace. The murderers "weep like to children in their death's sad story":—

> "Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
> Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other."

—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

ELIZABETH, QUEEN TO EDWARD IV

Elizabeth, queen of Edward, mother of the princes of the Tower, is admirable. She may have been a light woman and indiscreet. She may have forwarded too busily the fortunes of her family, but this is a trait of human, not especially of woman, nature, and has its noble side. We must maintain that she overreached Richard in the end, by the keen unscrupulousness of a loving woman when those she loves are in peril. For her deception and ruse of acquiescence, we may have great charity.—Warner, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

THE MURDERERS

The two murderers employed by Gloster to despatch Clarence are drawn with a terribly bold and masterly hand. They are not only designed with a marked difference from any others of Shakespeare's murderers, but these have such perfect individuality as to be unlike and quite distinct from

each other. Throughout the scene you recognize the one ruffian from his companion though no otherwise designated than as "1st Murderer and 2nd Murderer," being third or fourth class characters in the play. From the preliminary short interview with Gloster, where the 1st Murderer alone speaks, and assures the duke,—

> "Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
> Talkers are no good doers: be assured
> We come to use our hands and not our tongues;"

down to the scene where they perpetrate the deed, the first man displays the bold, ruthless, callous villain, dashed with a spice of ferocious humor; and the other is a vacillating creature, whom circumstances, and not predisposition, have made what he is.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE LAW OF NEMESIS

While the figure of the hunchback king throws all other characters into a subordinate place, the full intent of the drama is missed, unless Richard's fate is seen as the climax of a series of Nemeses upon the guilty House of York. Clarence, King Edward, the Queen's kindred, Hastings, Buckingham, follow one another to their doom, and in each case, as will be evident on careful study of the play, there is a turn of the wheel with the result that "those who triumph in one Nemesis become the victims of the next." But each incident, in addition, goes to form a chain of triumph for Richard, while the catastrophe of his fate, as the gathering of the ghosts testifies, is the retribution for them all. Yet further, alike he and his victims suffer in common expiation of the sins of York against Lancaster, so that a complicated law of Nemesis controls the issues of the play. So uniform indeed is its working that it runs a risk of appearing automatic, and thus losing something of its moral significance. In view of this danger Shakspere varies the action by a number of devices, of which the most striking is the introduction upon the scene, in

weirdly impressive contrast, of the two women, the Duchess of York and the Lancastrian Queen Margaret, who epitomize, as it were, the whole story of the crime and its retribution. They are less human personages than monumental figures, embodiments of suffering and of doom. The aged Duchess, widow of the great Duke of York, mother of Edward, Clarence and Richard, grandmother of the boy princes, gathers up into her own breast all the spear-points of penal destiny; as she herself exclaims:

> "Alas! I am the mother of these moans:
> Their woes are parcelled, mine are general,"

and Queen Margaret, like some Fury of old, chants over her the wild paean of sated, or all-but sated, revenge:

> "Thy Edward he is dead, that killed my Edward;
> Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
> Young York he is but boot, because both they
> Match not the high perfection of my loss:
> Thy Clarence he is dead that stabbed my Edward;
> And the beholders of this frantic play,
> The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
> Untimely smothered in their dusky graves."

One last victim is still due, "hell's black intelligencer," Richard, but that culminating debt is at length paid, and the account between the Houses made even. Then, and not till then, may the White Rose mingle with the Red, and "fair prosperous days" once more dawn over a re-united land. If, as is probable, *Richard III* was Shakespeare's first serious play, it gave convincing proof that the new dramatist, however tolerant in some ways, held rigidly to the doctrine that evil-doing, whether in the individual or in the State, is dogged by a Nemesis that wrings its penalty, even to the uttermost farthing.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

EDWARD IV

The play must not be dismissed without one word spoken of King Edward IV. He did not interest the imagination

of Shakspere. Edward is the self-indulgent, luxurious king. The one thing which Shakspere cared to say about him was, that his pleasant delusion of peace-making shortly before his death, was a poor and insufficient compensation for a life spent in ease and luxury rather than in laying the hard and strong bases of a substantial peace. A few soft words, and placing of hands in hands will not repair the ravage of fierce years, and the decay of sound human bonds during soft, effeminate years. Just as the peace-making is perfect, Richard is present on the scene:—

> There wanteth now our brother Gloster here
> To make the blessed period of our peace.

And Gloster stands before the dying king to announce that Clarence lies murdered in the Tower. This is Shakspere's comment upon and condemnation of the self-indulgent King.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

SHAKESPEARE'S FAMILIARITY WITH HIS SUBJECT

Matured, especially in its wonderful exhibition of character, as the Richard III is, we cannot doubt that the subject was very early familiar to the young poet's mind. The Battle of Bosworth Field was the great event of his own locality, which for a century had fixed the government of England. The course of the Reformation, and especially the dissolution of the Monasteries, had produced great social changes, which were in operation at the time in which William Shakspere was born; whose effects, for good and for evil, he must have seen working around him, as he grew from year to year in knowledge and experience. But those events were too recent, and indeed of too delicate a nature, to assume the poetical aspect in his mind. They abided still in the region of prejudice and controversy. It was dangerous to speak of the great religious divisions of the kingdom with a tolerant impartiality. History could scarcely deal with these opinions in a spirit

of justice. Poetry, thus, which has regard to what is permanent and universal, has passed by these matters, important as they are. But the great event which placed the Tudor family on the throne, and gave England a stable government, however occasionally distracted by civil and religious division, was an event which would seize fast upon such a mind as that of William Shakspere. His ancestor, there can be little doubt, had been an adherent of the Earl of Richmond. For his faithful services to the conqueror at Bosworth he was rewarded, as we are assured, by lands in Warwickshire. That field at Bosworth would therefore have to him a family as well as a local interest. Burton, the historian of Leicestershire, who was born about ten years after William Shakspere, tells us "that his great-great-grandfather, John Hardwick, of Lindley, near Bosworth, a man of very short stature, but active and courageous, tendered his service to Henry, with some troops of horse, the night he lay at Atherston, became his guide to the field, advised him in the attack, and how to profit by the sun and by the wind." Burton further says, writing in 1622, that the inhabitants living around the plain called Bosworth Field, more properly the plain of Sutton, "have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory, by reason that some persons thereabout, which saw the battle fought, were living within less than forty years, of which persons myself have seen some, and have heard of their disclosures, though related by the second hand." This "living within less than forty years" would take us back to about the period which we are now viewing in relation to the life of Shakspere. But certainly there is something over-marvellous in Burton's story, to enable us to think that William Shakspere, even as a very young boy, could have conversed with "some persons thereabout" who had seen a battle fought in 1485. That, as Burton more reasonably of himself says, he might have "heard their discourses at second-hand" is probable enough. Bosworth Field is about thirty miles from Stratford. Burton says that the plain derives its name from Bosworth, "not that

this battle was fought at this place (it being fought in a large, flat plain, and spacious ground, three miles distant from this town, between the towns of Shenton, Sutton, Dadlington, and Stoke); but for that this town was the most worthy town of note near adjacent, and was therefore called Bosworth Field. That this battle was fought in this plain appeareth by many remarkable places: By a little mount cast up, where the common report is, that at the first beginning of the battle Henry Earl of Richmond made his parænetical oration to his army; by divers pieces of armor, weapons, and other warlike accouterments, and by many arrowheads here found, whereof, about twenty years since, at the enclosure of the lordship of Stoke, great store were digged up, of which some I have now (1622) in my custody, being of a long, large and big proportion, far greater than any now in use; as also by relation of the inhabitants, who have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory." Burton goes on to tell two stories connected with the eventful battle. The one was the vision of King Richard, of "divers fearful ghosts running about him, not suffering him to take any rest, still crying 'Revenge.'" Hall relates the tradition thus:— "The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream, for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest." Burton says, previous to his description of the dream, "The vision is reported to be in this manner." And certainly his account of the fearful ghosts "still crying Revenge" is essentially different from that of the chronicler. Shakspere has followed the more poetical account of the old local historian; which, however, could not have been known to him:—

> "Methought the souls of all that I have murther'd
> Came to my tent: and every one did threat
> To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

Did Shakspere obtain his notion from the same source as Burton—from "relation of the inhabitants who have many

occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory?" The topographer has another story, not quite so poetical, which the dramatist does not touch: "It was foretold, that if ever King Richard did come to meet his adversary in a place that was compassed with towns whose termination was in *ton* (what number is adjacent may, by the map, be perceived), that there he should come to great distress; or else, upon the same occasion, did happen to lodge at a place beginning and ending with the same syllable of *An* (as this of *Anbian*), that there he should lose his life, to expiate that wicked murder of his late wife Anne, daughter and coheir of Richard Neville Earl of Salisbury and Warwick." This is essentially a local tradition. The prediction and the vision were in all likelihood rife in Sutton, and Shenton, and Sibson, and Coton, and Dadlington, and Stapleton, and Atherston, in the days of Shakspere's boyhood. Anbian, or Ambiam, a small wood, is in the center of the plain called Bosworth Field. Tradition has pointed out a hillock where Richard harangued his army; and also a little spring, called King Richard's Well. Dr. Parr, about forty years ago, found out a well "in dirty, mossy ground," in the midst of this plain; and then a Latin inscription was to be set up to enlighten the peasantry of the district, and to preserve the memory of the spot for all time. Two words about the well in Shakspere would have given it a better immortality.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

POPULARITY OF THE PLAY

The tragedy of *Richard the Third* held possession of the stage long after the other plays of this class had been expelled from it by the improved taste and diminished patience of the public. It is certainly tragic enough to satisfy the most voracious appetite for horrors: murder follows murder with breathless rapidity; the jocose royal assassin, who in a former play had dismissed Henry the Sixth and the Prince of Wales to their account, begins

this tragedy by the slaughter of his brother Clarence, and then goes on with the coolness of a butcher, killing one inconvenient friend or relative after another, till our memory becomes perplexed by the attempt to recall the names of his victims. An interest kept up by such means can hardly be thought artistic, but this interest is kept up from the opening of the play till its close, when the scoffing regal criminal makes his exit in a blaze of intrepidity. —St. John, *Essays on Shakespeare and his Works.*

RANK OF THE PLAY

Measured by the Shakespearean standard of excellence, *Richard III*, however popular and successful on the stage, can only rank as a second or third rate performance; and this, I make no doubt, is to be attributed to the fact that it was not of Shakespeare's original composition, but the work of the author or authors of *Henry VI* series of plays; his part in this as in those, being merely that of a reviser or re-writer.—Daniel, *Richard III* in the *Shakespeare Quarto Fac-Simile.*

HISTORICAL PLAYS

The dramatist was bound by fidelity to his main purpose, to subordinate the details of history; and according to the preponderance of the dramatic or the historic, we have a tragedy like Macbeth or a chronicle like Richard III. We are neither misled nor deceived therefore, when we find in these historical plays what would have no place in formal history. The very anachronisms of the poet are often most valuable in the interpretation of events described, just as a discord in music heralds the resolving chords which introduce new harmonies. "They are perfect," these plays, in their way, "because there is no care about centuries in them."—Warner, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD *the Fourth.*
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V,* } *sons to the King*
RICHARD, *Duke of York,* }
GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III,* } *brothers to the King*
A young son of Clarence
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII*
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury*
THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York*
JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely*
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
DUKE OF NORFOLK
EARL OF SURREY, *his son*
EARL RIVERS, *brother to Elizabeth*
MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *sons to Elizabeth*
EARL OF OXFORD
LORD HASTINGS
LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY
LORD LOVEL
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY
SIR JAMES TYRREL
SIR JAMES BLOUNT
SIR WALTER HERBERT
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower*
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest. Another Priest*
TRESSEL and BERKELEY, *gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne*
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire

ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV*
MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI*
DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV*
LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI; afterwards married to Richard*
A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET)

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III, Lords and other Attendants, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: *England*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, younger brother to the reigning king, Edward IV, plots to get possession of the crown of England. By his contrivance his brother Clarence is concerned in a quarrel with Edward IV and imprisoned in the Tower. Gloucester next obtains a promise of marriage from Lady Anne, widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son of King Henry VI, although both of these men had been slain by him. Clarence is murdered in his prison.

ACT II

Edward IV, feeling that he is dying, strives to set his "friends at peace on earth." Following his death, his son, Edward, Prince of Wales, is taken to London for his coronation. Before his arrival there, Gloucester succeeds in imprisoning three lords who would support the young prince.

ACT III

Gloucester meets Edward as he enters London and inveigles him to go to the Tower. Once there the prince is held prisoner. The three nobles and another, Lord Hastings, are all put to death. The Duke of Buckingham renders very efficient aid to Gloucester in obtaining the crown.

ACT IV

Gloucester is crowned at Westminster as Richard III. His first act is to arrange for the death of the princes in

the Tower. Then he refuses to give Buckingham an earldom which he had previously promised him; this angers Buckingham and he withdraws his support from Richard, giving it to Henry, Earl of Richmond, who is in arms against the new king. Queen Anne is secretly murdered, thus leaving Richard free to attempt to ally himself by marriage with Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV. Buckingham is taken prisoner by the king's men and not long afterward executed.

ACT V

The Earl of Richmond invades England and meets Richard's army at Bosworth Field. The king is much disturbed on the night before the battle by visitations from the ghosts of his murdered victims. After a most terrible battle, Richard's forces are defeated and he himself is slain by Richmond. The latter is acknowledged as king of England under the name of Henry VII and by his marriage with Elizabeth of York, the two houses of York and Lancaster are united and the Wars of the Roses ended.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING RICHARD III.

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD III

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

London. A street.

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

2. *"Sun of York";* probably an allusion to the device of a sun, the cognizance of Edward IV. Qq., *"sonne";* Ff., *"Son";* Rowe, *"sun."* —I. G.

8. *"Measures,"* dances.—H. N. H.

10. *"Barbed,"* that is, steeds caparisoned or clothed in the trappings of war. The word is properly *barded,* from equus *bardatus.*—H. N. H.

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:

13. "Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances?" (Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe,* 1584).—H. N. H.

15. *"to court an amorous looking-glass";* Vaughan thought the line might be improved by a slight emendation:—*"an amorous looking lass"* (!)—I. G.

19. *"Feature"* is here used rather in the sense of *proportion.* So in More's description of Richard: "Little of stature, *ill-featured* of limmes, crooke-backed." *"Dissembling,"* the commentators say, is not used here in the sense of *deceiving,* but of putting together things unlike, or *assembling* things that are *not semblable,* as a brave mind in a misshapen body. It may be so; but we rather think the meaning to be that nature has *cheated* him out of beauty in much the same way as *cheating* is commonly done.—H. N. H.

22. *"unfashionable";* the adverbial sense is carried on from "lamely."—C. H. H.

26. *"spy";* so Qq.; Ff., *"see."*—I. G.

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glou. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

32. *"Inductions"* are beginnings, preparations; things that draw on or induce events.—H. N. H.

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,

57. This is founded on the following passage in Holinshed: "Some have reported, that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a foolish prophesie, which was, that after K. Edward one should reigne, whose first letter of his name should be a G. Wherewith the king and queene were sore troubled, and began to conceive a greevous grudge against this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end. And as the divell is woont to incumber the minds of men which delite in such divelish fantasies, they said afterward, that that prophesie lost none of his effect, when, after king Edward, Gloster usurped his kingdome."—H. N. H.

60. That is, fancies, freaks of imagination. Thus in *Hamlet*,

> "The very place put *toys* of desperation,
> Without more motive, into every brain."—H. N. H.

61. *"have"*; so Qq. and F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"hath."*—I. G.

65. *"That tempers him to this extremity"*; so Q. 1; Qq. 2–8 read, *"That tempts him,"* etc., (Q. 3, *"temps"*); Ff. read, *"That tempts him to this harsh extremity"*; Anon. conj., *"That tempts him now to this extremity."*—I. G.

67. *"Woodville"*; trisyllabic (perhaps with the punning pronunciation, *wood-devil, i. e.* mad devil).—C. H. H.

That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think there 's no man is secure,
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds,
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I 'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favor with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glou. Even so; an 't please your worship, Brakenbury,

75. *"was to her for his"*; so Qq.; F. 1, *"was, for her," "was, for his."*—I. G.

81. *"Widow and herself,"* the queen and Shore.—H. N. H.

83. *"Gossips"*; godmothers, hence (contemptuously) important and authoritative old women.—C. H. H.

In the quartos, *"this* monarchy." The folio changed *this* to *our*.—H. N. H.

You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man: we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glou. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glou. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,

106. *"abjects,"* that is, the lowest of her subjects. This substantive is found in Psalm xxxv. 15: 'Yea, the very *abjects* came together against me unawares, making mouths at me, and ceased not."—H. N. H.

109. *"King Edward's widow,"* i. e. the widow whom he had married.—C. H. H.

I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*
Glou. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,

115. *"Lie for you,"* that is, *lie in prison* in your stead.—H. N. H.
132. *"eagle";* so Qq.; Ff., *"Eagles."*—I. G.

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glou. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit Hastings.*
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends

133. *"prey";* so Qq.; Ff., *"play."*—I. G.

138. *"by Saint Paul";* the reading of Qq.; Ff., *"by S. Iohn,"* a favorite oath of Richard's.—I. G.

153. *"Warwick's youngest daughter,"* Lady Anne, the widow of Edward, prince of Wales, in the preceding play.—H. N. H.

Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

Scene II

The same. Another street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honorable load—
If honor may be shrouded in a hearse—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

158. This *"secret close intent"* probably was to get into his hands the son and daughter of Clarence, who had been left in the care of lady Anne their aunt, their mother, Isabella, having died before her husband; and who had succeeded to the larger portion of the vast estates of their grandfather, the great earl of Warwick.—H. N. H.

3. To lament *"obsequiously"* is to make the lamentation proper to *obsequies,* or rites of burial. Shakespeare elsewhere uses the cognate words in a like sense. Thus in *Hamlet,* Act i. sc. 2: "The survivor bound, in filial obligation, for some term to do *obsequious* sorrow." And in his 31st sonnet:

> "How many a holy and *obsequious* tear
> Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
> As interest of the dead!"—H. N. H.

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,

5. *"Key-cold";* Steevens says this epithet is derived from the application of a *cold key* to stop any slight bleeding. But surely the more likely meaning is, as *cold* as a *key;* though why a key should be taken for an image of coldness is not so clear. The usage is not uncommon in the old writers. Shakespeare has it again in the *Rape of Lucrece:* "And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream he falls." Thus, also, in Holland's *Pliny:* "In this habite, disguised as hee sat, hee was starke dead and *key-cold* before any man perceived it."—H. N. H.

8. *"be it,"* monosyllabic.—I. G.

10. *"Wife,"* she had only been betrothed to him.—C. H. H.

14. *"Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes";* Qq., *"Curst";* Ff., *"O cursed";* Qq. 1, 2, *"these fatal";* Qq. 3-8, *"the fatall";* Ff., *"these."*—I. G.

16, 25. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

19. *"to adders, spiders";* the reading of Qq.; Ff. read, *"to wolues, to spiders."*—I. G.

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

25. *"Be heir to his unhappiness,"* that is, and may that child inherit his *propensity to mischief*.—H. N. H.

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

57. This is founded on Holinshed's account of Henry's funeral: "The dead corps was conveied from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced: the same in presence of the beholders *did bleed.* From thense he was caried to the Blackfriers, and *bled there* likewise."—It used to be thought that the body of a murdered person would bleed afresh, if touched or approached by the murderer. Sir Kenelm Digby had so much faith in this, that he undertook to account for it. The matter is thus referred to by Drayton:

> "If the vile actors of the heinous deed
> Near the dead body happily be brought,
> Oft 't hath been prov'd the breathless corpse will bleed."

And as late as 1688 the belief was so strong in Scotland, that at the trial of Philip Standsfield, the crown counsel, Sir George Mackenzie, used the following argument: "God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies which we produce. That Divine Power, which makes the blood circulate during life, has oft-times, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions; but most in this case. For after all the wounds had been sewed up, and the body designedly shaken up and down; and, which is most wonderful, after the body had been buried for several days, which naturally occasions the blood to congeal; upon Philip's touching it, the blood darted and sprung out, to the great astonishment of the chirurgeons themselves, who were desir'd to watch this event." The lovers of romance will not be apt to forget the means used for detecting the murderer of Oliver Proudfute, in Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth.*—H. N. H.

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,

60, 61. *"Thy deed . . . Provokes";* so Qq.; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Deeds . . . Prouokes";* F. 4, *"deeds . . . Provoke."*—I. G.
64. *"Either,"* pronounced as a monosyllable.—C. H. H.
76. *"evils";* so Qq.; Ff., *"crimes."*—I. G.
78. *"Defused,"* shapeless.—C. H. H.

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.
Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glou. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glou. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

89. *"Why, then they are not dead";* the reading of Qq.; Ff. read, *"Then say they were not slaine."*—I. G.

98. *"Their guilt,"* the guilt of his brothers who slew the prince.—H. N. H.

Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glou. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glou. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glou. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.

120. *"Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect";* that is, and

Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou are both.
Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.
Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.
Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glou. He lives that loves you better than he could.

most accursed *is the* effect of which thou wast the cause; *effect* referring not to *thou,* but to *their death.*—H. N. H.

Anne, misunderstanding Richard's distinction between *"causer"* and *"executioner,"* retorts that he was both.—C. H. H.

127. *"These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck";* Qq., *"never";* Ff. read, *"not";* Qq., *"sweet";* Ff. 1, 2, *"yt";* Ff. 3, 4, *"that"; "wreck,"* Theobald's emendation of *"wrack"* of Qq. and Ff.—I. G.

135. *"you";* Ff., *"thee."*—I. G.

Anne. Name him.
Glou. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glou. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glou. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.
Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

147. *"Never hung poison on a fouler toad";* alluding to the old belief that toads were venomous.—I. G.

156–167. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

156. *"Remorse"* was continually used for *pity, remorseful* for *pitiful.*—H. N. H.

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*Here she lets fall the sword.*

180. *"for I did kill King Henry";* Qq. reads, *"twas I that kild your husband."*—I. G.

182. *"'twas I that stabb'd young Edward";* Qq. read, *"twas I that kild King Henry."*—I. G.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are false.
Glou. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.
Glou. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give.
Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?

186. *"the"*; Ff., *"thy."*—I. G.
203. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.
207. *"devoted suppliant"*; so Q. 1; Ff. read, *"devoted seruant"*; the rest, *"suppliant."*—I. G.

Glou. That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me, too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*

Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glou. No, no, to White-Friars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

211. *"would,"* the reading of Qq.; Ff., *"may"; "thee,"* so Qq.; Ff., *"you."*—I. G.

212. *"more";* so Qq.; Ff., *"most."*—I. G.

213. In the folio this is here called Crosby-*house,* but in the next scene, near the close, Crosby-place. The quartos have *Crosby place* in both instances.—Crosby-place is situate in Crosby-square Bishopgate-street. This magnificent house was built in 1466, by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. The hall, after having been put to divers ignoble uses, has been lately restored, and is said to be among the most interesting specimens of old domestic architecture now to be seen in England.—H. N. H.

226. *"Sirs, take up the corse";* omitted in Ff.—I. G.

227. *"to White-Friars."* This is probably a slip. Holinshed says

Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I 'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

that the body was carried to Blackfriars, "and bled there likewise" (Stone's *Holinshed*, p. 345).—C. H. H.

228:—

'Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?"

cp. *"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;*
She is a woman, therefore may be won."
Titus And., II. i. 82, 83.

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."
I Henry VI, V. iii. 77, 78.

236. *"nothing"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"no Friends."*—I. G.

242. This fixes the time of the scene to August, 1471. King Edward, however, is introduced in the second act dying. That king died in April, 1483; consequently there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI, was in fact not confined till February, 1478, nearly seven years afterwards.—H. N. H.

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I 'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

245. *"right royal"*; if genuine this must be (as Steevens suggests) an ironical allusion to the suspected illegitimacy of Edward's birth.—C. H. H.

252. *"Denier,"* a small coin, the twelfth part of a French *sous.*—H. N. H.

255. *"Marvellous"* is here used adverbially. A *"proper man,"* in old language, was a *well-proportioned one.*—H. N. H.

Scene III

The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there 's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

5. *"words"*; so Qq.; Ff. read *"eyes."*—I. G.
7. *"harm"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"harmes."*—I. G.
15. A thing was said to be *"determined"* when it was *resolved* upon; *"concluded"* when it was *formally passed,* so as to be a ground of action.—H. N. H.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused in true report,

"Enter, Buckingham." Henry Stafford, the present duke of Buckingham, was grandson to the Buckingham who figures in *The Second Part of Henry VI.* On his father's side he was descended from Thomas of Woodstock, the sixth son of Edward III. His mother was Margaret, daughter to Edmund Beaufort, the duke of Somerset who fell in the first battle of St. Albans. So that on his mother's side Buckingham was descended from John of Ghent, fourth son of the same great Edward. He was as accomplished and unprincipled as he was nobly descended.—Thomas Lord Stanley [Earl of Derby] was lord steward of the king's household to Edward IV.—H. N. H.

17. *"Here come the lords";* so Qq. 1, 2; Qq. 3–8, *"Here comes the Lords";* Ff., *"Here comes the Lord";* Theobald altered *"Derby"* to *"Stanley,"* as Thomas, Lord Stanley, was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII.—I. G.

20. *"The Countess of Richmond"* was Margaret, the only child of John Beaufort, the first duke of Somerset. Margaret's first husband was Edmund, earl of Richmond, son of Owen Tudor and Katharine, widow of Henry V; by whom she became the mother of Henry VII. Afterwards she was married successively to Sir Henry Stafford, uncle of Buckingham, and to the Lord Stanley of this play, but had no more children. She lived to a great age, and was so highly reputed for prudence and virtue, that her grandson, Henry VIII, was mainly guided by her advice in forming his first council.—H. N. H.

Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby?

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, we did: he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumors,

36. *"Madam, we did"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"I (i. e. Aye) Madam"*; Qq., *"Madame we did."*—I. G.

"atonement"; that is, *at-one-ment.*—H. N. H.

43. *"who are they that complain"*; the reading of Qq.; Ff. read, *"who is it that complaines."*—I. G.

Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace!

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. *Eliz.* Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it.

58. *"person"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"Grace."*—I. G.

61. *"Lewd"* here signifies *knavish, wicked.*—H. N. H.

67. *"kindred"*; so Qq. 1, 6, 7, 8; Qq. 2, 3, 4, 5 read *"kinred"*; Ff., *"children."*—I. G.

68, 69. *"Makes him to send: that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it."* the reading of Qq. 1–6. (Q. 6, *"grounds"*); Ff. read, *"Makes him to send, that he may learn the*

Glou. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. *Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester;
You envy my advancement and my friends':
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. *Eliz.* By Him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,

ground";? Pope, *"Makes him to send that he may learn the ground Of your ill-will, and thereby to remove it";* Capell, *"Hath sent for you; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it,"* etc.—I. G.

71. *"Make prey,"* so the first two quartos and the folio; the other quartos, *"may* prey."—H. N. H.

77. *"we";* so Qq.; Ff., *"I."*—I. G.

80. *"whilst many fair promotions";* the reading of Qq.; Ff., *"while great promotions";* (evidently to be read as a quadrisyllable).—I. G.

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord, for—
Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honors on your high deserts.
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glou. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

90. *"cause"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"meane."*—I. G.

106. *"With those gross taunts I often have endured"*; so Qq.; Ff. read, *"Of those . . . that oft I have e." . . .*—I. G.

109. *"thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at"*; the reading of Qq.; Ff. read, *"so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at."*—I. G.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honor, state and seat is due to me.
Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.
Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.
Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

114. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.
116. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.
117. *"pains,"* services.—C. H. H.
130. *"Margaret's battle at St. Alban's," i. e.* the second battle of St. Albans, Feb. 17, 1461.—I. G.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.
Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a peddler:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

159. To *"pill"* is to *pillage.* It is often used with to *poll* or strip.

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight?

Q. *Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. *Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,

"Kildare did use to *pill and poll* his friendes, tenants, and reteyners" (*Holinshed*).—H. N. H.

161. *"I being queen";* so the Qq.; Ff. read, *"I am queen."*—I. G.

163. *"gentle villain,"* noble knave.—C. H. H.

164. *"What makest thou,"* that is, what *dost* thou?—H. N. H.

167–169. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

168. Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, and Edward issued a proclamation prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her return, or harboring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. So that her introduction in the present scene is a dramatic fiction.—H. N. H.

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that wast a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag!

Q. *Mar.* And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

219. *"them," i. e.* heaven, used in plural sense.—I. G.

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honor! thou detested!—

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glou. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

228. *"Elvish-mark'd."* It was an old prejudice which is not yet quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed are *marked* by nature as prone to mischief. She calls him *hog*, in allusion to his cognizance, which was a *boar*. "The expression," says Warburton, "is fine: remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons." The rhyme for which Collingborne was executed, as given by Heywood in his *Metrical History of King Edward IV*, will illustrate this:

> "The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
> Doe rule all England under a *hog*.
> The crooke backt boore the way hath found
> To root our roses from our ground,
> Both flower and bud will he confound,
> Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
> And then the dog, the cat, and rat
> Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

The persons aimed at in this rhyme were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovell.—H. N. H.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honor is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

241. *"Vain flourish,"* hallow semblance.—C. H. H.

242. *"A bottled spider,"* alluding to Richard's form and venom. A *bottled spider* is a *large, bloated, glossy spider:* supposed to contain venom in proportion to its size.—H. N. H.

255. *"Master marquess";* Thomas Grey had been created Marquess Dorset on April 18, 1475 (Holinshed).—C. H. H.

Glou. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

Glou. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Have done! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I 'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

264. *"Aery"* for *brood.* This word properly signified a brood of eagles, or hawks; though in later times often used for the nest of those birds of prey. Its etymology is from *eyren,* eggs; and we accordingly sometimes find it spelled *eyry.*—H. N. H.

277. *"My charity is outraye, life my shame,"* the "charity" I receive is outrage, the "shame" I feel is to live at all.—C. H. H.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I 'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!
[*Exit.*
Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she 's at liberty.
Glou. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glou. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.

287. *"I'll not believe"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"I will not think."*—I. G.

I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glou. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised:
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you;
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.

Q. *Eliz.* Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:

314. A *"frank"* is a *pen* or *coop* in which hogs and other animals were confined while fatting. To be *franked up* was to be *closely confined.* To *franch,* or *frank,* was to stuff, to cram, to fatten.—H. N. H.

321. *"And for you grace; and you, my noble lords"*; Ff., *"And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord."*—I. G.

But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
[*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tush!
Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears.

337. *"old odd ends stolen out"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"odde old ends stolen forth."*—I. G.

354. *"Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears."* a proverbial expression; *"drop tears"*; the reading of Qq.; Ff., *"fall Teares."*—I. G.

I like you, lads: about your business straight.
Go, go, dispatch.

First. Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

London. The Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;

3. *"So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams";* so Qq.; Ff., *"So full of fearefull Dreames, of ugly sights."*—I. G.

9, 10. *"Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy";* so Ff.; Qq. read, *"Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundy."*—I. G.

Clarence was desirous to aid his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nanci, in January, 1477. Isabel, the wife of Clarence, being then dead, (poisoned by the duke of Gloster, as it has been conjectured,) he wished to marry Mary, the daughter and heir of the duke of Burgundy; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to obtain her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers; and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and

And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Clarence. Mary of Burgundy, however, chose a husband for herself, having married, in 1477, Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederic.—H. N. H.

25. *"ten thousand"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"a thousand."*—I. G.

28. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?
Clar. O no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury:

36, 37. *"and often . . . ghost";* omitted in Qq.—I. G.
38. *"kept in";* so Qq.; Ff., *"Stop'd."*—I. G.
45. *"who";* so Qq.; Ff., *"I"; "flood,"* river (*"melancholy flood," i. e.,* the river Styx).—I. G.
46. *"grim ferryman"; i. e.* Charon; so Qq.; Ff., *"sowre f."*—I. G.
54. *"squeak'd,"* the word was especially applied to the cries of ghosts; it had not yet become trivial or ludicrous.—C. H. H.

Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest! [*Clarence sleeps.*
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,

57. *"to your torments"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"unto Torment."*—I. G.
59. *"environ'd me about"*; so Qq.; Ff. omit *"about."*—I. G.
65. *"I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it"*; so the Qq.; Ff. read, *"I am affraid (me thinkes) to hear you tell it."*—I. G.
66. *"O Brakenbury"*; Qq. read, *"O Brokenbury"*; Ff., *"Ah Keeper, Keeper!"*; *"those,"* so Qq.; Ff. *"these."*—I. G.
69–72. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.
72. *"My guiltless wife"*; Clarence's wife died before this date.—I. G.
73. *"I pray thee, gentle Keeper, stay by me"*; the reading of Qq.; Ff. read, *"Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while."*—I. G.

Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who 's here?
Brak. In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?
First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.
Brak. Yea, are you so brief?
Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious. Show him our commission; talk no more. [*Brakenbury reads it.*
Brak. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep:

78–80. *"For";* has a different meaning in each of these three lines. In 78 it is "or," "as the substance of"; in 79, "in return for"; in 80, "instead of" (the things they imagine but do not in fact experience). —C. H. H.

81. They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications.—H. N. H.

85. *"In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?";* the reading of Qq.; Ff., *"What would'st thou, Fellow? And how camm'st thou hither?"*—I. G.

95. *"Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep";* so Qq.; Ff. read, *"There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes."*—I. G.

I 'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.
First. Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom:
fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*
Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
First Murd. No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.
Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.
First Murd. Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.
Sec. Murd. The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
First Murd. What, art thou afraid?
Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.
First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.
Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.
First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.
Sec. Murd. I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humor will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.
First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

106. *"till the judgment-day"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"untill the great judgement-day."*—I. G.
115–117. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.
121. *"my holy humor"*; so Qq.; Ff. read, *"this passionate humor of mine."*—I. G.

Sec. Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First. Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First. Murd. Where is thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. Let it go; there 's few or none will entertain it.

First. Murd. How if it come to thee again?

Sec. Murd. I 'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him: it is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavors to trust to himself and to live without it.

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and be-

137. "It . . . . thing"; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

152. *"Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not,"* fortify yourself against the assaults of conscience by thinking of the devil.

lieve him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First. Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

Sec. Murd. No, first let 's reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Another interpretation (Wright, Delius), which regards "the devil" as "conscience," gives a difficult sense to *"take the devil in thy mind,"* "seize hold of him in thy imagination."—C. H. H.

157. *"A tall fellow,"* that is, a bold courageous man.—H. N. H.

158. "Shall we to this gear?" so Qq.; Ff. read, "shall we fall to worke."—I. G.

161. *"We will chop him in";* so Qq.; Ff. read, *"throw him into."*—I. G.

175. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Aye, aye.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offense?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

188. *"call'd forth from out"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"drawne forth among."*—I. G.

191. *"Quest"* was the term for a *jury*. "A *quest* of twelve men, Duodecim viratus." (*Baret*).—H. N. H.

196. *"to have redemption"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"for any goodness."*—I. G.

197. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is the king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfill a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

210. "*Thou didst receive the Holy Sacrament to fight,*" take a solemn oath (attested by the Sacrament) to fight.—C. H. H.

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why, sirs,
He sends ye not to murder me for this;
For in this sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be revenged for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.
First Murd. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.
Both. Aye, so we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

224. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Aye, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right,
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. It cannot be; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labor my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

First. Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

246. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

257. *"this world's"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"this earth's."*—I. G.

265. *"Relent! 'tis,"* etc.; Ff., *"Relent? no: 'Tis,"* etc.; the text is due to a blending of the readings of Qq. and Ff., first suggested by Tyrwhitt (*vide* Note vii., Camb. ed.).—I. G.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

First Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit with the body.*

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

281. *"like Pilate"; cp.* Matthew xxvii. 24.—I. G.

282. *"grievous guilty murder done"*; so Q.; Ff., *"grievous murther."*—I. G.

First. Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay.
[*Exit.*

290. *"Until the duke take";* so Qq.; Ff., *"Till that the Duke give."* —I. G.

292. The duke of Clarence was arraigned for treason before the parliament, convicted, and sentence of death passed upon him. This was in February, 1478, and a few days later it was announced that he had died in the Tower. So that this first act of the play embraces a period of nearly seven years, the death of King Henry having occurred in May, 1471. The manner of Clarence' death has never been ascertained. It was generally attributed to the machinations of Richard. Holinshed says,—"About this season, the sparke of privie malice was newlie kindled betwixt the king and his brother the duke of Clarence, insomuch that finallie the duke was cast into the Tower, and therewith adjudged for a traitor, and privilie drowned in a butt of malmsie." And Sir Thomas More has the following touching Richard: "Some wise men weene that his drift, covertlie conveied, lacked not in helping foorth his brother Clarence to his death. And they thinke that he long time in king Edwards life forethought to be king; in case that the king his brother, whose life he looked that evill diet should shorten, should happen to deceasse while his children were yoong. And they deeme that for this intent he was glad of Clarence' death, whose life must needs have hindered him so intending, whether the duke had kept him true to his nephue the yoong king, or enterprised to be king himselfe. But of all this point there is no certaintie, and whoso divineth upon conjectures, maie as well shoot too farre as too short." There was a fierce grudge between the dukes, growing out of their rapacity towards the Warwick estates.—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work:
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.
Riv. By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;

5. *"now in peace"*; so Qq.; Ff. read, *"more to peace."*—I. G.
7. *"Rivers and Hastings"*; so Qq.; Ff. read, *"Dorset and Rivers."*—I. G.
8. *"Dissemble,"* that is, do not merely *cloak* and *conceal* your ill-will, but eradicate it altogether, and swear to love each other."—H. N. H.

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.
Hast. And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. [*To the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,

33. *"On you or yours";* the reading of Qq.; Ff. read, *"Vpon your Grace."*—I. G.

Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
[*They embrace.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labor, my most sovereign liege:
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

40. *"zeal"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"loue."*—I. G.
44. *"perfect"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"blessed."*—I. G.
45. *"And, in good time, here comes the noble duke"*; so Qq.; Ff. read, *"And in good time, Heere comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke."*—I. G.
56. *"unwittingly"*; so Qq.; Ff. read, *"unwillingly."*—I. G.

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

Riv. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

66. *"Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you";* so Qq.; Ff. read, *"Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset."*—I. G.

67. *"have frown'd on me";* the reading of Qq.; Ff. read, *"have frown'd on me, Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you."*—I. G.

69–72. Quoted by Milton in *Iconoclastes* by way of illustrating his statement that "the poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never nine pious words in the mouth of any person, than of a tyrant."—I. G.

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Aye, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red color hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.
Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Derby.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.
K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.
Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

98. *"Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st"; "speak,"* the reading of Qq.; Ff., *"say"; "demand'st,"* the reading of Qq.; Ff., *"requests."*—I. G.

99. *"The forfeit";* he means the *remission* of the forfeit.—H. N. H.

102. "This lamentation," says Johnson, "is very tender and pathetic. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others."—For this speech the Poet had the

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:

following hint in Holinshed: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were consenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his infortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution; insomuch that, when anie person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomablie saie,—'Oh, infortunate brother! for whose life not one would make sute!'"—H. N. H.

103. *"that tongue"*; so Ff.; Qq. read, *"the same."*—I. G.

104. *"slew"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"kill'd."*—I. G.

105. *"cruel"*; Qq.; Ff., *"bitter."*—I. G.

116. *"his own garments"*; Qq. 6, 7, 8, *"his owne armes"*; Ff., *"his Garments"*; *"gave,"* so Qq.; Ff., *"did give."*—I. G.

But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence's death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The palace.

Enter the Duchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

"Enter, Duchess of York." "Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495."—H. N. H.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son'?
Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much.
I do lament the sickness of the king,
And loath to lose him; not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.
Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.
Girl. And so will I.
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.
Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

8. "The duchess is here addressing her grandchildren; but cousin seems to have been used instead of our kinsman and kinswoman, and to have supplied the place of both."—H. N. H.

11. *"sorrow to wail";* so Ff.; Qq. read, *"labour to weepe for."*—I. G.

15. *"daily";* so Qq.; Ff., *"earnest";* Pope, *"daily earnest,"* omitting *"all to that effect."*—I. G.

16. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Aye, boy.

Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her ears; Rivers and Dorset after her.

Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,

30. *"Dugs";* this word gave no offense to our ancestors: one instance will show that it was used even in the most refined poetry:

"And on thy *dugs* the queen of love doth tell
Her godhead's power in scrowles of my desire."
Constable's Sonnets, 1594.—H. N. H.

38. *"scene."* This, as well as "act" in the next line, is used with reference to the strict (theatrical) sense.—C. H. H.

That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!
Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death,
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolor likewise be unwept!
Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,

46. *"perpetual rest";* so Qq.; Ff. read, *"nere-changing night";* Collier MS., *"nere-changing light."*—I. G.

50. *"Images";* the children by whom he was represented.—H. N. H.

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he 's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he 's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas, I am the mother of these moans!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:
Alas, you three, on me threefold distress'd
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,

84–85. *"So do I; I for an Edward weep";* omitted in Ff.—I. G.
89–100. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glou. Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glou. [*Aside*] Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Nor cheer each other in each other's love:

101. *"Madam"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"Sister."*—I. G.

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancor of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,

121. *"Fetch'd"*; Edward, the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Anthony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welchmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages.—H. N. H.

123–140. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Hast. And so say I.
Glou. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?
Q. Eliz. } With all our hearts.
Duch. }
[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*
Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay behind;
For, by the way, I 'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.
Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

144. *"Censures"*; that is, your judgments, your opinions.—H. N. H. *"weighty"*; reading of Qq.; Ff. omit it.—I. G.

149. The *"index"* of a book was formerly set at the beginning; hence, probably, the word came to be used in the sense of *opening or introduction.* So in Act iv. sc. 4 of this play: "The flattering *index* of a direful pageant." And in *Othello,* Act ii. sc. 1: "An *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history of lust and foul thoughts." —H. N. H.

151. *"my counsel's consistory,"* "the assembly of whose deliberations my counsels are the issue." The Consistory was properly an ecclesiastical court.—C. H. H.

Scene III

London. A street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

First Cit. Neighbor, well met: whither away so fast?

Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

First Cit. Aye, that the king is dead.

Sec. Cit. Bad news, by 'r lady, seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a troublous world.

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbors, God speed!

First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.

Third Cit. Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?

Sec. Cit. Aye, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

First Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

Third Cit. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!

Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage council under him,

4. *"Seldom comes the better";* a proverbial expression; found in Ray's *Proverbs.*—I. G.

11. *"Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child"; cp.* Ecclesiastes, x. 16.—I. G.

And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.
First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
Third Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.
Third Cit. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all shall be well.
Third Cit. When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

21. *"Virtuous uncles,"* the dukes John of Bedford and Humphrey of Gloucester.—C. H. H.

28. *"sons and brothers haught";* so Ff.; Qq., *"kindred hauty";* Capell conj., *"kindred hauty are."*—I. G.

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear.

Third Cit. Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

Third Cit. And so was I: I 'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

London. The palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:

39. *"Reason,"* verb, was often used for to *talk* or *converse*.—H. N. H.

44. *"Boisterous storm."* The following hints towards this scene are in *More's History:* "Yet began there here and there abouts some maner of muttering among the people, as though all should not long be well, though they neither wist what they feared, nor wherefore: were it, that before such great things mens hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them, as the sea without wind swelleth of himselfe sometime before a tempest; or were it, that some one man, happilie somewhat perceiving, filled manie men with suspicion, though he shewed few men what he knew."—H. N. H.

1–2. *"Northampton . . . to-night";* Malone and Steevens had

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Aye, mother; but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: 'Aye,' quoth my uncle Gloucester,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

a sharp controversy, which reading ought to be kept. The matter is stated thus in More's History: "Now came there one not long after midnight from the lord chamberlaine to doctor Rotheram the archbishop of Yorke, then chancellor of England; and for that he showed his servants that he had tidings of so great importance, they letted not to wake him, nor he to admit this messenger in to his bed side. Of whome he heard that *these dukes were gone backe with the kings grace from Stonie Stratford unto Northampton.*"—H. N. H.

20. *"if this rule were true";* so the Cambridge Editors; Qq. 1, 2,

Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.
Duch. I hope so too; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.
Q. Eliz. How fares the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news then?
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

"if this were a true rule"; Qq. 3–8, *"if this were a rule"*; Ff., *"if his rule were true."*—I. G.

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offense?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Aye me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; blood against blood;
Self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen;

51. *"Jet."* The folio has *jut, which,* says Mr. Dyce, "is certainly wrong." And he adds that *"to jet upon* means here *boldly to encroach upon."* Thus in *Titus Andronicus,* Act ii. sc. 1: "And think you not how dangerous it is to *jet* upon a prince's right?" And in an old manuscript play of *Sir Thomas More,* quoted by Mr. Dyce: "It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus *jetted on* by straungers."—H. N. H.

62, 63. *"blood against blood, Self," etc.;* so Qq.; Ff., *"Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, selfe,"* etc.—I. G.

64. *"Frantic outrage,"* so in all the old copies, quarto and folio. Modern editions generally read *courage,* following Malone.—In the

Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duch. I 'll go along with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*

next line all the quartos have "look on *death*," the folio "on *earth*." Of course the duchess refers to the slaughters that have so long filled the land.—H. N. H.

67. *"Madam, farewell"*; omitted in Qq.—I. G.

71. *"The seal I keep"*; More's account of this is highly pathetic: "The queene hir selfe sate alone alow on the rushes, all desolate and dismaid; whome the archbishop comforted in the best manner he could, shewing hir that he trusted the matter was nothing so sore as she tooke it for. 'Madam,' quoth he, 'be yee of good cheere; for I assure you, if they crowne anie other king than your sonne, whome they now have with them, we shall on the morrow crowne his brother, whome you have here with you. And here is the great seale, which in like wise as that noble prince your husband delivered it unto me, so here I deliver it unto you, to the use and behoofe of your sonne.' And therewith he betooke hir the great seale, and departed home againe, yet in the dawning of the daie."—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

London. A street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:

"Cardinal Bourchier." Thomas Bourchier was made a cardinal, and elected archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.—H. N. H.

1. *"Chamber";* London was anciently called *camera regis,* that is, *the king's chamber.* Thus in Buckingham's speech to the citizens as given by More: "And yet be ye the people, whome he had as singular cause well and kindlie to intreat, as anie part of his realme; for that the prince, by *this noble citie as his speciall chamber,* and the speciall well renowned citie of this realme, much honourable fame received among all other nations."—H. N. H.

Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glou. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And, in good time here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York

24. *"The sweating lord,"* a pun on "Hastings."—C. H. H.

Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,

45. *"Ceremonious"* for *superstitious; "traditional"* for *adherent to old customs.*

46. *"Grossness"* here means *plainness, simplicity.*—H. N. H.

You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.* 60
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified. 71

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

56. *"Sanctuary";* this argument is from *More's History:* "Verilie *I have often heard of sanctuarie men, but I never heard erste of sanctuarie children.* But he can be no sanctuarie manne, that neither hath wisedome to desire it, nor malice to deserve it, whose life or libertie can by no lawfull processe stand in jeopardie. And he that taketh one out of sanctuarie to doo him good, I saye plainlie that he breaketh no sanctuarie."—H. N. H.

71. *"Re-edified."* We restore this speech to Buckingham, as in all the old copies. Modern editions, generally, give it to Richard, and say nothing of the change.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glou. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.
Prince. What say you, uncle? 80
Glou. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valor did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valor live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck. What, my gracious lord? 90
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,

77. *"Retail'd."* Minsheu, in his *Dictionary,* 1617, besides the verb *retail,* in the mercantile sense, has the verb to *retaile* or *retell;* and in that sense it appears to be employed here. Richard uses the word again in the fourth act, when speaking to the queen of her daughter: "To whom I will *retail* my conquests won."—H. N. H.

79. *"Never live long."* "I have knowne children languishing of the splene, obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravity and wisdome surpassing those tender years, and their judgments carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdome of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease which other have by course of yeares; whereon I take it the proverbe ariseth, that *they be of shorte life who are of wit so pregnant.*"—Bright's *Treatise of Melancholy,* 1586. —H. N. H.

82. *"formal vice, Iniquity";* Hanmer reads, *"formal wiss antiquary";* Warburton, *"formal-wise antiquity"; "Iniquity"* was no uncommon name of the formal (*i. e.* conventional) comic character, the *Vice,* of the *Morality* plays (*cp. e. g. "The Nice Wanton"*).—I. G.

Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glou. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Enter young York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Aye, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glou. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Glou. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glou. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

94. "*Lightly*"; so in an old proverb preserved by Ray: "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder."—H. N. H.

99. "*Too late*" for *too lately;* meaning, it is too short a time since his death, not to be "to our grief, as it is yours."—H. N. H.

110, 111; observe this instance of dramatic irony.—I. G.

Glou. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that 's the sword to it.
Glou. Aye, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you 'll say a beggar nay.
Glou. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glou. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

121. *"I weigh it lightly, were it heavier."* This taunting answer of the prince has been misinterpreted: he means, "I hold it cheap, or care but little for it, even were it heavier than it is." Thus in *Love's Labor's Lost,* Act v. sc. 2: "You *weigh* me not!—O, that's you care not for me."—H. N. H.

131. *"Bear me on your shoulders";* York alludes to the protuberance on Gloster's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens. Thus in Ulpian Fulwell's *Ars Adulandi,* 1576:—"Thou hast an excellent *back* to carry my lord's ape."—H. N. H.

Glou. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glou. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.*
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glou. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the installment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? what will he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons.
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

172, 173, omitted in Qq.—I. G.

176. *"icy-cold";* Ingleby's conj.; Qq. and Ff. read, *"icie, cola."*—I. G.

179. *"Divided councils";* More has the following account of this matter: "But the protector and the duke, after they had sent the lord cardinall, the archbishop of Yorke, the bishop of Elie, the lord Stanlie, and the lord Hastings, with manie other noblemen, to common and devise about the coronation in one place, as fast were they in another place, contriving the contrarie, and to make the protector king. . . . Thus manie things comming togither, partlie by chance, partlie of purpose, caused at length not common people onelie, that woond with the wind, but wise men also, and some lords eke, to marke the matter, and muse thereon; so farre foorth that the lord Stanlie, that was after earle of Derbie, wiselie mistrusted it, and said unto the lord Hastings, that he much misliked these two *severall councels.* For while we, quoth he, talke of one matter in the tone place, little wot we whereof they talke in the tother place." —H. N. H.

Glou. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I may.
Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glou. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both. [*Exit Catesby.*
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glou. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.
Buck. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.
Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willingness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*

193. *"Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do"*; so Qq.; Ff. read, *"chop off his Head: something wee will determine."*—I. G.

Scene II

Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What, ho! my lord!
Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. What is 't o' clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.
Hast. And then?
Mess. And then he sends you word
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

11. *"razed"*; Qq. 1–4, *"raste"*; Q. 5, *"caste"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"rased off"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"raised off."* Quoted in Nares *"rashea." To rase* or *rash* seems to have been an old hunting term used specially for the violence of the boar.—I. G.

Nott derives it from *Arracher*, French, to root up, to draw, tear, or pull up. Thus in *The Faerie Queene*, Book v. can. 3, stan. 8:

> "There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew;
> And through the thickest like a lyon flew,
> *Rashing off helmes*, and ryving plates asonder."—H. N. H.

If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honor and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. My gracious lord, I 'll tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*

33. *"The boar will use us kindly";* Sir Thomas More gives the matter of this dialogue thus: "The lord Stanlie sent a trustie messenger unto him at midnight in all hast, requiring him to rise and ride awaie with him; for he was disposed utterlie no longer to bide, he had so fearfull a dreame, in which him thought that a boare with his tuskes so rased them both by the heads, that the bloud ran about both their shoulders. Ha! quoth the lord Hastings to this messenger, leaneth my lord thy maister so much to trifles, and hath such faith in dreams? Tell him it is plaine witchcraft to beleeve in such dreames, which if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might be as likelie to make them true by our going? for then had the boare a cause likelie to rase us with his tusks, as folke that fled for some falsehood."—Of course the *boar* means Richard, whose crest was adorned with the figure of that amiable beast.—H. N. H.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cate. It is a reeling world indeed, my lord;
And I believe 'twill never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
Cate. Aye, my good lord.
Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Aye, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies:
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

43. *"This crown of mine,"* my head.—C. H. H.
55. *"I will not do it, to the death"; i. e.* though death be the consequence.—I. G.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby,—

Cate. What, my lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby:
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

72. "The bridge," London bridge.—C. H. H.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund and supposed their state was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I 'll talk with this good fellow. [*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?
Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:

96. "*Pursuivant,*" attendant or follower of a herald.—C. H. H.

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honor's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*

Purs. God save your worship. [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honor.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whispers in his ear.*

107. *"God hold it";* that is, God *continue* it.—The incident of this passage is told with great spirit by the historian: "Upon the verie Tower wharfe, so neare the place where his head was off soone after, there met he with one Hastings, a pursevant of his owne name. And at their meeting he was put in remembrance of another time, in which it had happened them before to meet in the same place. And therefore he said,—Ha! Hastings, art thou remembred when I met thee here once with an heavie heart? Yea, my good lord, quoth he, that I remember well, and thanked be God, they gat no good, nor you no harme thereby. Thou wouldest say so, quoth he, if thou knewest as much as I know, which few know else as yet, and mo shall shortlie. That meant he by the lords of the queenes kinred, that should that daie be beheaded at Pomfret. In faith, man, quoth he, I was never so sorie, nor never stood in so great dread in my life, as I did when thou and I met here. And lo, how the world is turned! now stand mine enimies in the danger, and I never in my life so merrie, nor never in so great suretie."—H. N. H.

108. *"fellow";* Qq. read, *"Hastings."*—I. G.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honor hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay: 120
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?
Hast. I 'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

124. *"I'll wait upon your lordship";* More relates this interview as occurring between Hastings and a knight whose name is not given, describing him as "a meane man at that time, and now of great authoritie": "This knight, when it happened the lord chamberlaine by the waie to staie his horsse and common a while with a priest whome he met in the Tower street, brake his tale, and said merilie to him,—What, my lord! I pray you, come on; whereto talke you so long with that priest? you have no need of a priest yet; and therewith he laughed upon him, as though he would say,—Ye shall have soone. But so little wist the tother what he ment, and so little mistrusted, that he was never merier, nor never so full of good hope in his life, which self thing is oft seene a signe of change." It appears from other authority, that the knight, whose part is here assigned to Buckingham, was Sir Thomas Howard, afterwards earl of Surrey. —H. N. H.

Scene III

Pomfret Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,

7, 8. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

15. After this line Ff. insert:—*"When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I"*; omitted in Qq.—I. G.

To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The Tower of London.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, and take their seats at a table.

Hast. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?

23. *"Make haste; the hour of death is expiate";* so. F. 1; Ff. 2-4, *"is now expired"* (*cp. supra* l. 8): *expiate* = ended, terminated; Qq. read, *"Come, come, dispatch; the limit of your liues is out";* Steevens, *"expirate."*—I. G.

Sc. iv. *"The Bishop of Ely";* Dr. John Morton, who was elected to the see of Ely in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed lord chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV; and was a principal agent in procuring Henry, when abroad, to enter into a covenant for the purpose.—H. N. H.

1. *"My lords, at once";* so Qq.; Ff. *"Now, Noble Peers."*—I. G.

Der. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. Who, I, my lord! We know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

5. *"Nomination";* the only thing wanting is appointment of a particular day for the ceremony.—H. N. H.

7. *"Most inward,"* intimate, confidential.—H. N. H.

10. *"Who, I, my lord,"* &c., so Qq.; the Folio:—

> *"We know each other's Faces; for our Hearts*
> *He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,*
> *Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine."*—I. G.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.

Glou. My Lord of Ely!

Ely. My lord?

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them,

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit.*

27. *"Cue,"* an expression borrowed from the stage; the *cue, queue,* or *tail* of a speech being the last words, and so indicating to the next speaker when to *take his turn.*—H. N. H.

35. *"Send for some of them";* the easy affability and smoothness of humor when going about the blackest and bloodiest crimes is one of the most decisive strokes in this terrible portrait. The incident is thus related in the *History:* "These lords so sitting togither communing of this matter, the protector came in amongst them first about nine of the clocke, saluting them courteouslie, and excusing himselfe that had been from them so long, saieng merilie that he had beene a sleeper that daie. After a little talking with them he said unto the bishop of Elie,—My lord, you have verie good strawberies at your garden in Holborne; I require you, let us have a messe of them. Gladlie, my lord, quoth he; would God I had some better thing as readie to your pleasure as that. And therewithall in all hast he sent his servant for a messe of strawberies."—H. N. H.

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Drawing him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I 'll follow you.
[*Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following*

Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There 's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there 's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Der. I pray God he be not, I say.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—
Glou. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff and Lovel.*

77. *"Tellest thou me of 'ifs'"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"Talk'st thou to me of 'ifs.'"*—I. G.

81. *"The rest that love me, rise and follow me"*; More gives a most spirited account of this proceeding: "Betweene ten and eleven he returned into the chamber, with a woonderfull soure angrie counte-

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:

nance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips; and so sat him downe in his place. All the lords were much dismaid and sore marvelled at this sudden change. Then, when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have, that compasse and imagine the destruction of me, being so neere of bloud unto the king, and protector of his roiall person and his realme? At this question all the lords sat sore astonied, musing much whome this question meant, of which everie man wist himselfe cleere. Then the lord chamberlaine answered and said, that they were worthie to be punished as traitors, whatsoever they were. And all affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder sorceresse, my brothers wife, and other with hir. Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceresse, and that other witch of hir councell, Shores wife, have by their sorcerie and witchcraft wasted my bodie. And therewith he plucked up his dublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arme, where he shewed a weerish withered arme, and small; as it was never other. Hereupon everie mans mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrell. For they well wist that the queene was too wise to go about anie such follie. And, also, no man was there present, but well knew that his arme was ever such since his birth. Naithelesse the lord chamberlaine answered,—Certainlie, my lord, if they have so heinouslie doone, they be worthie heinous punishment. What! quoth the protector, thou servest me, I weene, with ifs and ands: I tell thee they have so doone, and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitor. And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap; at which token one cried, Treason! without the chamber. Therewith a doore clapped, and in come there rushing men in harnesse, as manie as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the lord Hastings,—I arrest thee, traitor! What, me! my lord? quoth he. Yea, thee, traitor, quoth the protector. Then were they all quicklie bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord chamberlaine, whome the protector bad speed and shrive him apace; for, by saint Paule, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off."—H. N. H.

84. *"raze his helm"*; Qq. read, *"race his helme"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"rowse our Helmes"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"rowze our Helmes"*; Rowe, *"rase our helms"*; *cp. supra* III. ii. 11.—I. G.

85. *"But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye."*—I. G.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favor.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,

86. *"Foot-cloth horse";* a *foot-cloth* was a kind of housing that covered the body of the horse, and reached nearly to the ground. A *foot-cloth horse* was a palfrey covered with such housings, used for state; and was the usual mode of conveyance for the rich, at a period when carriages were unknown.—This is from Sir Thomas More: "In riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse twice or thrice *stumbled* with him, almost to the falling; which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward; yet hath it beene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notablie foregoing some great misfortune."—H. N. H.

98. *"grace of mortal";* so Ff.; Qq., *"state of worldly."*

100. *"Fair looks";* William lord Hastings was beheaded on June 13, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, earl of Salisbury, and widow of William lord Bonville, was restored to his honors and estate by King Henry VII in the first year of his reign. The daughter of lady Hastings, by her first husband, was married to the marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.—H. N. H.

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The Tower-walls.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armor, marvellous ill-favored.

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy color,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks

104–107 omitted in Qq.—I. G.

109. *"That"* refers to *they*, not to *me*.—H. N. H.

5. *"Tut, I can"*; so Ff.; Qq., *"Tut feare not me, I can."*—I. G.

7. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

8. *"Intending deep suspicion"*; the matter of this passage is thus given by More: "Now flew the fame of this lords death swiftlie through the citie, and so foorth further about, like a wind in everie mans eare. But the protector, immediatelie after dinner, intending

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all hast for manie substantiall men out of the citie into the Tower. At their comming, himselfe with the duke of Buckingham stood harnessed in old ill-faring briganders, such as no man should weene that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backs, except that some sudden necessitie had constreined them. And then the protector shewed them, that the lord chamberlaine and other of his conspiracie had contrived to have suddenlie destroied him and the duke, there the same day in the councell. Of which their treason he never had knowledge before ten of the clocke the same forenoone; which sudden feare drave them to put on for their defense such harnesse as came next to hand."—H. N. H.

10–21. The first Quarto differs in many points from this, the reading of the Folios, especially in making Catesby enter with Hastings' head, though previously Gloster has ordered him "to overlook the walls." A similar discrepancy occurs in Scene 4, ll. 80, 81.—I. G.

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glou. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were 't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

May. What, had he so?

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;

31. *"His conversation,"* that is, familiar intercourse; what is now called criminal *conversation.*

34. *"That ever lived"*; this line is commonly filled out thus: "Look you, my lord mayor."—H. N. H.

And you, my good lords both, have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
Glou. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his death;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.
Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world.
Buck. But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:

52. Gloucester's speech given to "Buckingham" in Ff.—I. G.

69. *"Intents";* in common speech a similar phrase is sometimes used, viz., "to come short *of* a thing."—H. N. H.

70, 71. *"Yet witness . . . farewell";* so Ff.; Qq. read, *"Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue."*—I. G.

And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Mayor.*

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:

76. *"Citizen";* this person was *one Walker,* a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crown* in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, &c., are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an act of parliament.—H. N. H.

But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I 'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit.*

Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;

97. *"and . . . adieu";* 103–105. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

98. *"Baynard's Castle";* this castle was built by Baynard, a nobleman who is said to have come in with William the Conqueror. Knight speaks of it thus: "Baynard's Castle, which stood on the bank of the river in Thames-street, has been swept away by the commercial necessities of London. The dingy barge is moored in the place of the splendid gallery; and porters and carmen squabble on the spot where princes held their state."—H. N. H.

101–102. *"I go . . . affords";* so Ff.; Qq. read, *"About three or four a clocke looke to heare What news Guildhall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell."*—I. G.

104. *"Friar Penker";* Dr. Shaw was brother to the lord mayor; Penker, according to Speed, was provincial of the Augustine friars; and both were popular preachers of the time. Of course Richard wanted them to preach politics.—H. N. H.

107. *"The brats of Clarence"* were Edward and Margaret, known afterwards as earl of Warwick and countess of Salisbury.—H. N. H.

And to give notice, that no manner of person
At any time have recourse unto the princes.
[*Exit.*

Scene VI

The same. A street.

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while! Why, who 's so gross,
That seeth not this palpable device?
Yet who 's so blind, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

12. *"blind"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"bold."*—I. G.

14. *"Such bad dealing must be seen in thought."* The Poet here writes very close to the History: "Now was this proclamation made within two houres after that he was beheaded; and it was so curiouslie indited, and so faire written in parchment, in so well set a hand, and therewith of itselfe so long a processe, that everie child might

Scene VII

Baynard's Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

Glou. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?
Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, and speak not a word.
Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:

well perceive that it was prepared before. For all the time betweene his death and the proclaiming could scant have sufficed unto the bare writing alone, all had it beene but in paper, and scribbled foorth in hast. So that one that was a schoolmaster of Powles, of chance standing by, and comparing the shortnesse of the time with the length of the matter, said unto them that stood about him.—Here is a gaie goodlie foule cast awaie for hast. And a merchant answered him, that it was written by prophesie."—H. N. H.

5. *"Lady Lucy."* The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obstruct which his mother alleged a precontract between them. But Elizabeth Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine.—H. N. H.

10. *"As being got."* This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the duke of Gloster, soon after Edward's death, revived this scandal.—H. N. H.

Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
And when mine oratory grew to an end,
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

Glou. Ah! and did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuës or breathing stones,
Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this willful silence:
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again:
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;'
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own
At the lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,

24. *"they spake not a word,"* omitted in Qq.—I. G.

25. *"Dumb statues"*; it would not be difficult, says Mr. Reed, to fill whole pages with instances to prove that *statue* was formerly a word of three syllables; and there are several passages in Shakespeare where it is necessary so to pronounce it.—H. N. H.

"breathing stones," i. e. they were able to breathe, but without the power of speech; later Qq., *"breathless s."*—I. G.

And some ten voices cried 'God save King Richard!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends!' quoth I,
'This general applause and loving shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard;'
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glou. Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll build a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our request;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glou. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit Gloucester.*

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.

37. *"And thus I took,"* &c. This line is not in the quartos.—H. N. H.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,
What says he?

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I 'll tell him what you say, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay!
Buck. I fear he will.

Re-enter Catesby.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?
Cate. My lord,
He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him;
And so once more return and tell his grace.
[*Exit Catesby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops. Catesby returns.

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen!
Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favorable ears to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

98, 99, omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glou. I do suspect I have done some offense
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!
Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Then know, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf

120, omitted in Qq.—I. G.
127, omitted in Qq.—I. G.
128. *"Shoulder'd in."* Thus in a curious paper quoted by Mr. Lysons in his *Environs of London:* "Lyke tyrauntes and lyke madde men helpynge to *shulderynge* other of the sayd bannermen ynto the dyche."—H. N. H.

Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glou. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due by birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,

144–153, omitted in Qq.—I. G.

So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapor of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thanked, there 's no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to that vow—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,

166. And I want *much* of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed.—H. N. H.

177–193. The duke here hints at the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By "some alive" is meant the duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard.—H. N. H.

Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loathed bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart

189. *"Bigamy,"* by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted by a statute in 4 Edw. I,) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy,* or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow.—H. N. H.

202, omitted in Qq.—I. G.

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens: 'zounds! I 'll entreat no more.

Glou. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham. 220

[*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*

Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit:

Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it.

Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load: 230
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,

220. Omitted in Ff., where the previous line reads, *"Come, citizens, we will entreat no more."*—I. G.

224. *"Stones"*; the plural as well as the singular is Shakespearean in this sense.—C. H. H.

Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live Richard, England's royal king!

May. and Cit. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

Glou. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again.
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*

240. *"Richard, England's royal king";* so Qq.; Ff., *"King Richard, England's worthie king."*—I. G.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she 's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

"Duchess of Gloster." We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first Act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby-place. She was married to him about the year 1472.—H. N. H.

2. *"Niece";* that is, *granddaughter.* In *Junius' Nomenclator,* by Higgins, 1585, *Nepos* has no other explanation than *"a nephew;* that is, *one's son's or daughter's child."* The words grandson or granddaughter never occur in Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

7. *"As much to you, good sister! Whither away?"* the reading of Ff.; Qq., which omit ll. 2–6, read, *"Sister, well met, whether awaie so fast?"*—I. G.

Anne. No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Q. *Eliz.* Kind sister, thanks: we 'll enter all together.

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.
Q. *Eliz.* The king! why, who 's that?
Brak. I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.
Q. *Eliz.* The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I 'll bear thy blame,

14. *"How doth the prince, and my young son of York?"* so Ff.; Qq. read, *"How fares the Prince?"*—I. G.

15. *"Right well, dear Madam. By your patience";* the reading of Ff.; Qq. read, *"Well Madam, and in health, but by your leave."*—I. G.

18. *"why, who's that?";* the reading of Qq.; Ff., *"who's that?"*—I. G.

25. *"Then bring me to their sights";* so Ff.; Qq. read, *"Then feare not thou."*—I. G.

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I 'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.
[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-killing news!
Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,

27. *"May not leave it so,"* that is, "I may not so resign my office." —H. N. H.

37. *"Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!"* This line is found only in the folio.—H. N. H.

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!

50. *"My son," i. e.* stepson, Richmond, the son of Lady Margaret, Stanley's second wife, by her first husband, Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond.—C. H. H.

51. *"To meet you on the way, and welcome you";* so Qq.; Ff. read, *"In your behalfe, to meet you on the way."*—I. G.

55. The "cockatrice" was so called from its fabled generation from the egg of a cock; the term being derived from *cock* and *atter,* Anglo-Saxon for *adder. Cockatrice,* it seems, was but another name for the *basilisk.* Thus in Browne's *Vulgar Errors:* "Many opinions are passant concerning the *basilisk,* or little king of serpents, commonly called the *cockatrice.*" And again: "As for the generation of the *basilisk,* that it proceedeth from a a *cock's egg,* hatched under a toad or serpent, it is a conceit as monstrous as the brood itself."—H. N. H.

61. *"red-hot steel";* Steevens says, "She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz. by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head." —I. G.

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humor, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the death of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.

66. *"Why?"*; so Ff.; omitted in Qq.—I. G.

76–77. *"As miserable by the death of thee As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death"*; so Qq.; Ff. read, *"More miserable by the life of thee, Then,"* etc.; *cp.* I. ii. 27.—I. G.

85. *"Timorous dreams"*; this is taken from the History: "He never thought himselfe sure: where he went abroad, his eies whirled about, his bodie privilie fensed, his hand ever upon his dagger, his countenance and maner like one alwaies readie to strike againe; he

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

Duch. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow

took ill rest a nights, laie long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, *troubled with fearful dreames,* suddenlie sometime start up, lept out of his bed, and ran about the chamber; so was his restless heart continuallie tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormie remembrance of his abhominable deed."—H. N. H.

96. *"Eighty odd years";* the Duchess was actually only sixty-eight at this time.—I. G.

98–104. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

102. *"Rude, ragged nurse,"* etc. Knight makes the following just comment upon it: "It bears the mark of Shakespeare's later years, in its bold imagery. 'Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow,'

For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter Richard in pomp, crowned; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth the throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:
But shall we wear these honors for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever may they last!

K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

possesses the highest attribute of poetry,—that of suggesting a long train of thought by some short and powerful allusion, far more effective than the most skilful elaboration."—H. N. H.

8. To *"play the touch"* is to resemble the *touchstone.* Thus in *Drayton's Heroical Epistles:* "Before mine eyes, like *touch,* thy shape did prove."—H. N. H.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live true noble prince!
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*
Cate. [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry: see, he bites the lip.
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!
Page. My lord?

16. *"That Edward still should live true noble prince";* so Qq. and Ff.; Theobald, *"That Edward still should live, True noble Prince."*—I. G.

29. *"Unrespective,"* that is, void of cautious and prudential consideration, *inconsiderate, unregardful.* Thus in Daniel's *Cleopatra,* 1599:

> "When dissolute impiety possess'd
> The *unrespective* minds of prince and people."—H. N. H.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither. [*Exit Page.*
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsel:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Stanley.

How now! what news with you?
Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset 's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*
K. Rich. Catesby!
Cate. My lord?
K. Rich. Rumor it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

40–53. In the lines the Cambridge text follows substantially the reading of the Quartos in preference to the Folios, where the passage is carelessly printed.—I. G.

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. [*Exit Catesby.* 60
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

56. *"The boy is foolish"; i. e.* Edward Plantagenet, who had been kept imprisoned in the Tower almost from his tenderest years.—I. G.

Shakespeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was at this time but about ten years old, and we are not told by any historian that he had then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Being confined by King Henry VII immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education being entirely neglected, he is described by Polydore Virgil, at the time of his death in 1499, as an idiot; and his account, which is copied by Holinshed, was certainly a sufficient authority for Shakespeare's representation.—H. N. H.

59. *"It stands me much upon."* This is an old idiomatic phrase for *it behooves me,* or, as we should now say, *it stands me in hand.* The matter of the passage is thus given in Holinshed: "After this he procured a rumor to be spred abroad among the people, that the queene was dead; to the intent that she, taking some conceit of this strange fame, should fall into some sudden sicknesse or greevous maladie. When the queene heard that so horrible a rumor was sprung amongst the communaltie, she sore suspected the world to be almost at an end with hir. And in that sorrowful agonie she went to the king hir husband, demanding of him what it should meane, that he had judged hir worthie to die. The king answered hir with faire words, and with smiling and flattering leasings comforted hir, and bid hir be of good cheere. Howsoever it fortuned, either by pensivenesse of hart, or by infection of poison, within a few daies after the queene departed out of this transitorie life."—H. N. H.

So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Aye, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

83. *"'Tis done, my gracious lord";* this intimacy of Richard and Tyrrel has the following basis in *More's History:* "Forasmuch as his mind gave him, that, his nephues living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realme, he thought therefore without delaie to rid them. Whereupon he sent one John Greene unto sir Robert Brakenburie, constable of the Tower, with a letter, that sir

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear that news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look to it. 90

Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,

Robert should in anie wise put the two children to death. This John Greene did his errand unto Brakenburie, who plainlie answered, that he would never put them to death, to die therefore. With which answer John Greene returning, recounted the same to king Richard. Wherewith he tooke such displeasure, that the same night he said unto a secret page of his,—Ah! whom shall a man trust? Those that I had weent would most surelie serve me, even those faile me. Sir, quoth his page, there lieth one on your pallet without, that I dare well saie, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse. Meaning sir James Tirrell, which was a man of right goodlie personage, and for natures gifts worthie to have served a much better prince, if he had well served God. The man had an high heart, and sore longed upward, not rising yet so fast as he had hoped, being hindered and kept under by sir Richard Ratcliffe and sir William Catesbie. Upon this pages words, king Richard arose (for this communication had he sitting at the draught, a convenient carpet for such a councell) and came out into the pallet chamber, on which he found in bed sir James and sir Thomas Tirrell. Then said the king merilie to them,—What, sirs, be ye in bed so soone? And calling up sir James, brake to him secretlie his mind in this mischeevous matter. In which he found him nothing strange. Wherefore on the morrow he sent him to Brakenburie with a letter, by which he was commanded to deliver sir James all the keies of the Tower for one night, to the end he might there accomplish the kings pleasure."—H. N. H.

For which your honor and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford and the movables
The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just demand?

K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,

102–119. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Why a passage so characteristic of Richard, and so fine in itself, should have been left out of the folio, is not easy to conceive.—H. N. H.

108. *"Rougemont";* Hooker, a writer of Elizabeth's time, mentions this as "a very ancient castle, named Rugemont, that is, Red Hill, taking the name of the red soil or earth whereupon it is situated." Shakespeare, doubtless, worked upon the following passage in Holinshed: "During his abode here he went about the citie and at length he came to the castell; and when he understood that it was called Rugemont, suddenlie he fell into a dumpe, and said,—Well, I see my daies be not long. He spake this of a prophesie told him, that when he came once to Richmond, he should not long live after." How much the fact, or rather, perhaps, the *fancy*, was thought of, may be inferred from what Fuller says of it in his account of

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord!
K. Rich. Aye, what 's o' clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.
K. Rich. Well, but what 's o 'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.
K. Rich. Tut, tut,
Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*
Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service

Exeter: "There is in this city a castle, whitherto King Richard the usurper repaired. He demanded of the inhabitants how they called their castle; who returned the name thereof was Rugemont. Hereat the usurper was much abashed, having been informed by wizards that he should never prosper after he had met a thing called Rugemont. It seems Satan either spoke this oracle low or lisping, desirous to palliate his fallacy and ignorance; or that King Richard mistook the word, seeing not Rugemont but Richmond proved so formidable to this usurper."—H. N. H.

118. *"Jack";* this alludes to the *Jack of the clock,* which was a figure made in old clocks to strike the bell on the outside. Richard compares Buckingham to one of the automatons, and bids him not to suspend the stroke on the clock bell, but strike, that the noise may be past, and himself at liberty to pursue his meditations. The following passage from Cotgrave will further elucidate its meaning: "A *jacke of the clocke-house;* a little busiebodie, medler, *jack-stickler;* one that has an oare in every man's boat, or his hand in every man's dish."—H. N. H.

With such deep contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

The same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre

126. *"Brecknock"* was the name of Buckingham's castle in Wales. —There has been much question as to the cause of the breach between Richard and his unscrupulous factor. Lingard says,— "What, in the course of a few weeks, could have changed Buckingham from a zealous friend into a determined enemy to the new king, it is in vain to conjecture." The Poet, however, followed the *Chronicles,* which recount at much length certain conversations as held between the duke and Bishop Morton, wherein the former assigns the cause of this change in this wise: "When he was once crowned king, he cast awaie his old conditions, as the adder doth hir skin, verifieng the old proverb,—Honours change manners. For when I myself sued unto him for my part of the earle of Herefords lands, which his brother king Edward wrongfullie withheld from me; in this my first sute showing his good mind toward me, he did not onelie first delaie me, and afterward denaie me, but gave me such unkind words, with such tawnts and retawnts, yea, in manner checke and checkemate to the uttermost proofe of my patience, as though I had never furthered him, but hindered him. Yet all these ingratitudes I bare closelie and suffered patientlie, outwardlie dissembling what I inwardlie thought. But when I was crediblie informed of the death of the two young innocents, to the which, God be my judge, I never agreed; O Lord! how my veines panted, how my bodie trembled, and how my heart inwardlie grudged! insomuch that I so abhorred the sight of him, that I could no longer abide in his court, except I should be openlie revenged. And so I feined a cause to depart, and with a merrie countenance and despitefull heart I tooke my leave humblie of him, and so returned to Brecknocke."—H. N. H.

That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes:'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

5. *"this ruthless piece of butchery";* so Qq. 1, 2; Q. 3, *"thir ruthfull . . . ,"* etc.; Qq. 4–8, *"this ruthfull . . . ,"* etc.; Ff., *"This peece of ruthfull Butchery."*—I. G.

11. *"innocent alabaster";* so Q. 8; Qq. 1–7, *"innocent alabaster";* Ff. 1, 2, 3 read, *"Alabaster innocent";* F. 4, *"Alabaster innocent."*—I. G.

Enter King Richard.

All hail, my sovereign liege!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done, my lord.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But how or in what place I do not know. 30

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good.
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till soon. [*Exit Tyrrel.*

35. *"Farewell."* Here, again, the Poet runs close along More's narrative as he found it in Hall or Holinshed: "Sir James Tirrell devised that they should be murthered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the foure that kept them, a fellow fleshed in murther beforetime. To him he joined one John Dighton, his owne horssekeeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave. Then all the other being removed, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton about midnight, the seelie children lieng in their beds, came into the chamber, and, suddenlie lapping them up among the clothes, so to-bewrapped them an intangled them, that within a while, smoothered and stifled, they gave up to God their innocent soules, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed. Which after that the wretches perceived, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched sir James to see them; which, upon the sight of them, caused those murtherers to burie them at the staire foot, meetlie deepe in the ground, under a great heape of stones. Then rode sir James in hast to king Richard, and showed him all the maner of the murther, who gave him great thanks, and, as some saie, there made him knight. But he allowed not, as I have heard, the burieng in so vile a corner, because they were a kings sonnes. Whereupon, they say, that a priest of sir Robert Brakenburies tooke up the bodies againe, and secretlie in-

The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My lord!

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have heard that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:

terred them in such place as, by the occasion of his death which onelie knew it, could never since come to light. Verie truth it is, and well knowne, that at such time as sir James Tirrell was in the Tower, for treason against king Henrie the seventh, both Dighton and he were examined, and confessed the murther in maner above written." This is the last we have from More.—H. N. H.

40. *"the Breton Richmond";* "after the battle of Tewkesbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II, Duke of Bretagne" (Malone).—I. G.

Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Before the palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. *Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine adversaries.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret; who comes here?

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. *Eliz.* Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. *Mar.* Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

16. "*Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.*" Meaning, ap-

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!
Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?
[*Sitting down by her.*
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,

parently, that the Divine Justice, which was alleged in Act i. sc. 3 as having righted others against her, is now settling on her side, and righting her against others.—H. N. H.

17–19, placed after line 34 in Ff.—I. G.

20, 21, 28. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

And let my woes frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. *Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. *Mar.* Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

41. *"Harry";* Qq. *"Richard";* Ff. *"Husband."*—I. G.
49. *"Teeth before his eyes";* Richard was reported to have been born with teeth.—C. H. H.
52–53. Omitted in Qq.; transposed in Ff.—I. G.

And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. *Eliz.* O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Q. *Mar.* I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;

69. "*Adulterate*" is *stained with adultery,* referring, probably, to his mixture with Jane Shore.—H. N. H.

72. "*their*," *i. e.* hell's; *cp.* the use of "heaven," I. iii. 219.—I. G.

The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes,
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A sign of dignity, a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee, and cries 'God save the queen'?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very catiff crown'd with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

85. *"Index";* Nares suggests that the *index* of a pageant was probably a painted cloth hung up before a booth where a pageant was to be exhibited.—H. N. H.

88–90. The reading of the Quartos is followed in these lines in preference to that of the Folios:—

> *"A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagg,*
> *To be the aymne of every dangerous shot;*
> *A sign of dignity, a Breath, a Bubble."*—I. G.

97. *"Decline all this,"* go through all these questions in succession. —C. H. H.

102–104 transposed; l. 103 omitted in Qq. Ff., *"she"* for *"one."*—I. G.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,

127. *"Windy attorneys"*; thus in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's *attorney* once is mute,
The *client* breaks, as desperate of his suit."—H. N. H.

Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.
I hear his drum: be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and trumpets.

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,

128. *"Intestate joys."* The meaning of this metaphor is,—The joys, being all consumed and passed away, have died intestate; that is, have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and mere verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery.—H. N. H.

131. *"Ease the heart":*

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."
Macbeth (H. N. H.)

And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Aye, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak!
K. Rich. Do then; but I 'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

157. *"I have a touch of your condition";* that is, a spice or smack of your disposition.—The two following speeches are not in the quartos.—H. N. H.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous;
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?
K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Strike up the drum.
Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;

175. *"Humphrey Hour";* perhaps a mere personification, as it were, of some particular Hour, formed on the analogy of such phrases as *"Tom Trott,"* etc. According to some, there is ar allusion to the phrase "to dine with Duke Humphrey."—I. G.

179–182. *"I prithee . . . So";* so Ff.; Qq. read, "Du. *O hear me speake, for I shall never see thee more.* King. *Come, come, you are too bitter.*"—I. G.

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armor that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to all.

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no moe sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,

And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

221–234. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honor,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;

235–236. *"my enterprise, And dangerous success of bloody wars";* so Ff.; Qq. read, *"my dangerous attempt of hostile armes."*—I. G.

244. *"This earth's glory";* that is, the *crown,* the emblem of royalty. —In the line before the quartos have "dignity and height of *fortune.*" —H. N. H.

247. To *"demise"* is to *grant,* from *demittere,* Latin. But as no example of the use of the word, except in legal instruments, offers itself, perhaps we should read *devise,* with the second folio.—H. N. H.

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her Queen: who should be else?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humor.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply she will weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:

275, 276. *"steep'd in Rutland's blood,—A handkerchief"*; so Ff.; Qq. read, *"a handkercher steept in Rutlands blood."*—I. G.
276–277, 288–342. Omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I 'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content
What! we have many goodly days to see:

303. *"Of"* is used for *by*.—H. N. H.
304. *"Bid"* is the past tense from *bide*.—H. N. H.

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised 331
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. *Eliz.* What were I best to say? her father's brother

324. *"Of ten times";* Theobald's correction of Ff., *"Oftentimes."*—I. G.

335. *"Retail."* The Chronicles yielded the following basis for this speech and the matter thereabout: "There came into his ungracious mind a thing not onelie detestable to be spoken of, but much more abhominable to be put in execution. For when he revolved in his mind how great a founteine of mischeefe toward him should spring, if the earle of Richmond should be advanced to the marriage of his neece; he determined to reconcile to his favour queene Elizabeth, either by faire words or liberall promises, firmlie beleeving, her favour once obteined, that the earle of Richmond of the affinitie of his neece should be utterlie defrauded. And if no remedie could be otherwise invented, then he himselfe would rather take to wife his neece the ladie Elizabeth, than for lacke of that affinitie the whole realme should run to ruin; as who said, that if he once fell from his dignitie the ruin of the realme must needs shortlie follow. Wherefore he sent to the queene, being in sanctuarie, diverse and often messengers, which first should excuse and purge

Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honor and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

him of all things before against hir attempted or procured, and after should so largelie promise promotions and benefits not onelie to hir, but also to hir sonne lord Thomas, marquesse Dorset, that they should bring hir, if it were possible, into some wanhope, or, as men saie, into a fooles paradise."—H. N. H.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonor'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honor;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death—

366. "'*My George*,' the figure of St. George as a part of the insignia of the Garter. It was, however, first added to the insignia by Henry VII" (Littledale).—C. H. H.

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonor'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest.
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old withered plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!

387. *"What canst thou swear by now?"* omitted in Qq.—I. G.

Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Aye, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Aye, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

400. *"Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours."* This line is found only in the folio.—H. N. H.

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell. [*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following.

How now! what news?
Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

429. *"And you shall understand from me her mind."* This line is not in the quartos.—The issue of the negotiations with Elizabeth is thus stated in Holinshed: "The messengers, being men of wit and gravitie, so persuaded the queene with great and pregnant reasons, and what with faire and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent, and to give to them no deafe ear; insomuch that she faithfullie promised to yeeld hirselfe fullie to the kings will and pleasure. And so she, putting in oblivion the murther of hir innocent children, the living in adulterie laid to hir charge, the bastarding of hir daughters; forgetting also the promise and oath made to the countesse of Richmond, mother to the earle Henrie, delivered into the king Richards hands hir five daughters, as lambs committed to the custodie of the ravenous woolfe. After, she sent letters to the marquesse hir sonne, being then at Paris with the earle of Richmond, willing him in anie wise to leave the earle, and without delaie to repair into England, where for him were provided great honours and promotions; ascerteining him further, that all offenses on both parts were forgotten and forgiven, and both he and she highlie incorporated in the kings heart. Suerlie the inconstancie of this woman were much to be marvelled at, if all women had beene found constant; but let men speake, yet women of the verie bond of nature will follow their owne sex."—H. N. H.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?
Cate. Here, my lord.
K. Rich. Fly to the duke. [*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury:
When thou comest thither,— [*To Catesby*] Dull unmindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.
Cate. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do At Salisbury?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.
K. Rich. My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign:
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I 'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Aye, aye, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond: 491
I will not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Well,
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.
[*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

495. *"Well, go, muster men: But hear you, leave behind."*—Here is the chronicler's statement of the matter: "When the said lord Stanlie would have departed into his countrie, to visit his familie, and to recreate and refresh his spirits, (as he openlie said, but the truth was, to the intent to be in a perfect readinesse to receive the earle of Richmond at his first arrivall in England,) the king in no wise would suffer him to depart, before he had left as an hostage in the court George Stanlie lord Strange, his first-begotten sonne and heire."—H. N. H.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He striketh him.*
Take that, until thou bring me betters news.

Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

511–516. So the Ff.; the Qq. differ materially in the phraseology of the lines.—I. G.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;

528. *"He, mistrusting them."* On October 12, 1483, Richmond set sail from St. Malo in Brittany with forty ships and five thousand men. In the course of that very day his fleet was seized by a storm, shattered, and utterly dispersed. The rest we give in the words of Holinshed: "In the morning after, when the rage of the tempest was asswaged, about the houre of noone the earle approched to the mouth of the haven of Pole in the countie of Dorset, where he might plainlie perceive all the bankes and shores garnished and furnished with men of warre and souldiers, appointed there to defend his arrivall and landing. Wherefore he gave streict charge that no person should presume to take land, untill such time as the whole navie were come togither. And while he taried he sent out a shipboate toward the land side, to know whether they which stood there were enimies or else freends. They that were sent were instantlie desired of the men of warre keeping the coast to take land, affirming that they were appointed by the duke of Buckingham there to await for the arrivall of the earle of Richmond, and to conduct him safelie into the campe, where the duke not far off laie with a mightie armie. The earle, suspecting their request to be but a fraud, as it was indeed, after he perceived none of his ships to appeare in sight, weied up his anchors, halsed up his sailes, and, having a fresh gale sent by God to deliver him from that perill, arrived safe in the duchie of Normandie."—H. N. H.

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V

Lord Derby's house.

Enter Derby and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That in the sty of this most bloody boar

534–536. *"That the earl of Richmond . . . told."* The earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welch would receive him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Katharine of France, the widow of King Henry V.—H. N. H.

"Sir Christopher Urswick," a priest, chaplain to the Countess of Richmond, who was married to the lord Stanley. This priest, the Chronicles tell us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages between the countess of Richmond and her

My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Der. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many moe of noble fame and worth:
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Der. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

husband and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. He was afterwards almoner to King Henry VII, and refused the bishopric of Norwich. He retired to Hackney, where he died in 1527.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Salisbury. An open place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!

1. *"Buckingham";* Buckingham was executed on All-saints' day, November 1, 1483. The story is told thus by the chroniclers: "The duke, being by certeine of the kings councell diligentlie examined, what things he knew prejudiciall unto the kings person, declared franklie all the conjuration, without glosing; trusting, because he had plainlie revealed all things, that he should have licence to speake to the king; which, whether it were to sue for pardon, or whether he, being brought to his presence, *would have sticked him with a dagger, as men thought, he sore desired.* But when he had confessed the whole conspiracie, upon All-soules daie, without arreigment or judgement, he was at Salisburie, in the open market-place, on a new scaffold, beheaded and put to death." See, also, **King Henry VIII, Act i. sc. 2.**—H. N. H.

This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's dooms-day.
This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
That high All-seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. [*Exeunt.*

19. *"Respite of my wrongs";* the time to which the punishment of his injurious practices or the wrongs done by him was respited.—H. N. H.

28. *"Come . . . shame."* Johnson thinks this scene should be added to the fourth act, which would give it a more full and striking conclusion. In the original quarto copy, 1597, this play is not divided into acts and scenes. Malone suggests that the short scene between Stanley and Sir Christopher may have been the opening of the fifth act.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The camp near Tamworth.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colors.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,

"Richmond." On his father's side the earl of Richmond was grandson to Owen Tudor and Katharine of France, widow of Henry V. His mother was Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, the first duke of Somerset, and of course great-granddaughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; on which account, after the death of Henry VI and his son, Richmond was looked to by both friends and foes as the next male representative of the Lancastrian line. The first Beauforts, as the reader may be aware, were born out of wedlock, though their parents were afterwards married. The children were legitimated indeed, but the act of legitimation expressly barred them and their posterity from the throne. So that in himself Richmond had no *legal* claim to the kingdom. Nevertheless the Lancastrians all regarded him as their natural chief; and many of the Yorkists accepted him because of his having bound himself by solemn oath to marry the Princess Elizabeth, whom they of course considered the rightful heir to the crown after the death of her brothers.—H. N. H.

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowel'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the center of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*

17. *"Every man's conscience is a thousand swords"*; Ff., *"men"* for *"swords"*; the words paraphrase *"Conscientia nulle testes."*—*I. G.*

Scene III

Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms with Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie tonight:
But where to-morrow? Well, all 's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the foe?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account: 11
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

2. *"My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?"*; so the Folios; Q. 1 reads, *"Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookst thou so bad?"* the other Quartos, *"Whie . . . so sad?"*—I. G.

11. *"Our battalion trebles that account."* Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.—H. N. H.

Which they upon the adverse party want.
Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the field;
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let 's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:

22. *"Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard";* so Ff.; Qq. read, *"Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd."*—I. G.

23–26. In Qq. these lines are inserted between ll. 43 and 44, and ll. 27, 28, 43 are omitted.—I. G.

29. *"Keeps";* remains with.—H. N. H.

Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colors much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And give him from me this most needful scroll.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to our tent! the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.

K. Rich. What is 't o' clock?

Cate. It 's supper-time, my lord;
It 's nine o'clock.

40. *"Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him";* so Qq.; Ff., *"Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speak with him."*—I. G.

48. *"It's nine o' clock";* so the folio; the quartos,—"It is *six* o'clock, full suppertime." The carefulness of the revisal is well shown in this change of the hour. *Six o'clock* greatly disorders the time of the scene; for Richmond has before said,—"The weary sun hath made a golden *set,*" and at that season, August, the sun did not set till after seven. We are not to suppose, though, that *nine o'clock* was the usual *supper-time* at that period: on the contrary, Harri-

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was!
And all my armor laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Catesby!
Cate. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
[*Exit Catesby.*
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.

son tells us in the *Preface* to *Holinshed,*—"The nobilitie, gentrie, and students ordinarilie go to dinner at *eleven* before noone, and to supper at *five,* or betweene five and six, at afternoone." Mr. Verplanck, with apparent good reason, remarks upon the matter thus: "It seems, then, that the Poet, perceiving that the conduct of the scene required a later hour, and wishing to preserve the incident of Richard's refusing to sup, altered the time to what, though not the common supper hour, might well be that of an army, which had just encamped, after a march."—H. N. H.

63. *"Watch";* modern editions, generally, make Richard speak these words to *Catesby,* for which there is no authority, nor any need.—In calling for a *watch* Richard eivdently does not mean a *sentinel;* for that guard should be kept about his tent was a matter of course. The *watch* called for is, no doubt, a *watch-light,* which was a night candle so marked as to indicate how long it had burned, and thus serve the purpose of a modern *watch.*—H. N. H.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers. 71

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

65. *"Staves";* that is, the *staves* or poles of his lances. It was the custom to carry more than one into the field.—H. N. H.

68. *"The melancholy lord";* Richard, though not without suspicions of Northumberland, describes as "melancholy" his sullen disaffection. Northumberland took no part in the battle.—C. H. H.

70. *"Cock-shut time";* that is, *twilight.* Thus Ben Jonson, in *The Satyr:*

> "For you would not yesternight
> Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light."

A *cock-shut* was a large net stretched across a glade, and so suspended upon poles as easily to be drawn together, and was employed to catch woodcocks. These nets were chiefly used in the twilight of the evening, when woodcocks "take wing to go and get water, flying generally low; and when they find any thoroughfare, through a wood or range of trees, they venture through." The artificial glades made for them to pass through were called *cock-roads.* Hence *cock-shut time* and *cock-shut light* were used to express the evening twilight.—H. N. H.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me. Ratcliff,
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.
[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other attendants.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others attending.

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law! 81
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,

95. *"tender George";* George Stanley was at this time already married, though Shakespeare, following Hall and Holinshed, makes him a child.—I. G.

Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I 'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen. [*Exeunt all but Richmond.*
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still.
[*Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish! 130

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

125. *"By thee was punched full of deadly holes";* this has been described as one of the worst lines in all Shakespeare, but this is due to the fact that critics have confused (i.) "punch," the technical word for making use of the *puncheon,* a shoemaker's tool for making holes (Fr. *poison,* a bodkin, L. *punctionem*), with (ii.) *punch,* to beat, which is a distinct word, and is merely an abbreviation of *punish.*—I. G.

131. *"The ghost";* it seems quite probable that this introduction of the ghosts may have been suggested by the following passage in the *True Tragedy of Richard the Third:*

"The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
The daily cares, the nightly dreams,
The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloody practice past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That, sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,
Methinks *their ghosts come gaping for revenge,*
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.
Clarence complains, and crieth for revenge;

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair and die!
Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! 141
Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!
All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

My nephews' blood, Revenge! revenge! doth cry;
The headless peers come pressing for revenge;
And every one cries, Let the tyrant die!"

132. *"Fulsome"* probably has reference to the qualities of Malmsey wine, which was peculiarly sweet and luscious, so much so as to cloy the appetite after a little drinking.—Singer remarks that "Shakespeare seems to have forgot that Clarence was killed before he was thrown into the Malmsey-butt." Wherein Mr. Singer "seems to have forgot," that elsewhere himself had from just such discrepancies inferred diversity of authorship. See Introduction to the *Second Part of Henry VI.*—H. N. H.

143. *"Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!"*; Capell reads, *"hurtless lance"*; Collier MS., *"pointless·lance"*; but no change is necessary; the line is probably intentionally abrupt, *cp.* 148.—I. G.

Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!
[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne his wife.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,

152. *"lead"*; so Q. 1; all other eds., *"laid."*—I. G.

162–163. These lines are Lettsom's conjecture, the true lines being lost.—I. G.

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep:
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

173. *"I died for hope"; i. e.* "for want of hope," *cp. "dead for hope"* (Greene's *James IV, V, VI*) ="dead to hope." Various unnecessary emendations have been proposed (*v.* Glossary).—I. G.

179. In this series of speeches the Poet has with most happy effect given a "local habitation and a name" to what is thus stated in the *Chronicles:* "The fame went, that he had the same night a terrible dreame; for it seemed to him, being asleepe, that he did see diverse images like terrible divels, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take anie quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenlie strake his heart with feare, but it stuffed

The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there 's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good

his head with many busie and dreadfull imaginations. For incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated the doubtfull chance of the battle, not using the alacritie and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to doo. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for feare of his enimies, and for that cause looked so piteouslie, he declared to his familiar freends in the morning his wonderfull vision and fearfull dreame. But I thinke this was no dreame, but a punction and pricke of conscience; for the conscience is so much the more charged, as the offense is more heinous. Which sting of conscience, although it strike not alwaie, yet at the last daie of extreame life is woont to show and represent to us our faults and offenses." Drayton's description of the same matter, in his *Poly-Olbion,* Song 22, was evidently patterned upon Shakespeare's representation:

"Where to the guilty king, that black fore-running night,
Appear the dreadful ghosts of Henry and his son,
Of his own brother George, and his two nephews done
Most cruelly to death; and of his wife, and friend,
Lord Hastings, with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend
Him piece-meal; at which oft he roareth in his sleep."—H. N. H.

180. *"the lights burn blue,"* alluding to the old superstitious belief that when a spirit was present the lights burnt blue.—I. G.

182. *"What do I fear? myself?"* "There is in this, as in many of the Poet's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued; but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical" (*Johnson*).—H. N. H.

That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. 'Zounds! who is there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armor.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!

204–206. *"Methought . . . Richard";* Johnson proposed to place these lines after line 192.—I. G.

212–214. "King Rich. *O Ratcliff . . . my lord,"* omitted in Ff.—I. G.

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

221. *"eaves-dropper,"* so F. 4; Q. 1, *"ease dropper"*; Q. 2, *"ewse dropper"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Ease-dropper."*—I. G.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

HIS ORATION TO HIS SOLDIERS

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

251. *"England's chair"* is the *throne.* The allusion is to the practice of setting gems of little worth, with a bright-colored *foil* under them.—H. N. H.

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

270. In this speech the Poet drew but little from the one put into Richmond's mouth by the *Chronicles*. The only resemblances worth noting are these: "For what can be a more honest or godlie quarrell, than to fight against a capteine, being an homicide and murtherer of his owne bloud, an extreame destroier of his nobilitie, and to his and our countrie, and the poore subjects of the same, a deadlie mallet, a firie brand, and a burthen intollerable?"—"I assure you that there be yonder men brought thither for feare, and not for love; souldiers by force compelled, and not with good will assembled; persons which desire rather the destruction than salvation of their maister and capteine."—"And this one thing I assure you, that in so just and good a cause, you shall find me this daie rather a dead carrion upon the cold ground, than a free prisoner on a carpet in a ladies chamber."—On the whole, the Poet hardly makes him speak with so much spirit as the historian. And the latter adds,—"These cheerful words he set foorth with such gesture of his bodie, and smiling countenance, as though alreadie he had vanquished his enimies. He had scantlie finished, but the one armie spied the other. Lord, how hastilie the souldiers buckled their helmes! how quicklie the archers bent their bowes and frushed their feathers! how readilie the bilmen shooke their billes and proved their staves; readie to approach and joine, when the terrible trumpet should sound."—H. N. H.

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey, then?

Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our purpose.'

K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is.
[*The clock striketh.*
Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody. 280
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Re-enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*He sheweth him a paper.*

301. *"This, and Saint George to boot!"* That is, "this, and St. George to help us, into the bargain." The historian makes him say, —"Now, saint George *to borrow"*; which means,—St. George *be our pledge* or *security*.—This ordering of the battle is from the *Chronicles:* "King Richard, bringing all his men out of their campe into the plaine, ordered his foreward in a marvellous length, in which he appointed both horsmen and footmen, to the intent to imprint in the hearts of them that looked afarre off a sudden terror and deadlie feare; and in the fore-front he placed the archers like a strong fortified trench or bulworke. Over this battell was capteine, John duke of Norffolke, with whom was Thomas earl of Surie, his sonne. After this long vant-gard followed king Richard himselfe with a strong companie of chosen and approved men of warre, having horssemen for wings on both sides of his battell."—H. N. H.

K. Rich. [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

HIS ORATION TO HIS ARMY

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands and blest with beauteous wives,

305. *"For Dickon thy master is bought and sold";* so in the *Chronicles:* "John duke of Norffolke was warned by diverse to refrain from the field, insomuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king, one wrote this rime upon his gate:

"Jocke of Norffolke, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold."

Of course *Jocky* and *Dickon* are but familiar forms of *John* and *Richard.—Bought and sold* was a sort of proverbial phrase for *hopelessly ruined by treacherous practices.*—H. N. H.

317. *"Bretons";* Capell's emendation; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 5, *"Brittains";* Ff. 3, 4, *"Britains";* Pope, *"Britons."*—I. G.

They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France.
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves: 331
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And in record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark!
I hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! 341

322. *"restrain";* so Qq. and Ff. Warburton proposed *"distrain,"* and this reading has been adopted by several modern editors.—I. G.

324. *"Mother's cost,"* should be *"brother's cost";* the error—a mere printer's error—was due to the 2nd edition of Holinshed; *cp.* Hall, *"brought up by my brother's (i. e.* Richard's brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy) *meanes and mine."*—I. G.

341. *"Amaze . . . staves";* fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.—H. N. H.

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*

345. *"the enemy is past the marsh";* "There was a large marsh in Bosworth plaine between the two armies, which Richard passed, and arranged his forces so that it protected his right wing. He thus also compelled the enemy to fight with the sun in their faces, a great disadvantage when bows and arrows were in use" (Malone).—I. G.

346. *"Let George Stanley die";* so in Holinshed: "When king Richard was come to Bosworth, he sent a pursevant to the lord Stanlie, commanding him to advance with his companie; which if he refused to doo, he sware by Christes passion, that he would strike off his sonnes head before he dined. The lord Stanlie answered, that if the king did so, he had more sonnes alive; and as to come to him, he was not then so determined. When king Richard heard this, he commanded the lord Strange incontinent to be beheaded; which was at that verie same season when both the armies had sight of ech other. But the councellors persuaded the king that it was now time to fight, and no time to execute."—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter Norfolk and forces fighting; to him Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

3. *"Daring an opposite to every danger";* that is, *daringly opposing himself,* or offering himself as an opponent to every danger. Shakespeare uses *opposite* for *opponent* in *Twelfth Night,* and several other places.—H. N. H.

12. *"Five have I slain";* Shakespeare had employed this incident with historical propriety in *The First Part of King Henry IV.* He had here also good ground for his poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to the *Chronicles,* was determined if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was; attacked his standard bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight. Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!
The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:

Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment.—H. N. H.

13. "*A horse, . . . horse*"; here again we have a slight trace of the *True Tragedy of Richard the Third:*

"*Enter* Richard, *wounded, with his Page.*

King. A horse! a horse! a fresh horse!
Page. Ah! fly, my lord, and save your life.
King. Fly, villain! Look I as though
I would fly?—No! first shall," &c.—H. N. H.

5–8. So in the *Chronicles:* "When the earle had obteined the victorie, he kneeled downe and rendered to almightie God his heartie thanks, with devout and godlie orisons. Which praier finished, he ascended up to the top of a little mountehie, where he not onelie praised his valiant souldiers, but also gave them his heartie thanks, with promise of condigne recompense for their fidelitie and valiant

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:

feats. Then the people rejoised and clapped their hands, crying, —King Henrie, king Henrie! When the lord Stanlie saw the good will and gladnesse of the people, he tooke the crowne of king Richard, which was found amongst the spoile in the field, and set it on the earles head; as though he had beene elected by the voice of the people, as in times past in diverse realmes it hath beene accustomed." —H. N. H.

9. *"But tell me, is young George Stanley living"?;* so Ff. and Qq. Pope, *"tell me first";* Keightley, *"tell me, pray,"* etc. There is no need to emend; *"George"* is evidently dissyllabic.—I. G.

All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen! [*Exeunt.*

36. To *"reduce"* is *to bring back;* an obsolete sense of the word, derived from its Latin original, *reduco.* "The mornynge forsakyng the golden bed of Titan, *reduced* the desyred day" (Eurialus and Lucretia, 1560).—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abate, make dull, blunt; V. v. 35.

Abjects, "the most servile of subjects"; I. i. 106.

Abroach; "set a.," am the cause of; I. iii. 325.

Account, number, reckoning; V. iii. 11.

Account, count upon; (used quibblingly); III. ii. 72.

Acquit, acquitted; V. v. 3.

Acquittance, acquit; III. vii. 233.

Adulterate, adulterous; IV. iv. 69.

Advance, raise; V. iii. 264.

Advantage, opportunity (Ff. *"vantage"*); III. v. 74.

Advantaging, increasing; IV. iv. 323.

Adventure, risk, hazard; I. iii. 116.

Adverse, opposing; IV. iv. 190.

Advertised, informed; IV. iv. 501.

Advised; "well a.," "in sound senses, not mad"; I. iii. 318.

Advised, "be a.," reflect, consider; II. i. 107.

Aery, brood of an eagle or hawk, a brood of nestlings; I. iii. 264.

Affected; "doth stand a.," is disposed; III. i. 171.

A-high, on high; IV. iv. 86.

Almost; "cannot almost," *i. e.* can hardly; II. iii. 39.

Amaze, affright; V. iii. 341.

Ambling, moving in an affected manner; I. i. 17.

Amity, friendship; I. iii. 231.

Ancient, old; III. i. 182.

Annoy, injury, harm; V. iii. 156.

Anointed, consecrated by unction; one of the ceremonials in the coronation of sovereigns; IV. i. 62.

Answer, answer for, be responsible for; IV. ii. 97.

Apparent, manifest; III. v. 30.

Arbitrement, decision; V. iii. 89.

Arch, wicked; IV. iii. 2.

As, that (Ff. *"that"*); III. iv. 40.

At once, in brief, without more ado; III. iv. 1.

Atonement, reconciliation; I. iii. 36.

Attainder, taint; III. v. 32.

Attorney; "by a.," by proxy; V. iii. 83.

Aweless, inspiring no awe; (Qq. *"lawlesse"*); II. iv. 52.

Baited at, harassed, worried; I. iii. 109.

Bar, debar, exclude; III. ii. 54.

Barred, armed and harnessed for war; I. i. 10.

Basilisk, the fabulous creature supposed to kill by its look; *v. "cockatrice"*; I. ii. 51.

Battalion, army; (Ff. *"Batta-*

lia"; perhaps = Italian *battaglia*, battle); V. iii. 11.

Battle, army; V. iii. 88.

Baynard's Castle, the residence of Richard, Duke of York; on south bank of the Thames; III. v. 98.

Beads, rosary; III. vii. 93.

Beaver, helmet; V. iii. 50.

Beholding, beholden; II. i. 129.

Belike, perhaps, probably; I. i. 49.

Best; "were b.," had better; I. i. 100.

Betide, become; I. iii. 6.

Bettering, magnifying; IV. iv. 122.

Bid, bore; IV. iv. 304.

Bobb'd, drubbed, thumped; V. iii. 334.

Book, note-book; III. v. 27.

Boot, given into the bargain; IV. iv. 65.

Boot, "to b."; *i. e.* for our help; V. iii. 301.

Bootless, useless; III. iv. 104.

Bottled, bloated; I. iii. 242.

Bought and sold, deceived, betrayed; a proverbial phrase; V. iii. 305.

Braved, made brave, adorned; V. iii. 279.

Brecknock, Brecknock Castle in South Wales; IV. ii. 126.

Bridge, *i. e.* London Bridge, where the heads of traitors were placed; III. ii. 72.

Brief, quick, speedy; II. ii. 43.

Broken, broken up, done away with; II. ii. 117.

Brook'd, borne, endured; I. i. 125.

Bruising irons, destroying weapons; referring to the heavy iron maces used in battle; V. iii. 110.

Bulk, body; I. iv. 40.

Bunch-back'd, hunch-backed; I. iii. 246.

Burthen'd, burdensome; IV. iv. 111.

Bustle, stir, be active; I. i. 152.

But, only; I. iii. 194.

By, near, close at hand; IV. ii. 104.

Cacodemon, evil demon, evil spirit; I. iii. 144.

Caitiff, wretch; IV. iv. 100.

Capable, quick to apprehend, of good capacity; III. i. 155.

Caparison, put on the trappings, cover with a horsecloth; V. iii. 289.

Careful, full of care; I. iii. 83.

Carnal, flesh-eating, bloodthirsty; IV. iv. 56.

Censures, opinions; II. ii. 144.

Chair, throne; IV. iv. 470.

Chamber, London was called the king's chamber soon after the Conquest; III. i. 1.

Characters, used quibblingly in double sense (1) written signs, (2) marked dispositions; III. i. 81.

Charge, command, post; V. iii. 25.

Charge; "given in c.," commanded; I. i. 85.

Charges, expense; I. ii. 256.

Charity; "my charity," the charity shown to me; I. iii. 277.

Cheerly, cheerfully; V. ii. 14.

Christian (trisyllabic); III. v. 26.

Circumstance, detailed argument; I. ii. 77.

Cited up, recounted; I. iv. 14.

Close, strictly confined; IV. ii. 54.

Close, secret; I. i. 158; IV. ii. 35.

Closely, secretly; III. i. 159.
Closure, enclosure; III. iii. 11.
Cloudy, having cloudy looks; II. ii. 112.
Cockatrice, a fabulous creature supposed to kill by its glance; (v. *"basilisk"*); IV. i. 55.
Cock-shut time, twilight (*"cock-shut"*=a kind of net used for catching woodcocks, generally set in the dusk of the evening); V. iii. 70.
Cog, deceive, cheat; I. iii. 48.
Competitors, confederates; IV. iv. 506.
Complots, plots; III. i. 192.
Conceit, conception, idea; III. iv. 51.
Concluded, officially recorded; I. iii. 15.
Condition, disposition; IV. iv. 157.
Conduct, escort; I. i. 45.
Confirm'd; "thy age c.," thy riper years; IV. iv. 171.
Consequence, sequel; IV. iv. 6.
Considerate, observant; IV. ii. 30.
Consorted, joined, associated; III. iv. 73.
Content, pay, satisfy; III. ii. 113.
Contract, contracted; III. vii. 179.
Conversation, intercourse; III. v. 31.
Conveyance; "madest quick c.," quickly removed; IV. iv. 283.
Convict, convicted; I. iv. 194.
Corse, corpse, body; I. ii. 32.
Costard, a humorous expression for the head; properly, a kind of apple; I. iv. 160.
Counted, accounted; IV. i. 47.
Cousins, grandchildren; II. ii. 8; nephew; III. i. 2.
Covert'st, most secret; III. v. 33.
Cozen'd, cheated, deceived (with a play upon *"cousins"*); IV. iv. 222.
Crosby place, the palace of Richard, when Duke of Gloster, still standing in Bishopsgate Street; (Ff. *"Crosby House"*); I. ii. 213.
Cross-row, alphabet; "so called, according to some, from the cross anciently placed before it to indicate that religion was the chief end of learning; or, as others say, from a superstitious custom of writing the alphabet in the form of a cross, by way of charm" (Nares); originally *"Christ-cross-row"*; corrupted into *"criss-cross-row"*; then into *"cross-row"*; I. i. 55.
Crown, head; III. ii. 43.
Current, genuine; I. ii. 84.
Curst, shrewish; I. ii. 49.

Dally, trifle; II. i. 12.
Dangerous; "d. success," doubtful issue; IV. iv. 236.
Date, term, period of duration; IV. iv. 254.
Dear, extreme; I. iv. 217.
Dear, used in double sense, (1) dearly loved, (2) intensely severe; II. ii. 77.
Death; "the d.," an old idiom especially used with reference to penal death; I. ii. 179.
Debase, lower, degrade; (Ff. *"abase"*); I. ii. 247.
Declension, decline; III. vii. 189.
Decline, "run through from first to last, as in declining, or giving the cases of a noun, in grammar" (Malone); IV. iv. 97.

DEFEND, forbid; III. vii. 173.

DEFUSED, disordered, shapeless; (*"defused"* (Ff. 3, 4, *"diffus'd"*) infection" suggested by *"divine perfection,"* l. 75); I. ii. 78.

DEMISE, grant, bequeath; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"devise"*); IV. iv. 247.

DENIER, the smallest coin; a tenth part of a penny; I. ii. 252.

DENY, refuse; V. iii. 343.

DESCANT, variations on a plain-song; III. vii. 49.

DESCANT, used probably in its technical sense, "to sing a part extempore upon a plain-song"; I. i. 27.

DESCRIED, spied out, discovered; V. iii. 9.

DETERMINED, resolved upon; I. iii. 15.

DETERMINE OF, decide upon; III. iv. 2.

DEVOTED, pious, holy; I. ii. 35.

DEVOTION, engrossing love; IV. i. 9.

DICKON, Dick; V. iii. 305.

DIET, mode of life; I. i. 139.

DIRECTION; "of sound d.," skillful in military tactics; V. iii. 16.

DISGRACIOUS, unpleasing; III. vii. 112; ungracious; IV. iv. 177.

DISSEMBLE, "d. not," do not gloss over; II. i. 8.

DISSEMBLING, deceitful; I. i. 19.

DISSENTIOUS, seditious, breeding discord (Q. 2, *"discentions"*); I. iii. 46.

DISTAIN, stain, defile; V. iii. 322.

DISTRAUGHT, distracted; III. v. 4.

DIVIDED, separate; ("divided councils," *i. e.* "a private consultation, separate from the known and public councils"); III. i. 179.

DREAD, inspiring with reverence; (all editions with exception of Qq. 1, 2 read *"deare"*); III. i. 97.

EFFECT, execution; I. ii. 120.

EGALLY, equally; III. vii. 213.

ELVISH-MARK'D, marked and disfigured by the fairies; (Ff. 1, 2, *"eluish mark'd"*; F. 3, *"elvish, mark'd"*); I. iii. 228.

EMBASSAGE, embassy, message; II. i. 3.

EMBRACEMENTS, embraces; II. i. 30.

EMPERY, empire; III. vii. 136.

ENACTS, performs; V. iv. 2.

ENDURED OF, endured by; IV. iv. 304.

ENFORCED, forced; III. v. 46.

ENFORCEMENT, compulsion; III. vii. 233.

ENFRANCHISE, release; I. i. 110.

ENGLAND (trisyllabic); IV. iv. 263.

ENGROSS, make gross, pamper; III. vii. 76.

ENSUING, impending (Ff. *"Pursuing"*); II. iii. 43.

ENTERTAIN, employ; I. ii. 257.

ENTREAT, treat, use; IV. iv. 151.

ENTREATS, entreaties; (Ff. *"entreaties"*); III. vii. 225.

ENVIOUS, malicious; I. iii. 26.

ENVY, hatred; IV. i. 100.

ERRONEOUS, mistaken; I. iv. 200.

EXCELLENT, supreme; IV. iv. 52.

EXCEPT, excepted; V. iii. 243.

EXCLAIMS, exclamations, outcries; I. ii. 52.

EXERCISE, technically, an exposition of Scripture; performance of religious duties; III. ii. 112.

Exhales, draws forth; I. ii. 58.
Expedient, expeditious; I. ii. 217.
Expiate, (*v.* note); III. iii. 23.
Extremity, extreme measure; I. i. 65.

Factious for, partisans of; I. iii. 128.
Fain, gladly; I. iv. 281.
Fair, well; IV. iv. 151.
Fairest-boding, prophesying success, of good omen; V. iii. 227.
Faithful; "f. man," *i. e.* a believer, not an infidel; I. iv. 4.
Fall, let fall; V. iii. 135.
False-boding, prophesying falsely; I. iii. 247.
Father-in-law, step-father; V. iii. 81.
Faultless, innocent; I. iii. 178.
Fear, "fear him," fear for him, are anxious about him; I. i. 137.
Fearful, filled with fear; IV. ii. 126.
Fearful, full of fear; I. i. 11.
Feature, form, shape; I. i. 19.
Field, battle-field; (Ff. *"ground"*); V. iii. 15.
Fire-new, brand new, fresh from the mint; I. iii. 256.
Flaky, "scattering like flakes"; V. iii. 86.
Fleeting, inconstant, fickle; I. iv. 55.
Flesh'd, hardened; IV. iii. 6.
Flourish, mere ornament, embellishment; I. iii. 241.
Flouted, scorned; (Qq. *"scorned"*); II. i. 78.
Foil, metal placed beneath a gem to set it off; (Ff. *"soyle"*); V. iii. 250.
Fond, foolish; (Ff. *"simple"*); III. ii. 26.
Foot-cloth horse, horse with a foot-cloth or housings; III. iv. 86.
For, because; I. i. 58.
Foreward, vanguard; V. iii. 293.
Forfeit; "the f. of my servant's life," the forfeited life of my servant; II. i. 99.
For; "for hope," as regards hope, for want of hope; (Theobald, *"for holpe"*; Steevens, *"for-holpe"*; Hanmer; *"for-soke"*; Tyrwhitt, *"fore-done"*); V. iii. 173.
Formal, customary, conventional; III. i. 82.
Forswearing, perjury; I. iv. 209.
Forth of, away from; IV. iv. 176.
Foul, foully; III. ii. 44.
Frank'd up, cooped up in a frank or sty; I. iii. 314.
French nods, alluding to the affectation of French habits; I. iii. 49.
From, free from; III. v. 32; away from; IV. iv. 259; V. iii. 284.
Fulsome, nauseous; V. iii. 132.

Gain, gaining; III. ii. 47.
Gallant-springing, growing up in beauty; I. iv. 229.
Galled, sore with weeping; IV. iv. 53.
Garish, gaudy; IV. iv. 89.
Garland, crown; III. ii. 40.
Garter, part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366.
Gentle; "g. villain," *i. e.* nobly born v.; an ironical expression; I. iii. 163.
George, the figure of St. George, which was part of the insignia

of the Order of the Garter; IV. iv. 366.

GOOD TIME OF DAY, a common form of greeting; I. i. 122.

GRACED, blessed; IV. iv. 174.

GOSSIP, *lit.* godmothers, hence, used contemptuously for people of influence, patrons; I. i. 83.

GRACIOUS, full of grace; II. iv. 20.

GRAMERCY, many thanks; III. ii. 108.

GRATULATE, congratulate; IV. i. 10.

GRAVEN, engraved, carved; (Ff. *"branded"*); IV. iv. 141.

GROSS, stupid, dull; III. vi. 10.

GROSSLY, stupidly; (Q. 1, *"Grosselie"*; Q. 2, *"Crosselie"*; the rest, *"Crosly"*); IV. i. 80.

GROUND, plain-song; a musical term; III. vii. 49.

GULLS, dupes, fools; I. iii. 328.

HALBERDS, battle-axes fitted to long poles; I. ii. 40.

HALT, limp; I. i. 23.

HANDIWORK, workmanship; IV. iv. 51.

HAP, fortune; I. ii. 17.

HAPLY, perchance, perhaps; IV. iv. 273.

HATCHES, deck; I. iv. 13.

HAUGHT, haughty; II. iii. 28.

HAVE DONE, be quiet, cease; (Ff. *"Peace, peace"*); I. iii. 273.

HAVE WITH YOU, I'll go with you; III. ii. 92.

HEAP, throng, crowd; II. i. 53.

HEARKENS AFTER, listens to, takes notice of; I. i. 54.

HEAVILY, sad; II. iii. 40.

HEAVILY, sadly; sorrowfully; I. iv. 1.

HEAVY, grievous; (Ff. *"greeuous"*); IV. iv. 187.

HELM, helmet; III. ii. 11.

HELPLESS, useless, unavailing; I. ii. 13.

HENRY, trisyllabic; II. iii. 16.

HIGH-REACHING, ambitious, aspiring; IV. ii. 31.

HIGH-SWOLN, exasperated, haughty; II. ii. 117.

HIS, its; IV. iv. 369, 370, 371.

HOLP, helped; I. ii. 107.

HONEY, honeyed; IV. i. 80.

HOUR (dissyllabic); IV. i. 83.

HOYDAY! heydey! IV. iv. 460.

HULL, lie to, drift with the tide; IV. iv. 438.

HUMPHREY HOUR, (*v.* note); IV. iv. 175.

IDEA, image; III. vii. 13.

IMPATIENCE (quadrisyllabic); IV. iv. 156.

IMPEACHMENTS, accusations; II. ii. 22.

IN, into; I. ii. 259; by; IV. i. 2.

INCAPABLE, unable to understand; II. ii. 18.

INCENSED, set on, incited; III. i. 152.

INCLUSIVE, encircling; IV. i. 59.

INDEX, prelude; II. ii. 149; prologue; IV. iv. 85.

INDUCTION, prologue, introduction; IV. iv. 5.

INDUCTIONS; "i. dangerous," "preparations for mischief; the induction is *preparatory to the action of the play*" (Johnson); I. i. 32.

INFER, allege; III. v. 75.

INNOCENCY, innocence; (Q. 1, *"innocence"*); III. v. 20.

INSTANCE, cause; III. ii. 25.

INTELLIGENCER, agent; IV. iv. 71.

INTEND, pretend; III. vii. 45.

INTENDING, pretending; III. v. 8.

INTERIOR, inward; I. iii. 65.

Invocate, invoke; I. ii. 8.
Inward, intimate; III. iv. 8.
Iron-witted, insensible, dull; IV. ii. 28.
I wis, i-wis, certainly, truly; I. iii. 102.

Jack, mean, low-born fellow, a term of contempt; I. iii. 72, 73; "Jack o' the clock," a figure which in old clocks struck the hours; IV. ii. 118.
Jet, to strut proudly, to encroach; (Ff. *"jut"*); II. iv. 51.
Jot, a little, the least possible quantity; II. i. 70.
Jumpeth, accords; III. i. 11.
Just, as good as his word; I. i. 36.

Key-cold, extremely cold, used proverbially; (Hanmer, *"clay-cold"*); I. ii. 5.

Labor, work for, effect; I. iv. 255.
Lackey, footboy, servant; (used adjectively); V. iii. 317.
Lag, late, tardily; II. i. 90.
Laid, cast; (Ff., *"cast"*); I. iii. 327.
Lanced, pierced; (Ff., *"lanch'd"*); IV. iv. 224.
Lap, wrap; II. i. 115.
Leisure, the shortness of time at disposal; V. iii. 97.
Lesson'd, taught; I. iv. 248.
Lethe, the waters of oblivion; IV. iv. 250.
Level, aim; IV. iv. 202.
Lewd, vile, base; (Taylor conj. *"loud"*); I. iii. 61.
Libels, defamatory writings; (the only instance of the word in Shakespeare); I. i. 33.
Lie, *i. e.* lie in prison; (used equivocally); I. i. 115.
Light-foot, light-footed, swift footed; IV. iv. 440.
Lightly, commonly, generally; III. i. 94.
Like, same; IV. i. 9.
Likelihood, sign, indication; (Ff. *"liuelyhood"*); III. iv. 57.
Likes, pleases; III. iv. 51.
Limit, appoint; V. iii. 25.
Listed, desired; (Ff. *"lusted"*); III. v. 84.
Luxury, lust; III. v. 80.

Makest, dost; (notice the play upon the word in l. 165, *"marr'd"*); I. iii. 164.
Malapert, saucy; I. iii. 255.
Malmsey-butt, butt of malmsey wine; I. iv. 162.
Map, picture; II. iv. 54.
Mark, listen to; I. iii. 349.
Marry, a corruption of Mary; a slight oath; I. iii. 98.
Measures, stately dances; I. i. 8.
Meet'st, most fitting; III. v. 74.
Melancholy, (?) surly, ("because he did not join heartily in his cause," Malone); V. iii. 68.
Mercy; "cry thee m.," beg pardon; I. iii. 235.
Mere, absolute; III. vii. 233.
Methoughts, methought, I thought; (formed falsely on the analogy of *"methinks"*); I. iv. 9.
Mew'd up, imprisoned; I. i. 38.
Mid, middle; V. iii. 77.
Miscarry, die; I. iii. 16.
Misdoubt, mistrust; III. ii. 89.
Model, plan; V. iii. 24.
Moe, more; IV. iv. 199.
Monuments, memorials; I. i. 6.
Moralize, interpret; III. i. 83.
Mortal-staring, "having a dead-

ly stare, grim-looking"; V. iii. 90.

Muse, wonder; (Ff. *"muse why"*; Qq. *"wonder"*); I. iii. 305.

Needs, absolutely; (only found in Q. 1; Collier MS. *"e'en"*); III. i. 141.

Neglect, cause to be neglected; III. iv. 25.

Neighbor to, familiar with; IV. ii. 43.

New-deliver'd, newly released from prison; I. i. 121.

Nice, trifling, insignificant; III. vii. 175.

Niece, grand-daughter; IV. i. 1.

Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; I. iii. 82.

Nonage, minority; II. iii. 13.

Novice, youth; I. iv. 230.

Obsequiously, in manner of a mourner; I. ii. 3.

Occasion, opportunity; II. ii. 148.

Odds; "at o.," at variance, quarreling; II. i. 70.

O'erworn, worn out; I. i. 81.

Of; "too late of," *i. e.* "too late for"; III. v. 69.

On, against; I. i. 131; "cried on victory," *i. e.* uttered the cry of victory; V. iii. 231.

One; "all's one for that," it does not matter; V. iii. 8.

Opposite, adversary; V. iv. 3.

Opposite with, hostile to; II. ii. 94.

Ordel; "take o.," take measures, "make preparation"; I. iv. 290; give orders; IV. ii. 53.

Ordered, arranged, drawn up; V. iii. 292.

Overgo, exceed; II. ii. 61.

Owls, whose cry was believed to portend death; IV. iv. 509.

Pack-horse, beast of burden. drudge; I. iii. 122.

Painted, counterfeit, unreal; I. iii. 241.

Parcel'd, divided among several; II. ii. 81.

Parlous, perilous, dangerous; a popular pronunciation; (Qq., *"perilous"*); II. iv. 35.

Part, depart; II. i. 5; divide; V. iii. 26.

Partake of, share, hear; I. i. 89.

Party, part, side; I. iii. 138; III. ii. 47.

Passing, surpassingly; I. i. 94.

Pattern, example; I. ii. 54.

Paul's, Old St. Paul's Cathedral, used as a place of general resort for the citizens; III. vi. 3.

Pawn'd, pledged; IV. ii. 92.

Peevish, childish, silly; I. iii. 194.

Peevish-fond, childishly foolish (Ff. *"peevish found"*); IV. iv. 417.

Peise, poise, weigh down; V. iii. 105.

Pell-mell, with confused violence; V. iii. 312.

Pent up, shut us, imprisoned; IV. iii. 36.

Perforce, by force; III. i. 30.

Period, conclusion, finish; I. iii. 237; end; II. i. 44.

Pew-fellow, companion, associate; (Qq. 1, 2, *"puefellow"*); IV. iv. 58.

Pill'd, pillaged, robbed; I. iii. 159.

Piping; "p. time of peace," *i. e.* "when the pipe is sounding instead of the fife"; the pipe be-

ing a sign of peace, as the fife was of war; I. i. 24.

PITCH, the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; III. vii. 188.

PITCHERS HAVE EARS, a proverbial expression probably having the force of "walls have ears"; according to some it is a short form of "little pitchers have large ears"; II. iv. 37.

PLAGUED, punished; I. iii. 181.

PLAINTS, complaints, moanings; (Ff. *"woes"*); II. ii. 61.

PLEASE IT, may it please; (Ff. *"Pleaseth"*); IV. iv. 488.

PLEASING, pleasure, (?) will, command; I. i. 13.

PLUCK ON, incite, urge on; IV. ii. 65.

POST, hasten; III. ii. 17.

POWER, army, armed force; IV. iii. 48.

POWER; "utmost p.," highest number; (Qq., *"greatest number"*); V. iii. 10.

PRECEDENT, rough draft; III. vi. 7.

PREFER, promote, advance; IV. ii. 82.

PREPARE, set in battle array; V. iii. 88.

PRESENTLY, immediately, at once; I. ii. 213.

PRIME, first; IV. iii. 19.

PRIME OF MANHOOD, early manhood; IV. iv. 170.

PROCESS, order, manner; IV. iii. 32; story; IV. iv. 253.

PRODIGIOUS, monstrous; I. ii. 22.

PROLONGED, put off, postponed; III. iv. 47.

PROMISE, assure; II. iii. 2.

PROOF, experience; II. iii. 43; "in p.," in armor that has been tested; V. iii. 219.

PROPER, handsome; I. ii. 255.

PUISSANCE, power, force; V. iii. 299.

PUNCH, to pierce, (*v.* note); V. iii. 125.

QUEST, inquest, jury; I. iv. 189.

QUICK, alive; I. ii. 65; lively; I. iii. 5; hearty; I. iii. 196.

QUIT, requite, acquit; IV. iv. 20; requite (Qq. and Ff. *"quits"*; Pope, *"quit"*); V. iii. 262.

RAG, used contemptuously; (Warburton, *"wrack"*); I. iii. 233.

RAGGED, rugged, rough; IV. i. 102.

RAZE, tear away violently (*v.* note); III. iv. 84; "razed"; III. ii. 11.

REASON, talk; II. iii. 39.

RECOMFORTURE, comfort; IV. 425.

REDUCE, reconduct, bring back; II. ii. 68; V. v. 36.

REDOUBTED, redoubtable; IV. v. 11.

RE-EDIFIED, rebuilt; III. i. 71.

REMEMBER'D; "had been r.," had thought of it; II. iv. 23.

REMORSE, tenderness; III. vii. 211.

REMORSEFUL, compassionate; I. ii. 156.

REPLENISHED, perfect, consummate; IV. iii. 18.

RESOLVE, answer, satisfy; IV. ii. 26.

RESOLVED, resolute (? *"stout-resolved"*); I. iii. 340.

RESPECT, regard, take notice of; I. iii. 296.

RESPECTS, considerations; III. vii. 175.

RESPITE, "determined r. of my wrongs," *i. e.* "the fixed time to which the punishment of my

wrong-doings is respited"; V. i. 19.

RESTRAIN, withhold, keep for themselves; V. iii. 322.

RETAIL'D, retold, related; III. i. 77.

REVEREND, reverent; (Q. 1, *"reuerente"*); IV. i. 31.

RIGHT FOR RIGHT, "measure for measure"; IV. iv. 15.

RIPE, matured; (Q. 1, *"my ripe"*; Ff. *the ripe;* the rest, *"my right"*); III. vii. 158.

ROOD, cross; "by the holy rood," an oath; III. ii. 77.

ROOTING HOG, an allusion to the white boar, the cognizance in Richard's armorial bearings; I. iii. 228.

ROUGEMONT, a castle in Exeter; Qq. *"Ruge-mount"*); IV. ii. 108.

ROUND, surround; IV. i. 60.

ROYAL, "r. battle," *i. e.* a battle on which a kingdom depended; IV. iv. 538.

ROYALIZE, make royal; I. iii. 125.

RUNAGATE, vagabond; IV. iv. 465.

SACRAMENT; "receive the holy s.," take an oath; I. iv. 210.

SANCTUARY, *i. e.* the s. at Westminster; II. iv. 66.

SCATHE, injury, harm; I. iii. 317.

SCORN, mock, taunt; III. i. 153.

SCRIVENER, professional scribe; III. vi.

SCROIL, letter, paper; (Ff. *"note"*); V. iii. 41.

SEAL, the great seal, held by the Lord Chancellor; II. iv. 71.

SENIORY, seniority, priority; (F. 1, *"signeurie"*); IV. iv. 36.

SENNET, set of notes played on a trumpet; III. i. 150.

SENSELESS-OBSTINATE, unreasonably obstinate; III. i. 44.

SET, sunset; V. iii. 19.

SEVERAL, separate; III. ii. 78; particular, respective; V. iii. 25.

SHALL, "s. deal unadvisedly"; cannot help acting rashly; IV. iv. 292.

SHAMEFAST, shame-faced; (Ff. *"shamefac'd"*); I. iv. 142.

SHARP-PROVIDED, quick and ready, keen; III. i. 132.

SHOULDER'D IN, pushed into, thrust into; III. vii. 128.

SHREWD, sharp-tongued; II. iv. 35.

SHRIFT, confession; III. iv. 97.

SHRIVING WORK, confession; III. ii. 116.

SIGHTS, sight; IV. i. 25.

SILKEN, soft; effeminate; I. iii. 53.

SIR; "Sir John"; the title of priests; III. ii. 111.

SIRRAH, a form of greeting to an inferior; III. ii. 98.

SIT, to sit in council; III. i. 173.

SLOWER, more serious; I. ii. 116.

SLUG, the symbol of slowness; III. i. 22.

SMOOTH, flatter; (Theobald conj. *"sooth"*); I. iii. 48.

SMOOTHING, flattering; (Qq. 1–6, *"soothing"*); I. ii. 169.

SO, well; IV. iv. 182.

SOFT, hush; V. iii. 178.

SOLACE, be happy, have comfort; II. iii. 30.

SOMETIME, once; IV. iv. 274.

SOOTHE, flatter; I. iii. 298.

SOP, anything steeped in liquor; properly the cake or wafer which floated at the top of a prepared drink; I. iv. 163.

SORT, set, pack; V. iii. 316.

Sort, make, find; II. ii. 148.

Spicery; "nest of s.," alluding to the phœnix which made a nest of spices as a funeral pyre, a new bird rising from its ashes; IV. iv. 424.

Spleen, malice, hatred; II. iv. 64; heat, impetuosity; V. iii. 350.

Squeak'd, shrieked; (Ff. *"shriek'd"*); I. iv. 54.

Stall'd, installed, invested; I. iii. 206.

Stands; "it st. me much upon," it is very important for me; IV. ii. 59.

Startled, started; (Ff., Qq. 7, 8, *"started"*); III. iv. 87.

Statuës (Qq. Ff. *"statues"*; Steevens *"statuas"*); III. vii. 25.

Staves, the shafts of the lances; V. iii. 65.

Stealing, stealing on imperceptibly; III. vii. 168.

Still, constant, continual; IV. iv. 229.

Still, continually, always; I. iii. 222.

Still lasting, everlasting, perpetual; IV. iv. 344.

Stout, bold; ? *"stout-resolved"*; I. iii. 340; *v. "resolved."*

Straitly, strictly; I. i. 85.

Strength, army, force; V. iii. 26.

Stroke; "keep'st the s.," keepest on striking; IV. ii. 118.

Struck; "well s. in years," advanced in age; I. i. 92.

Suborn, procure; IV. iii. 4.

Substitute, proxy; III. vii. 181.

Success, issue; IV. iv. 236.

Successively, in order of succession; III. vii. 135.

Sudden, quick; I. iii. 346.

Suddenly, quickly, at once; IV. ii. 20.

Suggestion, instigation; III. ii. 103.

Sunder, "in s.," asunder; (Ff. *"asunder"*); IV. i. 34.

Suspects, suspicions; I. iii. 89.

Swelling, angry; II. i. 51.

Sword, sword of State; IV. iv. 470.

Tackling, rigging; IV. iv. 233.

Take him, strike him; I. iv. 159.

Tall, active, strong; I. iv. 157.

Tamworth, on the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire; V. ii. 13.

Tardy; "ta'en t.," caught lagging; IV. i. 52.

Tear-falling, tear-dropping; IV. ii. 66.

Teen, sorrow; IV. i. 97.

Tell, "t. the clock," *i. e.* count the strokes of the clock; V. iii. 276.

Tell o'er, re-count; IV. iv. 39.

Tempers, moulds, fashions; I. i. 65.

Tender, care for; II. iv. 72.

Tendering, having a care for; I. i. 44.

Tetchy, fretful; IV. iv. 168.

That, so that; I. ii. 163; if that; III. vii. 157.

Thin, thinly covered; II. i. 117.

Thought; "in t.," in silence; III. vi. 14.

Thrall, slave; IV. i. 46.

Tidings (*"this tidings,"* so Qq. 1–5, and F. 1).

Timeless, untimely; I. ii. 117.

Timorous, full of fear; IV. i. 85.

To, as to; III. ii. 27.

Touch, touchstone, by which gold is tested; IV. ii. 8; trait, dash; IV. iv. 157.

Toys, trifles, freaks of imagination; I. i. 60.
Troublous, turbulent, restless; II. iii. 5.
Truth, integrity; III. ii. 94.
Turn, return; IV. iv. 184.
Type, badge; IV. iv. 244.

Unadvisedly, rashly; IV. iv. 292.
Unavoided, not avoided, not shunned; IV. i. 56; unavoidable; IV. iv. 217.
Unblown, unopened; (F. 1, *"unblowed"*); IV. iv. 10.
Unhappiness, "evilness," (?) "disposition to mischief"; I. ii. 25.
Unlook'd, unlooked for; I. iii. 214.
Unmanner'd, unmannerly; (Q. 8, *"Unmannerly"*); I. ii. 39.
Unmeritable, unmeriting, devoid of merit; III. vii. 155.
Unrespective, unobservant; IV. ii. 29.
Unsatiate, insatiate; (Ff. *"insatiate"*); III. v. 87.
Unshapen, misshaped; (Ff. *"misshapén"*); I. ii. 251.
Untainted, unaccused; III. vi. 9.
Unvalued, invaluable, inestimable; I. iv. 27.
Unviolable, inviolable; (Ff. *"inviolable"*); II. i. 27.
Upon, "deal u.," *i. e.* deal with; IV. ii. 75.

Vantage, advantage; I. iii. 310.
Vaunts, exults; V. iii. 288.
Venom, venomed, poisonous; I. iii. 291.
Venom'd, venomous; I. ii. 20.
Ventures, adventures; (Capell's emendation; Qq. and Ff. *"adventures"*); V. iii. 319.
Verge, circle, compass; IV. i. 59.
Vice, a common character in the old morality plays; III. i. 82.
Visitation, visit; III. vii. 107.
Vizard, mask; (Ff. *"Vizor"*); II. ii. 28.
Voice, vote; III. ii. 53.

Wagging, moving; III. v. 7.
Wail, bewail; II. ii. 11.
Want, lack; V. iii. 13.
Ward, guard, protect; V. iii. 254.
Warn, summon; I. iii. 39.
Watch, watch-light; V. iii. 63.
Watery; "w. moon," *i. e.* ruler of the tides; II. ii. 69.
Way, best course; I. i. 78.
Weigh, prize, regard; III. i. 121.
Welkin, sky; V. iii. 341.
Wheel'd, turned; (Ff. *"whirl'd"*); IV. iv. 105.
Whether, (monosyllabic; F. 1, *"where"*); III. vii. 229.
While, "the w.," the present time; II. iii. 8.
Whit, jot; III. iv. 82.
White-Friars, a convent near Fleet Street; I. ii. 227.
White-liver'd, cowardly; (the liver was regarded as the seat of courage); IV. iv. 465.
Windows, eyelids; V. iii. 116.
With, by; IV. iii. 47.
Withal, with; III. vii. 57.
Witty, sharp-witted, cunning; IV. ii. 42.
Wot, knows; II. iii. 18.
Wretched, hateful, abominable; (Collier *"reckless"*); V. ii. 7.
Wrongs, wrong-doings; V. i. 19.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

1. What is the ultimate source of the play?
2. Were there any other plays on the subject of Richard III?
3. What bespeaks the popularity of this play and the nature of its contemporaneous reception?
4. Cite a notable instance of another play on this theme, and describe it.
5. What attempts have been made to ameliorate the chronicled reputation of Richard? Has it been possible to shake the main substance of the evidence of his wickedness?
6. Analyze the several possible psychological effects of such deformity as Richard's upon character. What may be the further effects, in these cases, of marked temperamental and intellectual force such as Richard had? In this connection what can be said of the openly cruel behavior towards deformity, in Richard's day?
7. Comment upon the dramatic effect of Richard's soliloquies. Compare these with the soliloquies of others of Shakespeare's villains.
8. What ethical purport is conveyed by the disproportion of the dramatic current of action to the emphasis of the central character?
9. Of what does Dowden strikingly make Richard the symbol and type? Of what is Richmond the final token by comparison?
10. What is the explanation of Richard's successful wooing of Anne?
11. Of what dramatic importance in the motif of the play is the introduction of Margaret?

ACT I

12. How does Richard's first soliloquy reflect upon Edward? What does it forecast of his own resolves?

13. How does he contrive the imprisonment of Clarence?

14. How are the dramatic effects developed in the passage of Richard's wooing of Anne? In what attitude towards her does it leave him? In what does his self-gratulation consist?

15. Is Margaret's appearance according to fact? What is the *Chronicle* account of her last days?

16. What is the essential dramatic effect of her invective? Wherein is she prophetic?

17. Would Gloucester's motive have been clear enough without his soliloquy towards the end of scene iii,—(lines 324–338)? Cite similar instances.

18. What fact has been suggested as a principal cause of the breach between Clarence and Edward?

19. Describe Clarence's dream and cite its striking points.

20. Describe the scene of Clarence's murder.

21. In what passage does the Second Murderer voice an element inherent in the ethical motive of the drama?

22. What are the historical accounts of the matters relating to Clarence's incarceration and murder?

ACT II

23. What constitutes the irony of Edward's ante-mortem peace making?

24. What passage in the Chronicles touching Edward's regrets for Clarence, is used by Shakespeare with pathetic effect, in scene i?

25. What purposes does the scene between the Duchess of York and her grandchildren serve?

26. Describe the elegiac effect of the scene of the mourning women and children upon Edward's death. Instance striking lines.

27. What schemes is Buckingham brewing in his sug-

gestions about the escort of the young Prince from Ludlow?

28. What does the interlude of the citizens' colloquy in scene iii serve?

29. What matters are conveyed through the childish talk of the young York in scene iv?

30. What presage do the Queen and Duchess see in the message brought them in the final scene?

31. What noblemen does Gloucester imprison on the return to London with the Prince, and why?

ACT III

32. Where had the Queen taken her son York? Had the Cardinal and Hastings any suspicion of the designs of Gloucester and Buckingham when they persuaded the Queen to let him go to meet his brother?

33. How does the young York express his feeling for his uncle Gloucester?

34. What foreboding does the Prince express?

35. What was the import of the "divided councils" as mentioned in line 179, scene i?

36. What Lords mistrusted the appearance of this matter? What dramatic use is made of this?

37. What is Gloucester's promise to Buckingham?

38. What is the historian's account of the meeting of Hastings with the Priest in scene ii? What incident that More relates has to do with this passage, also?

39. What aspect of Richard's behavior is illustrated by the little incident of his sending for the strawberries, and his general manner upon his entrance to the council room?

40. What characterizes his behavior when he returns to the council chamber after his conference with Buckingham in this same scene?

41. What method does Richard employ to impeach Hastings?

42. What is Hastings' prophecy as he goes to meet his sentence?

43. What method do Richard and his supporters employ to avert the suspicions of the people concerning Hastings' execution?

44. What is the next move of Richard towards his end?

45. What does the Scrivener's soliloquy prove, (scene v)? How is this matter historically related?

46. What is the advice of Buckingham to Richard as to what shall be his manner of receiving the proffer of the crown? What is the outcome?

ACT IV

47. How is Queen Elizabeth's wish to see her sons received?

48. What is the import of Anne's reply to Elizabeth when she bids her go and be crowned?

49. How does Richard go about to find murderers for the princes?

50. Does he keep his promise to Buckingham? How does Buckingham retaliate?

51. What prophecy does Richard recall with regard to Richmond?

52. Describe Tyrrel's soliloquy concerning the princes' murder in the Tower. What is the historical account?

53. Who had arranged to bring about an alliance between Richmond and Elizabeth of York? What counterplan does Richard devise for his own benefit? By what crime does he clear the way for this plan?

54. Describe the striking elements of the scenes of lamentation and execration in which Queen Elizabeth, Margaret, and the Duchess of York,—then Richard, take part?

55. Comment upon Queen Elizabeth's acceptance of Richard's overtures for her daughter.

ACT V

56. What transpires as a new menace to Richard?

57. What is the fate of Buckingham? How does he sum up his own retribution in his final lines?

58. What dramatic effect is attained in the ghost scenes by the repetitions of the fateful utterances against Richard?

59. In what way in this act is the idea dramatically emphasized that Richmond is divinely destined to represent the resolution of the long feud? Politically how did it come about that he should be the instrument of this?

60. What probably familiarized Shakespeare with the locality of the famous battle in which Richard III was killed?

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